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A PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND;

COMPRISING

RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND

REFLECTIONS,

MADE DURING A TOUR IN THE EAST,

IN 1832-1833.

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BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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A PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND.

&c.

May 25th.

THIS evening, in a splendid moonlight spreading over the sea of Marmora, and even to the violet-coloured lines of the snow-capped Olympus, I seated myself alone beneath the cypresses of the Death Quay. These cypresses, which shade the numberless tombs of the Mussulmans and descend from the heights of Pera to the sea-shore, are intersected with several paths leading from the port of Constantinople to the mosque of the Dancing Dervishes. At that hour no one was traversing these paths, and I might have imagined myself at a hundred leagues distant from any great city, but that the thousand sounds of evening wafted by the breeze played for a moment and were then lost among the trembling branches of the cypress trees. These sounds were the songs of the sailors on board the vessels, the splashing of the

oars of the caiques in the water, the wild music of the Bulgarians, the drums in the barracks and arsenals, the voices of women singing within their grated windows to lull their children to rest, and the buzz of the populous streets and bazars of Galata. From time to time the cry of the muetzlins from the tops of the minarets, or the evening gun fired by the fleet lying at anchor at the entrance of the Bosphorus, were re-echoed by the sonorous mosques and the hills, and then died away in the basin of the Golden Horn, or among the peaceful willows overhanging the fresh waters of Europe. All these various sounds were at intervals blended together in one dead and confused hum;—an harmonious music, in which human sounds, the stifled respiration of a great sleeping city, were mingled with the sounds of nature, the distant roar of the waves, and the murmur of the breeze which bowed down the pointed tops of the cypresses. This is one of the grandest and most powerful impressions that a poetic imagination can receive: it partakes of man and God, of nature and society, agitation and repose. It is difficult to say whether the mind most participates in the great movement of animated beings whose varied feelings are expressed in the tumult of upraised voices; or in the nocturnal peace of the elements, which elevates the soul above cities and empires, in the sympathy of nature and God.

The Seraglio, a vast peninsula black with plantain and cypress trees, advanced like a cape of

forests between the two seas which lay beneath my eyes. The moon shed her silver light over the numerous kiosks, and the old walls of the palace of Amurath stood out like a rock amidst the dark green of the plantain trees. I had before my eyes and in my mind the scenes in which had been acted many tragic and glorious dramas of ages past. All these dramas now passed in imagination before me, with their actors and their traces of blood or glory.

I saw a horde issue from the Caucasus impelled by that instinct of peregrination with which God has imbued conquering nations, who may be compared to bees sallying from the trunk of a tree to scatter forth new swarms. The tall patriarchal figure of Othman, in the midst of his tents and his flocks, dispersing his people through Asia Minor, successively advancing to Brussa, expiring in the arms of his sons, who had become his lieutenants, seemed to say to Orchan: "I die without regret, since I leave a successor such as you. Go and propagate the divine law, the thought of God who has come to seek us from Mecca to the Caucasus. Be like that law, charitable and clement: thus do princes draw down upon their subjects the benediction of Heaven! Do not leave my body in this land, which is to us only as a path; but deposit my mortal remains in Constantinople, in the place which I assign to myself in dying."

Some years later, Orchan, the son of Othman, was encamped at Scutari, on those same hills which now cast their black shadows on the cypress woods. The Greek Emperor Cantacuzene, impel-

led by necessity, gave him his beautiful daughter, Theodora, to be the fifth wife of his Seraglio. Amidst the sound of music, the young princess crossed that arm of the sea on which I now behold Russian vessels floating; and the victim vainly sacrificed herself to prolong, for a few days, the existence of the empire. Soon the sons of Orchan approached the shore, with a party of brave followers; in one night they constructed three rafts supported by bladders filled with air, and favoured by darkness they crossed the strait. The Greek sentinels were sleeping. A young peasant, going to work at break of day, met the Ottomans, showed them the entrance of a cavern leading to the interior of the castle, and the Turks possessed a fortress in Europe.

In the fourth reign after this, Mahomet II. thus answered the Greek ambassadors:— "I form no enterprises against you; the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls."—But Constantinople thus bounded prevented the sultan from sleeping. He sent for his vizir and said:— "I must have Constantinople. I cannot sleep on this pillow. God is willing to give me the Romans." In his brutal impatience, he dashed with his horse into the waves of the sea, and was nearly drowned. On the day of the last assault, he said to his soldiers:—"I reserve to myself only the city; the gold and the women are yours; and I give the government of my largest province to him who shall first ascend the ramparts. That night both land and sea were illumined by num-

berless fires: the morning which was to consign to the Ottomans their prey seemed to approach tardily.

Meanwhile, beneath the sombre cupola of St. Sophia, the brave and unfortunate Constantine repaired, on the last night of his life, to pray to the God of the empire. At sunrise he mounted his horse, and amidst the cries and lamentations of his family, he departed to die a heroic death in the breach of his capital. This was on the 29th of May 1453.

Some few hours afterwards, the doors of St. Sophia were shattered by the axes of the assailants. Old men, women, young girls, monks, and nuns had thronged to the sacred edifice, whose porch, galleries, vaults, domes, and platforms were sufficient to contain the population of the whole city. A last cry was raised to Heaven, like the voice of expiring Christianity. In a few moments, sixty thousand old men, women, and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were bound two by two; the men with cords, and the women with their veils or girdles. These slaves were driven on board the vessels, carried to the Ottoman camp, insulted, exchanged and sold, like cattle. Never were such lamentations heard on the two shores of Europe and Asia: wives were separated for ever from their husbands, and children from their parents. The Turks drove by different roads their living booty from Constantinople to the interior of Asia. The city was sacked for the space of eight hours, and then

Mahomet II. entered by the St. Roman gate, attended by his vizirs, his pachas, and his guards. He alighted at the portico of St. Sophia, and struck with his yatagan a soldier who was breaking the altars. He desired that nothing should be destroyed. He transformed the church into a mosque; and a muetzlin mounted for the first time to that tower, whence I now hear him summon the Mussulmans to prayer, and to glorify, under another form, the same God who was worshipped there the day before. From thence Mahomet II. proceeded to the palace deserted by the Greek emperors, and as he entered he repeated this Persian verse:—

"The spider weaves her web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl sings her night-song on the towers of Erasiab."

That day, the body of Constantine was found beneath the heaps of dead. Some Janissaries had heard a Greek, magnificently attired, and struggling in the agonies of death, exclaim: "Is there no Christian who will end my life?" They severed his head from his body. Two eagles embroidered in gold on his boots, and the tears of a few faithful Greeks, left no doubt that the unknown soldier was the brave and unfortunate Constantine. His head was publicly exposed, to prevent his vanquished countrymen from cherishing any doubt of his death, or any hope of seeing him reappear. He was then interred with the honours due to sovereignty, heroism, and death.

Mahomet did not abuse his victory. The reli-

gious toleration of the Turks displayed itself in his first acts. He suffered the Christians to retain their churches and to enjoy the freedom of public worship. He maintained the Greek Patriarch in his functions. Seated on his throne, he himself restored the crosier and the pastoral staff to the monk Gennadius, and presented him with a horse richly caparisoned. The fugitive Greeks took refuge in Italy, and carried thither their taste for theological discussion, philosophy, and literature. The torch which had been extinguished at Constantinople was rekindled in Florence and Rome. During thirty years of a reign which was one uninterrupted succession of conquests, Mahomet II. added two hundred towns and twelve kingdoms to the empire. He died in the midst of his triumphs, and received the surname of Mahomet the Great. The personal appearance of this prince is thus described:—the complexion of a Tartar, a smooth countenance, sunken eyes, with a profound and penetrating expression. He was always ready to exercise all the virtues and all the crimes which policy suggested.

Bajazet I., the Louis XI. of the Ottomans, cast his sons into the sea, and he himself, driven from the throne by Selim, fled with his wives and his treasures, and at length died of poison prepared by one of his sons. Selim, when asked where his tents were to be pitched, ordered that the vizir who asked the question should be strangled. The vizir's successor asked the same question and experienced the same fate. A third, without making

any inquiry, pitched the tents towards the four cardinal points, and when Selim asked where his camp was, the vizir replied: "Everywhere;—your soldiers will follow you to whatsoever side you may turn your arms."—"Good," said the awful Sultan; "this is the way I like to be served." Selim conquered Egypt, and having mounted a magnificent throne, erected on the bank of the Nile, he ordered the whole race of the oppressors of that fine country to be conducted to his presence. Twenty thousand Mamelukes were then massacred before his eyes, and their bodies were cast into the river. This barbarity was dictated, not by any cruelty of disposition, but by that idea of fatality which makes a man place faith in his mission, and to fulfil the will of God, of whom he thinks himself the instrument, regards the world as his conquest, and mankind as dust beneath his feet. That same hand which was thus stained with the blood of so many thousand men wrote poetry full of resignation, mildness, and philosophy. A piece of white marble is still preserved, on which he wrote these sentences: "Everything comes from God. What we pray for, he gives or withholds from us as he pleases. If any earthly being could do anything of himself, he would be equal to God." Lower down are these words: "Selim, the servant of the poor, composed and wrote these verses." He conquered Persia, and died while directing his vizir to make pious restitutions to those Persian families who had been ruined by the war. His tomb stands next to that of Mahomet II. with this arro-

gant epitaph: "On this day Sultan Selim passed to the eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Soliman."

I perceive from hence, glittering among the domes of the mosques, the resplendent cupola of the mosque of Soliman, one of the most magnificent in Constantinople. This mosque recalls a touching testimonial of the grief of Soliman for the death of his eldest son Mahomet, whose mother was the celebrated Roxelana. To honour the memory of his son, the prince released a number of slaves of both sexes, and thus associated their sympathy with his grief.

Soon after, the environs of this same mosque became the scene of a terrible drama. Soliman, being excited by Roxelana against Mustapha, one of his sons by another wife, sent for the Mufti and thus addressed him: "What punishment does Zair merit? He is the slave of a merchant in this city, who, going on a journey, confided to him the care of his wife, his children, and his treasures. Zair deranged the affairs of his master, attempted to seduce his wife, and laid snares for his children. What punishment then does the slave Zair deserve?"—"The slave Zair deserves death," wrote the Mufti. "God is greatest!"

Armed with his answer, Soliman summoned Mustapha to his camp. He arrived, accompanied by Zeangir, a son of Roxelana, who, however, far from sharing his mother's hatred of Mustapha, cherished the tenderest affection for his brother. On presenting himself before Soliman's tent, Mus-

tapha was disarmed. He advanced alone within the first line, where solitude and silence prevailed. Four mutes rushed upon the young prince, and endeavoured to strangle him. He overthrew them, and was ready to escape and to call to his aid the troops, by whom he was adored, when Soliman himself, who was on the watch, raised the curtain of his tent and darted on the mutes a look of fury The mutes then recovered themselves, rose, and succeeded in strangling the prince. His body was exposed on a carpet before the Sultan's tent. Zeangir died of despair on his brother's body, and the troops beheld with horror the implacable vengeance of a woman, to whose will the unfortunate Soliman was perfectly enslaved. Mustapha had a son ten years of age, and Roxelana prevailed on the Sultan to grant an order for his death. A secret envoy was despatched to elude the vigilance of the mother of the child. A pretence was devised for conveying him to a country-house at a little distance from Brussa. The young Sultan, on horseback, preceded the litter of the princess his mother. The litter broke down, and the prince set off to continue his journey, attended only by the eunuch who was to execute the secret order for his death. He had no sooner reached the house, than the eunuch stopped him on the threshold of the door, and presented to him the bowstring, saying: "The Sultan commands that you shall instantly die!" "This order," answered the boy, "is to me as sacred as the mandate of God," and he presented

his head to the executioner. When the mother arrived, she found the palpitating body of her son lying at the threshold of the door. Soliman's blind passion for Roxelana filled the Seraglio with more crimes than were ever witnessed in the palace of Argos.

The Seven Towers remind me of the death of the first sultan, who was immolated by the Janissaries. Othman was allured by them into the castle, and perished two days afterwards by the hand of the vizir Daoud. Shortly after the vizir himself was conducted to the Seven Towers. His turban was torn off his head, he was made to drink at the same fountain where the unfortunate Othman had slaked his thirst, and he was strangled in the same chamber in which he had strangled his master. An ada of the Janissaries, one of whose men had struck Othman, was broken; and until the time of the abolition of the corps, whenever an officer called the sixty-fifth ada, another officer made the following answer:

"May the voice of that ada perish!—may the voice of that ada be annihilated for ever!"

The Janissaries, repenting of the murder of Othman, deposed Mustapha, and bringing from the seraglio a young prince of twelve years of age, they gave him the empire. Arrayed in a robe of cloth of gold, with the imperial turban on his head, and seated on a portable throne, the young emperor was carried on the shoulders of four Janissary officers, and paraded through the city in

the midst of his people. This was Amurath IV. who was well worthy of the throne to which rebellion and repentance had prematurely raised him.

Here ended the glorious days of the Ottoman empire. The law of Soliman, which ordained that the children of the sultans should be kept captives in the Seraglio, among the eunuchs and women, enervated the blood of Othman, and left the empire a prey to the intrigues of the eunuchs and the revolts of the Janissaries. At intervals a few bright characters have appeared; but they have been powerless, because they were early habituated to check the free exercise of their wills. Whatever may be said in Europe, it is certain that the empire is dead, and that even a hero could only restore it to a semblance of life.

The Seraglio, abandoned by Mahmoud, is now nothing but a brilliant tomb. How deeply interesting would its history be, if the walls had tongues to tell it!

One of the most amiable characters in the mysterious drama is the unfortunate Selim. He was deposed and imprisoned in the seraglio, because he would not shed the blood of his nephews, and he became the tutor of the present sultan, Mahmoud. Selim was a philosopher and a poet. The tutor had been a sovereign, and the pupil was destined to become one. One day, during the captivity of the two princes, Mahmoud, irritated at the negligence of a slave, smote him in the face. "Ah, Mahmoud," said Selim, "when you shall have passed through the furnace of the world, you will

not lose your temper thus. When you have suffered as I have, you will know how to compassionate the sufferings of others—even those of a slave."

Selim's fate was unfortunate to the last. Mustapha Baraictar, one of his faithful pachas, armed in support of his cause, arrived at Constantinople, and presented himself at the Seraglio gates. Sultan Mustapha was at that moment voluptuously reposing in one of his kiosks, on the Bosphorus. The bostangis defended the gates: Mustapha repaired to the Seraglio, and whilst Baraictar was forcing the gates with his artillery, and demanding the liberation of his master Selim, the hapless prince was pierced by the poniards of the Kislar-Aga and his eunuchs. Sultan Mustapha ordered that his body should be thrown out to Baraictar; and the latter fell prostrate on the corse of Selim, and covered it with kisses and tears. A search was made for Mahmoud, who was concealed in the Seraglio: it was feared that Mustapha had shed in him the last drop of the blood of Othman. At length he was discovered, hid in some rolls of carpet, in an obscure corner of the Seraglio. He thought his pursuers intended to kill him; but they placed him on the throne, and Baraictar prostrated himself before him. The partisans of Mustapha were exposed on the walls, and his women were sewed up in leathern sacks, and cast into the sea. In the course of a few days Constantinople was a field of battle. The Janissaries revolted against Baraictar, and

demanded the restoration of Mustapha, whose life Mahmoud had mercifully spared. The Seraglio was besieged; one half of Stamboul was devoured by flames. The friends of Mahmoud strongly urged him to sacrifice his father Mustapha. The sentence of death expired on his lips; he covered his head with a shawl, and threw himself on a sofa: his silence was interpreted as assent, and Mustapha was strangled. Mahmoud, now the last and only descendant of Othman, became an inviolable and sacred being to all parties. Baraictar perished in the flames whilst fighting near the Seraglio, and the reign of Mahmoud commenced.

The square of the Atmeidan, which, from the point where I now stand, is marked in black behind the white walls of the Seraglio, was the scene of a great event in the reign of Mahmoud,—the extinction of the race of the Janissaries. This measure, the only one that could revive the empire, has nevertheless produced only one of the most sanguinary and horrible scenes that the annals of history recalls. It is still recorded in monumental characters in the ruins of the Atmeidan, and in traces of bullets and fire. Mahmoud prepared it like a skilful politician, and executed it like a hero. The last revolt was brought about by a mere accident.

An Egyptian officer struck a Turkish soldier: the Janissaries threw down their mess-pots. The sultan was informed of this, and being prepared for the worst, he had assembled round him his

principal counsellors in one of his gardens at Beschiktaseb, on the Bosphorus. He repaired to the Seraglio, took the sacred standard of the Prophet, round which the Mufti and the Ulemas rallied and pronounced the abolition of the Janissaries. The regular troops and faithful Mussulmans flew to arms, and assembled at the voice of the sultan. He himself advanced on horseback at the head of the troops of the Seraglio. The Janissaries, who were collected on the Atmeidan, respected their sovereign, who several times rode through the mutinous assemblage unguarded, but animated by that supernatural courage which a decisive resolution inspires. That day was to be the last of his life, or the first of his emancipation and his power. The Janissaries, deaf to his voice, refused to submit to their agas. They gathered from all points of the capital, to the number of forty thousand. The faithful troops of the sultan, the gunners, and the bostangis, occupied the outlets of the streets adjoining the Hippodrome.

The sultan ordered the fire to commence: the gunners hesitated, when a resolute officer, named Kara-Djeheunem, advanced to one of the cannons, snapped his pistol into the touch-hole, and the first files of the Janissaries were levelled with the dust. The firing was now directed upon every part of the square. The barracks were soon in flames, and thousands of persons confined in that narrow space were either killed by the fire, or buried beneath the fragments of the fallen walls

The work of slaughter commenced, and ended only with the last of the Janissaries. A hundred and twenty thousand men, in the capital alone, fell a prey to the fury of the people and the sultan. The waters of the Bosphorus drifted their bodies into the sea of Marmora. The remainder, who were banished to Asia Minor, perished on the way, and the empire was delivered. The sultan, now more absolute than any sovereign ever was, found himself surrounded only by willing slaves. He might, at his will, have regenerated the empire; but it was too late. His genius was not on a level with his courage. The fall of the Ottoman empire is at hand. It resembles the Greek empire. Constantinople awaits new decrees of fate. I discern from hence the Russian fleet, like the floating camp of Mahomet II., daily pressing near and more near to the city and the port;—I perceive the bivouac fires of the Calmucks on the hills of Asia;—the Greeks are returning under the name and in the costume of the Russians; and Providence has marked the day when a last assault made by them upon the walls of Constantinople will reduce that splendid city to a mass of flames, smoke, and ruins.

The finest point from which Constantinople can be viewed is just above our place of abode. It is from a belvidere built by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvidere commands the entire group of the hills of Pera, Galata, and the little hillocks which surround the port on the fresh-water side. It is the eagle's flight over

Constantinople and the sea. Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora, are all under the eye at once. The city lies at the feet of the spectator. If we were allowed to take a glance at only one point of the earth, this would be the one to choose. Whenever I ascend to the belvidere to enjoy this view (and I do so several times a day, and invariably every evening), I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and to my mind. Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon nor colours, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has never portrayed all that is here. The pictures I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colours without life: none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and intertwinings of the different horizons;—the moving sails scattered over the three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the reports of the cannon on board the vessels,—the flags waving from the mast-heads;—the floating caiques;—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea:—all this has never been described. I will try it.

The hills of Galata, Pera, and some others, descending to the sea, are covered with towns of

various colours: some have their houses painted bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plantains, fig-trees, and cypresses of the little gardens adjoining each house. Between the houses there are large spaces: these are cultivated fields and gardens, in which may be discerned groups of Turkish women covered with their black veils, and playing with their children and their slaves beneath the shade of the trees. Flights of turtle-doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses; and, like light flowers blown by the breeze, stand out from the background of the picture, which is the blue sea. One may discern the streets, winding, as they descend towards the sea, like ravines; and lower down, the bustle of the bazars, which are enveloped in a veil of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or these quarters of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure, crowned by wooden palaces and kiosks painted in every colour,—or by deep valleys, whence arise the heads of cypress trees, and the pointed and brilliant spires of minarets.

On reaching the sea, the eye wanders over its blue surface amidst a labyrinth of vessels, some sailing and some lying at anchor. The caiques look like water-birds: they float sometimes in groups and sometimes singly, and cross each other in every direction, proceeding from Europe

to Asia, or from Pera to the Seraglio point. Some frigates at full sail issuing from the Bosphorus, salute the Seraglio: the smoke rising from their two sides like grey wings, envelopes them for a moment; but their white sails again reappear, and they double the Grand Signior's garden, (seeming almost to touch the cypresses and plane trees,) to enter the sea of Marmora. About thirty or forty frigates, forming the whole fleet of the sultan, are anchored at the entrance of the Bosphorus. They overshadow the water on the land side; only five or six of these ships are distinctly discernible: the hill and the trees partly conceal the rest, whose masts and rigging seem interwined with the cypresses forming a circular avenue extending up the Bosphorus. Here the mountains on the opposite side, or on the Asiatic shore, form the background of the picture. They are higher and greener than those on the European shore. They are crowned by thick forests. On their acclivities are gardens, kiosks, pavilions, villages, and small mosques curtained round with trees. Their bays are filled with vessels lying at anchor, caiques rowing to and fro, and small sailing barks. The large town of Scutari extends at the feet of these mountains, on a broad margin shaded by their brows and encircled by a forest of black cypress trees. A string of caiques and boats, filled with Asiatic soldiers, horses, or Greek cultivators bringing their vegetables to Constantinople, is incessantly moving between Scutari and Galata; and

this line is continually broken by another line of large vessels debouching from the sea of Marmora.

Turning again to the European coast, but looking towards the other side of the canal of the Golden Horn, the first object on which the eye rests after glancing across the blue basin of the canal, is the Seraglio point. This is the most majestic, the most varied, the most magnificent, and the most wild prospect that can be conceived. The Seraglio point advances like a promontory or a flat cape into the three seas, and fronts the coast of Asia. This promontory, commencing at the gate of the Seraglio, on the sea of Marmora, and ending at the grand kiosk of the sultan, opposite the quay of Pera, may measure three quarters of a league in circumference. It is a triangle; its base being the palace, or the Seraglio point itself, projecting into the sea, and its most extended side looking to the inner port or canal of Constantinople. The spot where I now trace this description commands a full view of it. It is a forest of gigantic trees, whose trunks rise like columns, or like enclosing walls, and whose branches overshadow the mosques, the batteries, and the vessels in the sea. These woods of dark and glossy green are interspersed with verdant lawns, parterres of flowers, balustrades and flights of marble steps, gilt or leaden cupolas, minarets as slender as the masts of a ship, large domes of palaces, and the mosques and kiosks which surround those palaces. This prospect closely resembles that presented by

the palace of St. Cloud, when viewed from the opposite banks of the Seine, or from the hills of Meudon.

But the spots which I have just described are surrounded on three sides by the sea, and commanded on the fourth by the cupolas of the numerous mosques, and by the ocean of houses and streets which form the real Constantinople, or the city of Stamboul. The mosque of St. Sophia, the St. Peter's of the Eastern Rome, raises its massive and gigantic dome above and quite close to the outward walls of the Seraglio. St. Sophia looks like an irregularly formed hill of stones, surmounted by a dome, which glitters in the sun like a sea of lead. At a little distance are the more modern mosques of Achmet, Bajazet, Soliman, and Sultania, all of which tower to the clouds, with minarets intersected by Moorish galleries. Cypresses almost as tall as the minarets are intermingled with them, and their black foliage contrasts with the brilliant glitter of the edifices. On the summit of the flat hill of Stamboul, there are discerned among the walls of the edifices and the stems of the minarets, one or two eminences blackened by fire and bronzed by time. These are some remains of the ancient Byzantium, standing in the square of the Hippodrome or the Atmeidan. There likewise may be discerned the vast lines of several palaces of the sultan or his vizirs. The divan, whose gate has given the name of Sublime Porte to the Empire, is in this group of edifices. Further up, and clearly defined

on the azure background of the sky, stands a splendid mosque which crowns the hill and overlooks the two seas. Its gilt cupola, lighted by the sun, seems to emit rays of fire, and the transparency of its dome, and its walls surmounted by aerial galleries, give it the appearance of a monument made of silver or bluish-coloured porcelain.

The horizon in this direction terminates, and the eye descends over two other broad hills thickly covered with mosques, palaces, and painted houses, until it reaches the extremity of the port, where the sea diminishes insensibly in width, and disappears beneath the trees in the Arcadian valley of the fresh waters of Europe. In the canal arise groups of masts, belonging to the vessels moored off the Death quay in the arsenal, and under the cypress forests which flank Constantinople. The tower of Galata, built by the Genoese, rises like the mast of a ship from an ocean of house-tops, and forms a colossal boundary between Galata and Pera. At last the eye reposes on the tranquil basin of the Bosphorus, uncertain whether to turn towards Europe or Asia.

Such are the prominent points of the picture; but if you add to these the vast framework which encircles it and makes it stand out from its background of sky and sea, viz. the black lines of the Asiatic mountains, the low and vapoury horizons of the Gulf of Nicomedia, the summits of the Olympus of Brussa, rising behind the Seraglio, beyond the sea of Marmora, and which appear like white clouds in the firmament:—if you add

to this majestic whole, the grace and colouring of the details — if you can picture in imagination the varied effects produced on the sea and the city by the sky, the wind, and the different hours of the day — if fleets of merchant vessels, like flights of sea-birds, detaching themselves from the dark groves of the Seraglio, floating in the middle of the canal, and then slowly sailing down the Bosphorus, forming ever-changing groups; — if the rays of the setting sun gild the tops of the trees and the minarets, and illumine as if with fire the red walls of Scutari and Stamboul; — if a dead calm should lull the sea of Marmora to the stillness of a lake of molten lead, or if a breeze should lightly ruffle the Bosphorus, seeming to spread over its surface the resplendent meshes of a net-work of silver; — if the smoke of the steam-boats rises and winds round the broad trembling sails of the sultan's frigates; — if the guns fired for prayers on board the vessels of the fleet resound in prolonged echoes to the cypresses surrounding the cemetery; — if the various noises from the seven cities and the thousands of vessels rise from the shore and the sea, and are wafted by the breeze to the hill whence you are looking down; — if you consider, that the sky is always of a pure dark blue — that these seas and these natural ports are ever tranquil and safe — that every house along these shores has a creek in which a vessel may lie in all weathers under the very windows — that large three-deckers are built and launched beneath the plane trees on the

shore; — if you recollect, that you are in Constantinople, the queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two quarters of the world meet, as it were, either for friendly greeting, or for combat; — if night should surprise you whilst contemplating this prospect, which can never weary the eye; — if the pharos of Galata, the Seraglio and Scutari, and the lights on the high poops of the vessels, are glimmering; — if the stars detach themselves one by one, or in groups from the azure firmament, and envelope the mountains of the Asiatic coast, the snows of Olympus, the Princes Islands in the sea of Marmora, the level height of the Seraglio, the hills of Stamboul and the three seas, so that the whole scene seems to float in a blue net-work besprinkled with pearls; — if the rising moon diffuse sufficient light to show the great masses of the picture, while it obscures or softens the details; — you have at every hour of the day and night the most delicious spectacle that can charm the sight. It is an enchantment of the eye which communicates to the mind; — a dazzling of the sight and the soul. This is the spectacle which I have enjoyed every day and every night for the space of a month.

The French ambassador having proposed that I should accompany him in the visit which all the ambassadors on their arrival are privileged to pay to St. Sophia, I arrived at eight o'clock this morning at one of the gates leading to the sea, behind the walls of the Seraglio. One of the principal officers of the sultan met us at the landing-place

and conducted us to his house, where he had ordered a collation to be prepared. The apartments were numerous and elegantly decorated, but without any other furniture than divans and pipes. The divans were placed against the windows, which looked upon the sea of Marmora. The collation was served in the European style, the viands alone being national. These were numerous and choice, but they were all new to us. When we had concluded our repast, the ladies were conducted to visit the wives of the Turkish colonel, who were assembled for that day in a lower apartment, the harem or women's apartment being that in which we had been received. We were furnished with Asiatic slippers of yellow morocco to enter the mosque; otherwise we should have been obliged to take off our boots and walk barefooted. We entered the court-yard of the mosque surrounded by a number of guards, who kept back the crowd which had assembled to see us. The Osmanlis looked gloomy and discontented; for the zealous Mussulmans regard the admission of Christians as a profanation of their sanctuaries. As soon as we entered, the gate of the mosque was closed.

St. Sophia, which was built by Constantine, is one of the largest edifices ever raised for the purpose of Christian worship; but it is evident, from the barbarous style of art which pervades the mass of stone, that it is the production of a vitiated and declining age. It is a confused memorial of a taste which no longer exists—the imperfect production

of an art in its infancy. The temple is encompassed by a spacious peristyle covered and closed like that of St. Peter's at Rome. Columns of granite of prodigious height, but imbedded in the walls, separate this vestibule from the court in front of the porch. A large gate opens into the interior. The walls of the church are decorated on each side by superb columns of porphyry, Egyptian granite, and rare kinds of marble. But these columns, which are of disproportionate size and of various orders, are evidently fragments taken from other temples, and are placed here without regard to symmetry or taste, as savages might support a rude hut with the mutilated remains of a palace. Gigantic pillars, of coarse workmanship, support an elevated dome like that of St. Peter's, and the effect of which is certainly not less majestic. This dome, which was anciently ornamented with mosaic work forming pictures on the ceiling, was plastered over when Mahomet II. took possession of St. Sophia and converted it into a mosque. Some portions of the plaster have fallen off, and here and there allow the ancient Christian decoration to re-appear. Circular galleries are carried up all around the building as high as the very top of the dome. Viewed from the upper galleries, the aspect of the edifice is beautiful. Vast, sombre, without ornament, with its broken arches and its dirty columns, it resembles the interior of a colossal tomb, the reliques of which have been dispersed. It inspires awe, silence, and meditation on the instability of the works of man, who raises structures for

principles which he conceives to be eternal, and which succeeding principles demolish or appropriate. In its present state, St. Sophia resembles an immense caravansary of God. Here are the columns of the temple of Ephesus, and the figures of the Apostles, encircled with gilded glories, looking down upon the hanging lamps of the Iman.

Leaving St. Sophia, we proceeded to the seven principal mosques of Constantinople. We found them less spacious, but far more beautiful. Mahometanism has its own peculiar art of building,—an art exactly conformable to the luminous simplicity of its faith. This is exemplified in the chaste, regular, and splendid temples, without recesses for mysteries, and without altars for victims. The seven mosques are alike in grandeur and nearly in colour. They have spacious courts in front, surrounded by cloisters, containing the schools and the apartments of the Imans. The courts are shaded by superb trees, while numerous fountains diffuse their murmurs and their delicious freshness around. Minarets of exquisite workmanship rise from their domes like the four cardinal points at the four angles of the mosque. Small circular galleries, with curved stone parapets in elaborate open work like lace, surround at different heights the light spire of the minarets. To these, at various periods of the day, the Muezlim ascends to proclaim the hour, and to summon the people to, what is ever in the mind of Mahometans, the contemplation of God. A portico, elevated by a few steps, leads to the gate of the temple. The temple is either of a round or

square form, surmounted by a cupola supported by elegant pillars or beautiful fluted columns. A pulpit is placed against one of these pillars. The frieze is composed of verses from the Koran, inscribed in ornamental characters on the walls, which are painted in arabesque ornaments. From pillar to pillar are fixed iron wires, from which are suspended lamps, the eggs of ostriches, and bunches of spices or flowers: mats of rushes or of rich cloth cover the floor. The effect of the whole is simple and grand. The mosque is not a temple inhabited by a deity; it is a house of prayer and contemplation to which men resort to adore the one and universal God. What we call worship does not exist in the Mahometan religion. Mahomet preached his faith to barbarian tribes, in the ceremonies of whose worship the Deity was lost sight of. The rites of the Mahometans are simple: an annual festival, together with ablution and prayer at the five divisions of the day, are their only ceremonies. Their only dogma is belief in a creating and rewarding God. They have banished images lest they should work upon the weakness of human imagination, and convert mere memorials into objects of sinful idolatry. There was originally no priesthood,—or, more properly speaking, every one of the faithful was competent to discharge the duties of priesthood. The sacerdotal body was the later work of corruption. Whenever I have entered the mosques, I have invariably found a few Turks prostrate on the carpet, and praying with all the external signs of fervour and complete absorption of mind.

In the court of the mosque of Bajazet, I saw the empty tomb of Constantine. It consists of a vase of porphyry of such prodigious size that it might have held the remains of twenty heroes. This vase is evidently a production of Greek art, some relic of the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Thus do different ages bequeath to each other their temples as well as their tombs, but divested of their contents. Where are now the bones of Constantine? The Turks have enclosed his sepulchre in a kiosk, and will not suffer it to be profaned. The tombs of the sultans and of their families are in the gardens of the mosques they have built: they are under marble kiosks, shadowed by trees and perfumed by flowers. A variety of springs murmur around these kiosks, and the Mussulmans regard the memory of the dead with such reverence, that I never passed by one of these tombs without observing fresh nosegays placed at the door or upon the windows of the numerous monuments.

I have just returned from an excursion down and up the Bosphorus, from Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea. I wish to sketch for myself some of the traits of this delightful scenery. I could not have believed that sky, earth, sea, and man, could produce such a combination of enchanting prospects: the transparent mirror of the sky or of the sea can alone reflect them in their whole expanse. My imagination also embraces them in this extended way; but my memory cannot retain and reproduce them except in little successive de-

tails. I therefore traced singly every different point of view as I glided along in my caique. A painter would require years to depict only one shore of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and as it varies presents renewed beauty. What can I say in a few words?

The morning was clear and sunshiny, and at seven o'clock I embarked in one of those long caiques which dash through the waves like fish. I took with me four Arnaut rowers and an interpreter; the latter, seated between the rowers and me, told me the names of places and things. We rowed along the quays of Tophana and the artillery barracks. The town of Tophana rises in tiers of painted houses, like bouquets of flowers, grouped round the marble mosque, and is partly lost beneath the shade of the high cypresses of the cemetery of Pera. This curtain of sombre foliage terminates the hills on that side. We glided on between vessels lying at anchor, and innumerable caiques conveying to Constantinople the officers of the Seraglio, the ministers and their kiaias, and the families of the Armenian traders whom the hour of labour summoned to their shops and warehouses. These Armenians are a fine race of men. Their costume is dignified and simple, consisting of a black turban, and a long blue robe, confined round the waist by a white cashmere shawl. Their figures are athletic, and their countenances intelligent but vulgar. Their complexions are fresh, their eyes blue, and their beards fair. They may be called the Swiss of the East. Like the Swiss of

Europe, they are laborious, peaceful, and regular; but, like them, they are calculating and avaricious. They barter their trading talent for the wages of the Sultan or the Turks. There is nothing heroic or warlike in their nature. Commerce is their deity: they would pursue it under any master. No other class of Christians accord so well with the Turks. They accumulate the wealth which the Turks neglect, and which escapes the grasp of the Greeks and the Jews. Everything here is in their hands: they are the dragomanns of all the pachas and vizirs. The Armenian females have pure and delicate features: their placid beauty resembles that of the English women or the peasants of Helvetia. The children too are very handsome. The caiques which glide past us are filled with these Armenians. On the prows of their boats are baskets of flowers, which they have brought from their country-houses.

We now begin to turn the point of Tophana, and are getting under the shadow of the large vessels belonging to the Ottoman fleet, which is riding at anchor off the European coast. These huge masses sleep here as calmly as on the bosom of a lake. Sailors dressed like the Turkish soldiers, in red or blue, are carelessly leaning on the shrouds, whilst others are bathing round the keels. Large shallops, laden with troops, are passing to and fro between the shore and the fleet; and the elegant boats of the Capitan Pacha, each manned with twenty rowers, dart past us like arrows. Admiral Tahir Pacha and his officers are dressed

in loose brown coats or pelisses, and on their heads they wear the fez (a large red woollen cap), which they draw down over their foreheads, as if ashamed of having abandoned the noble and graceful turban. These men have an air of melancholy and resignation: they are smoking their long pipes with mouthpieces of amber. There are lying here about thirty fine ships of war, seemingly ready to set sail; but there are neither officers nor seamen, and this magnificent fleet is merely an ornament of the Bosphorus. Whilst the sultan views it from his kiosk of Beglierbeg, on the opposite coast of Asia, the two or three frigates of Ibrahim Pacha are in undisturbed possession of the Mediterranean, and the barks of Samos command the Archipelago. At a few yards from these vessels, along the shore of Europe, I pass under the windows of a magnificent palace of the sultan. It looks like the abode of amphibious beings. The waves of the Bosphorus, when agitated by a breeze, touch the windows, and cast their foam into the apartments of the ground-floor. The flights of steps are washed with the water, and through the iron-work of the gates the sea finds its way into the court-yards and gardens. Here are basins for the caiques, and baths for the sultanas, who may almost plunge into it, skreened by the curtains of their saloons. Behind these maritime court-yards, gardens planted with shrubs and flowers rise in successive rows, ornamented with terraces and gilt kiosks. These flowery parterres are lost in the thick woods of

oak, laurel, and plantain trees, which cover the declivities, and rise to the very summit of the eminence. The sultan's apartments are now open, and I can see through the windows the rich gold mouldings of the ceilings, the crystal lustres, the divans, and the silken curtains. The windows of the harem are closed by thick gratings of wood elegantly carved. Having passed this palace, we arrive at an uninterrupted series of palaces, houses, and gardens, belonging to the principal favourites, ministers, or pachas of the grand signior: they all lie on the margin of the sea, as if fondly inhaling its freshness. Their windows are open. Turks are reclining on divans in spacious apartments resplendent with gold and silken draperies: they are smoking, chatting, sipping sherbet, and looking at us as we pass by. These windows open upon terraces, thickly planted with vines, shrubs, and flowers. Numerous slaves, richly dressed, are seated on the flight of steps leading down to the sea, and caiques manned with rowers are waiting in readiness to receive the masters of these lovely dwellings. In all these houses the harem forms a wing, separated by gardens or court-yards from the apartments of the men. The harem windows are grated. I only see now and then the head of a pretty child thrust through the openings, among the vines and creeping flowers, to look at the sea, or the white arm of a woman opening or closing a window-blind. These palaces and houses are all built of wood, but very richly worked: they have projecting roofs, galleries,

and balustrades without number, and are all shaded by large trees, creeping plants, and groves of jasmine and roses. All are washed by the waves of the Bosphorus, and have inner courts into which the sea enters, and where the caïques float. The Bosphorus is so deep in all its parts, that we rowed quite at the margin of the shore to inhale the balmy perfume of the flowers, and to allow our rowers to enjoy the shade of the trees. Large vessels passed as closely as we did, and not unfrequently the yards of a brig became entangled in the branches of a tree, the trellis of a vine, or even the blind of a window, carrying away a fragment of the foliage or the house. These houses are separated one from the other only by clumps of trees planted on some projecting piece of ground, or by angles of rock, covered with ivy and moss, which descend from the hills, and extend to the length of several feet in the water. Here and there a bay of greater width and depth runs in between two hills which are separated by the bed of a torrent or streamlet. A village then extends along the smooth banks of these little gulfs, with its beautiful Moorish fountains, its mosque with cupolas of gold and azure, and its light minaret towering to the tops of the plantain trees. The little houses rise in amphitheatres round these gulfs, with their façades and kiosks painted a thousand colours. Large villas extend along the brows of the hills, flanked by gardens and groves of fir trees, which terminate the horizon. At the foot of each of these villages there is a

quay of granite a few feet broad. These quays are planted with sycamores, vines, and jasmines, which hang over into the sea, forming arbours, beneath which the caiques lie for shelter. Trading vessels of every nation anchor in front of the warehouses of the merchants and shipowners, and the merchandise is frequently carried along a plank fixed from the deck of a ship to a window. Numbers of children, and dealers in fruit and vegetables, are moving along the quays, which are the bazaars of the villages of the Bosphorus. Sailors in the dresses of all nations, and speaking all languages, are grouped amongst the Osmanlis, who are squatted on their carpets near the fountains, or round the trunks of the plantain trees.

None of the villages of Lucerne or Interlaken can afford any idea of the exquisite grace and picturesque effect of these little gulfs of the Bosphorus: I could not avoid stopping to look at them. These little villages are met with every five minutes, along the first half of the European coast, —that is to say, for the space of two or three leagues. They afterwards become less frequent, and the landscape assumes a more wild character, on account of the increasing height of the hills, and the depth of the forests. I here speak only of the European coast. I shall on my return describe the coast of Asia, which is still more beautiful. But to form a correct idea of the whole, it must be borne in mind, that the shore of Asia is but a very little distance from us; that we are frequently equally near both shores, where

we keep the middle of the current, in parts where the channel becomes narrow or takes turns; so that similar scenes to those which I am now describing meet my eyes whenever I turn towards Asia.

But to return to the shore along which our caique is now closely floating. After passing the last of these natural ports above mentioned, there is a spot where the Bosphorus imbeds itself like a broad and rapid river, between two promontories of rock, which descend perpendicularly from the summit of a double range of mountains. The channel takes a turn, and seems there entirely to close. In proportion as we advance, however, we see it unfold, and turn behind the European cape; then widening, it forms a sort of lake, on the banks of which stand the two towns Therapia and Buyukdere. From top to bottom of the two promontories of rock, which are clothed with vegetation, there rise some half-ruined fortifications, white cranied turrets, drawbridges, and towers, built after the manner of the beautiful structures of the middle ages. These are the two famous castles of Europe and Asia, whence Mahomet II. so long maintained the siege of Constantinople, before he succeeded in gaining possession of the city. The castles rise like two white phantoms from the black bosom of the pines and cypresses, and seem to close the entrance to the two seas.

These towers and turrets, looking down upon the ships at full sail,—the long branches of ivy hanging like warriors' cloaks over the half-ruined walls,—the grey rocks on which the castles stand,

and whose angles project from amidst the surrounding verdure,—and the broad shadows which they cast on the water, altogether render this one of the most characteristic points of the Bosphorus. Here it loses its exclusively graceful aspect, and assumes an appearance alternately graceful and sublime. At the foot of these two castles there are Turkish cemeteries, and turbans sculptured in white marble are seen here and there amidst the foliage washed by the waves. What a happy race are the Turks! Their ashes always repose in the spot of their predilection,—beneath the shade of the tree or the shrub which they cherished in life,—on the bank of the current whose murmur has delighted them,—visited by the doves which their hands fed, and embalmed by the perfume of the flowers which they planted. If they possess no portion of earth during life, they possess it after death: they do not consign the remains of those they have loved to charnel-houses, whence horror repels the worship and the piety of remembrance.

Beyond the castles, the Bosphorus widens, and the mountains of Europe and Asia appear more barren and deserted. The sea-shore is, however, still besprinkled here and there with little white houses and rustic mosques, each of the latter being built on rising ground near a fountain, and under the dome of a plantain tree. The village of Therapia, where the French and English ambassadors reside, is at a little distance from the margin of the shore: the high forests which over-

hang it, throw their shadows over the terraces and lawns of the two palaces; and some little winding valleys among the rocks form the limits of the two powers. Two English and French frigates, lying at anchor before each of the palaces, await the signal of the ambassadors to convey to the fleets in the Mediterranean messages of war or peace. Buyukdere, a beautiful town at the extremity of the gulf formed by the Bosphorus, where it turns to lose itself in the Black Sea, extends like a curtain of palaces and villas along the sides of the two sombre mountains. A fine quay separates the gardens and the houses from the sea. The Russian fleet, consisting of five ships of the line, three frigates, and two steamers, is anchored off the terraces of the palace of the Russian embassy, and looks like a town floating on the water. Boats transmitting orders from one ship to another; various small craft conveying water from the fountains, or carrying invalids ashore; the yachts of the young officers sailing past each other with the speed of race-horses; or the firing of guns resounding in the deep valleys of Asia, and announcing the entrance of ships from the Black Sea; a Russian camp pitched on the burning sides of the Giant's Mountains, facing the fleet; the beautiful plain of Buyukdere on the left, with its group of wonderful plane trees, one of which would shade a whole regiment; the magnificent forests of the palaces of the Russian and Austrian embassies, which fringe the brows of the hills; the elegant balconied houses which

border the quays, with festoons of flowers overhanging their terraces; Armenians, with their children, rowing to and fro in their caiques filled with foliage and flowers; the dark and narrow arm of the Bosphorus, which one just gains a glimpse of, extending towards the misty horizon of the Black Sea; other chains of mountains, without any trace of villages or houses, towering to the clouds, with their black forests, like redoubtable boundaries between the storms of the ocean of tempests and the magnificent serenity of the seas of Constantinople; two fortified castles, facing one another, on each shore, crowning with their batteries, their towers, and their cranies, the projecting heights of two gloomy capes; and, finally, a double line of rocks, bespotted with forests, which are gradually lost in the blue waves of the Black Sea:—such is Buyukdere. Add to this, the perpetual movement of a file of vessels, coming to Constantinople or leaving the canal, according as the wind blows north or south. These vessels are sometimes so numerous, that one day, when returning home in my caique, I counted nearly two hundred in less than an hour. They sail in groups, like birds migrating from one climate to another. If the wind varies, they tack about, standing out alternately under the houses or the trees of Asia or Europe: if a breeze freshens, they anchor in one of the numberless bays, or at the point of one of the little capes of the Bosphorus; and a moment after, they appear with all their sails set. The scene, animated by these groups

of vessels sailing or lying at anchor, and by the various positions which they take along the shores, every moment presents a new aspect, and renders the Bosphorus a wonderful kaleidoscope.

On my arrival at Buyukdere, I took possession of the charming house on the quay, which M. Truqui had so hospitably offered to me. We shall pass the summer here.

Same date.

On viewing the coast of the Bosphorus which I have just described, one might readily believe that nature has here created a work which could never be surpassed ; and that there cannot be found in all the world another landscape superior to the one which now enchants my sight. I have returned this evening to Constantinople, after coasting along the Asiatic shore, which I find a thousand times more beautiful than the European coast. The shore of Asia owes nothing to man ; there nature has done all. No Buyukdere, no Therapia, no ambassadors' palaces, no towns of Armenians or Franks are to be seen. The prospect consists of mountains, separated by defiles; small verdant valleys formed among the foundations of the rocks, winding rivers, and torrents whitening with their foam the forests which overhang the sides of the rocks, penetrate into the ravines, and descend even to the margins of the numerous gulfs on the coast. The whole landscape presents such variety in form and colour, foliage and verdure, as the fancy of no

painter could invent. A few detached houses belonging to Turkish sailors or gardeners are sprinkled here and there along the shore, on the platforms of the woody hill, or grouped on the points of the rocks, against which the current breaks into blue waves, in colour like the night-sky. The white sails of a few fishing-boats in the creeks are seen now and then gliding between the plantain trees. Innumerable flocks of white birds perch on the margins of the meadows, and eagles from the summits of the mountains hover over the sea. Some of the little bays or creeks are completely closed up by rocks and the trunks of huge trees, whose boughs, covered with black foliage, overhang the waves, and amidst which the caiques lie hid as it were in cradles. In the shade of these bays are discerned one or two villages, with gardens behind the houses on verdant declivities, and with groups of trees at the foot of the rocks. The villagers have their barks rocking on the waves before their doors, and their dovecots are on the roofs of their houses. The women and the children are at the windows, while the old men sit under the plantain trees at the foot of the minaret.

The labourers are seen quitting the fields to return to their caiques, or are engaged in loading their barks with green faggots—with myrtle and broom still in flower, which they dry and burn in the winter. This mass of floating verdure, hanging over the sides of the boats even into the water, completely conceals both the bark and the rower, and looks like a portion of the shore loosened by

the current, and borne along by the sea, with its foliage still green, and with its flowers still redolent of perfume.

Such is the aspect of the Asiatic coast as far as the castle of Mahomet II. which seems to close the Bosphorus, giving it the appearance of a Swiss lake. Here the character of the coast begins to change. The summits of the hills are less sharp, and they descend less precipitately into the small valleys. Asiatic villages, richer and more numerous, arise. The fresh streams of Asia, and lovely plains shaded by trees, and studded with kiosks and Moorish fountains, open to the view. Numbers of Constantinople carriages, which are a sort of gilt wooden cages, placed upon four wheels and drawn by a couple of oxen, are dispersed over the greensward. From these the veiled Turkish females may be seen to alight, and seat themselves at the foot of a tree, or on the ground near the water: at some distance from them the men are sitting in groups, drinking coffee, or smoking their pipes. The various-coloured clothes of the men and the children, joined to the monotonous brown tint of the women's veils, forms a most singular and beautiful mosaic scene. Oxen and buffaloes graze in the meadows. Arabian horses, covered with caparisons of velvet, silk, and gold, are prancing near the caiques, which row in crowds to the shore, filled with Armenian and Jewish women. The latter, after landing, sit down unveiled on the grass by the side of some of the streams, forming a long chain of women and girls in different costumes and

attitudes. Some of them possess the most exquisite beauty, which their variety of dress serves to heighten. I have often seen here many Turkish women of the harems unveiled. They are almost universally of small stature and pale complexion, with a mournful expression in the eye, and a feeble and sickly appearance. In general, the climate of Constantinople, in spite of all its apparent salubrity, is unhealthy. The women, at all events, are very far from deserving their reputation for beauty. The Jewish and Armenian females were the only ones whom I thought handsome; and yet how far were these inferior in beauty to the Jewesses and the Armenian women of Arabia, and how little they possessed of the indescribable charms which characterize the Greek women of Syria and Asia Minor!

A little further on, close to the waves of the Bosphorus, rises the magnificent new palace, at present inhabited by the grand signior. Beglierbeg is an edifice in the Italian taste, but bearing the impression of Indian and Moorish recollections: it is an immense building, with wings enclosing gardens. Behind are large plots of ground full of roses and watered by fountains. A narrow quay, formed of granite, separates the windows from the sea. As I slowly passed this palace, the abode of so much misery and terrors, I perceived the grand signior sitting on a divan in one of the kiosks at the water-side. Achmet Pacha, one of his young favourites, was standing near him. The sultan, attracted by the appearance of our European cos-

tume, directed Achmet Pacha's attention to us with his finger; and seemed to be inquiring who we were. I saluted the master of Asia after the Oriental manner, and he graciously returned my salutation. All the blinds of the palace were open, and the rich decorations of this magnificent habitation were seen glittering within. The wing inhabited by the women, or the harem, was closed. This part of the building is immense, and the number of women it contains is not known. Two caiques, completely covered with gilding, and furnished with twenty-four rowers each, were lying afloat at the palace gate. These caiques would not disgrace the most exquisite European taste as to elegance of form, while, at the same time, they display the utmost degree of Eastern magnificence. The prow of one of them, which projected at least twenty-five feet, was surrounded by the figure of a golden swan with extended wings, which seemed to bear the vessel over the waves. A silk awning, drawn over golden pillars, covered the poop, and rich cashmere shawls formed the sultan's seat. The prow of the other caique was a feathered arrow of gold, as if just darting from its bow and flying across the sea. When out of sight of the sultan, I lingered for a considerable time to admire the palace and the gardens. All bear marks of the most perfect taste. I know of no royal residence in Europe which presents such a magnificent and fairy-like effect. The whole seems as pure and resplendent as if it had just received its finishing touch from the hand of the artist. The roofs of the palace are masked by gilt balustrades; and the

chimneys, which disfigure most of our public edifices in Europe, here consisted of fluted gilt columns, whose elegant capitals conferred an additional ornament on the edifice.

I admire Mahmoud, the prince who passed his boyhood in the gloomy prisons of the Seraglio, with the terrors of death daily before his eyes; — who was tutored by the wise and unfortunate Selim, and raised to the throne by the death of his brother; — who silently meditated for fifteen years the emancipation of the empire, the restoration of Islamism, and the destruction of the Janissaries. He executed this project with the heroism and calmness of fatality, continually braving his subjects to regenerate them. He has shown himself brave and dauntless in peril, and mild and merciful when he could consult the feelings of his heart. Mahmoud has not been adequately supported by those about him; and he has wanted instruments to execute the good he contemplated. He has been disavowed by his people; betrayed by his pachas; ruined by his neighbours; abandoned by fortune — without whose aid man can do nothing — himself assisting in the overthrow of his throne and his power; — and, finally, wasting in the voluptuous pleasures of the Bosphorus his remnant of existence and his shadow of sovereignty. The sultan is a man of good and upright intention, but of insufficient genius and too feeble resolution. Like the last of the Greek emperors, whose place he fills and whose destiny he seems to represent, he is worthy of other subjects and a better age, and is capable of dying a hero. His-

tory presents no event comparable to the destruction of the Janissaries. I know of no other revolution so ably planned or so heroically accomplished. Mahmoud will engross that page of history; but why is it the only one? The greatest difficulty was surmounted — the tyrants were overthrown, and it required only resolution and perseverance to reanimate and civilize the empire. Mahmoud stopped short in his task. Was it because genius is more rare than heroism?

From the palace of Beglierbeg, the coast of Asia again becomes woody and solitary, till you reach Scutari, which blooms like a garden of roses, on the extremity of a cape at the entrance of the sea of Marmora. Opposite appears the verdant point of the Seraglio; and between the coast of Europe, crowned with its three painted cities, and the coast of Asia, glittering with cupolas and minarets, opens the vast port of Constantinople, where the vessels, riding at anchor along the two shores, leave a broad avenue for the caiques. I now glide through this labyrinth of vessels, as the Venetian gondolas float under the shadow of the palaces, and I land at the Death quay, beneath an alley of cypresses.

May 20.

This morning I was taken by a young gentleman of Constantinople to the slave-market.

After traversing the long streets of Stamboul parallel with the walls of the old Seraglio, and

passing several splendid bazaars crowded with merchants and purchasers, we ascended by a few narrow streets into a dirty square, on which opened the gate of another bazaar. We were indebted to the Turkish costume, in which we were dressed, and to the perfection in which my guide spoke the language, for our admittance to this market of human flesh. How many ages elapsed, and how many appeals were made to the reason of man, before he ceased to regard power as a right, and could be convinced that slavery is a crime and a blasphemy! What an advancement of intelligence! and how much does it promise! How many things there are which we regard with indifference, but which may appear enormous crimes in the eyes of our descendants! These were the reflections which occurred to my mind as we entered the bazaar, where the life, the soul, the body, and the liberty of human beings is sold as we sell oxen or horses, and where a man considers himself the lawful possessor of what he thus purchases! Yet there are many lawful possessions of the same kind, of which we take no account! And after all, they are lawful; for we must not expect of man more than he knows. His convictions are his truths; he has no others. God alone possesses them, and he distributes them to us in proportion to our progressive intelligence.

The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants

keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers; and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in these lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females, in spite of their copper-coloured complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm-trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave-bazaar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ankles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated motionless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus gazed at, their meek and melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another and smiled.

One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an Oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health; and the children, when released, eagerly joined their playmates and renewed their game. I next went under the covered porticos, which were crowded with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about among the groups superbly dressed in furred pelisses and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and preoccupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandise: but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse us admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in cakes and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piastres into the hand of one of them, and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a poor negress, about eighteen or twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed: her child, who was a mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop; but the mother snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, with an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and I requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase her together with the child for me. I would have brought up the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom M. Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arms round his mother's neck. But the bargaining was all a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside,

and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and overbearing a spirit in the harem; and that to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to, and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazaar. We accordingly withdrew.

We looked into a great number of rooms, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but having the appearance of good health. Most of them appeared indifferent to their situation, and some even solicited purchasers. They talked and laughed together, and occasionally made critical remarks on the men who were bargaining for them. One or two wept, and concealed themselves at the further end of the chamber, and did not without reluctance return to the alcove where they had been seated when we looked in. Several walked away cheerfully with a Turk who had purchased them, taking with them their little bundle tied in a handkerchief, and covering their faces with their white veils. We witnessed two or three acts of genuine humanity, for which even Christian charity might envy the good Mussulmans. Several Turks purchased some old female slaves who had been sent away from the harems of their masters

on account of their age and infirmities. We asked them why they had purchased the poor old women. "To please God," replied the broker: and M. Morlach assured me that several Mussulmans were in the practice of sending to the markets to buy poor infirm slaves of both sexes, and support them, for the sake of charity, in their houses.

The last rooms we entered were half closed, and we were at first refused admittance. There was only one slave in each room, under the guard of a female. These slaves were young and beautiful Circassian girls, newly arrived from their country. They were dressed in white, and with a remarkable degree of elegance. Their fine features were expressive of neither sorrow nor indignation, but disdainful indifference. The beautiful white slaves of Georgia or Circassia have become extremely rare since the Greek females no longer people the seraglios, and since Russia has interdicted the traffic in women. Nevertheless, many Georgian families still devote their daughters to this odious traffic, and cargoes of them are from time to time carried away by contraband dealers. The price of these beautiful creatures varies from twelve to twenty thousand piastres (from three to five thousand francs), whilst black slaves of ordinary beauty do not sell for more than five or six hundred francs, and the most beautiful at a thousand or twelve hundred. In Arabia and in Syria, female slaves may be purchased for five or six hundred piastres (from a hundred and fifty to two hundred francs). One of the Georgian girls

whom we saw at the bazaar was of faultless beauty. Her features were delicate and intelligent, her eyes soft and pensive, and her skin dazzlingly white. She was sold before our eyes for the harem of a young pacha of Constantinople. But the females of Georgia and Circassia are in general far from possessing the charms of the Arabian women, — their beauty is touched by the coldness of the North.

We left the bazaar with feelings of disgust at a scene which is renewed every day and every hour in the cities of the East. This is the effect of unchangeable laws! They consecrate the barbarities of past ages, and confer the privilege of antiquity and legitimacy on all crimes. The fanatical worshippers of the past are as culpable and as dangerous as the fanatical anticipaters of the future. The former sacrifice mankind to their ignorance and their recollections, and the latter to their hopes and their precipitation. If men were to act and think just as their ancestors have acted and thought before them, human nature would be merely idolatry and slavery. Reason is the sun of the human mind: it is the infallible and perpetual revelation of Divine laws, as they are applicable to society. We must follow it, under pain of remaining in misery and darkness; but we must never hurry before it, lest we should fall down precipices. To understand the past without regretting it — to tolerate the present whilst striving to improve it — and to hope for the future whilst preparing for it —

these are the laws of wise men and benevolent institutions. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the conflict of certain men against the improvement of things — the egoistical and stupid effort to draw back the moral and social world which God and Nature are urging forward. Past time is the sepulchre of generations that are gone; we should respect it, but we should not wish to bury ourselves and live in it.

The great bazaars for merchandise of various kinds, and spiceries in particular, are spacious arched galleries, with footpaths on each side, and shops filled with wares. These wares consist of arms, saddles, and harnesses; jewellery, provisions, morocco boots and shoes, Indian and Persian shawls; various European stuffs; the carpets of Damascus and Carmania; the essences and perfumes of Constantinople; narghilés and pipes of every form and every degree of splendour; carved amber and coral, used by the Orientals in smoking the toumbach; tobacco chopped or folded like quires of yellow paper; pastry, under a variety of enticing forms; confectionary, with an endless variety of sweetmeats and preserved fruits; drugs, exhaling perfumes which pervade all the bazaars; Arabian mantles woven of gold and goat-hair, and women's veils spangled with gold and silver.

The bazaars are filled by a continually renewed crowd, consisting of Turks on foot with pipes in their mouths or in their hands, and followed by slaves; veiled women, accompanied by negresses

and beautiful children; pachas on horseback, slowly pacing amidst the silent throng; and Turkish carriages, formed of gilt trellis-work, and driven at a walking-pace by coachmen with long white beards. These carriages are filled with women, who from time to time alight to make purchases at the jewellers' shops. Some of the bazaars would be several leagues in length, if they consisted of a single gallery. They are always much crowded, and are the most active vehicles of contagion, for the Jews expose and sell in the bazaars the clothes of persons who have died of the plague. That disease has just broken out at Pera, and five or six people have died of it. We therefore passed, not without some apprehension, through the bazaar. The crowd that thronged it to-day may be decimated to-morrow.

June 18.

We have passed several days in study and reading in our solitude at Buyukderé, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea beneath our eyes. In the evenings we have had excursions in caiques to Constantinople, to Bellegrade and its incomparable forest, to the coast of Asia, to the mouth of the Euxine, and to the Valley of Roses, situated behind the mountains of Buyukderé. I go there very often. The delicious valley is watered by a spring, to which the Turks resort, to enjoy the freshness, the odour of the roses, and the song of the bulbul. Five immense trees

overhang this fountain; and a sort of coffee-house is held under their foliage. Further on, the valley narrows, and leads to an acclivity of the mountain where two little artificial lakes, fed by the water from a spring, slumber tranquilly under the spreading tops of the plantain trees. The Armenians, with their families, assemble in the evenings on the margins of these lakes, and take their supper. Picturesque groups are seated round the trees, and young girls are dancing together: these are the tranquil and decorous pleasures of the Orientals. They feel and enjoy nature better than we do. Nowhere have trees and springs more sincere admirers. There is a deep sympathy in their minds with the beauties of sea, earth, and sky. When I return in the evenings from Constantinople in my caique, rowing along the European coast on a clear moonlight night, I see for the space of a league, groups of women, young girls, and children, seated on the edge of the granite quay, or on the parapets of the terraces of the gardens:—they pass whole hours in gazing at the sea, the woods, the moon, and inhaling the fresh evening breeze. The inhabitants of our regions know nothing of these natural enjoyments. Their sensations are blunted. They require the excitement of artificial pleasures, and even vices. The few among them by whom nature is still understood and adored are visionaries and poets. They hear the voice of God in his works, and are satisfied with nature, and silent contemplation.

At Buyukderé and at Therapia I, have met several persons of my acquaintance among the Russians, and the members of the foreign embassies. Count Orloff, M. Boutenieff (the ambassador from Russia to Constantinople, a man of superior acquirements, at once a philosopher and a statesman), and Baron Sturmer, the Austrian internuncio, — all show me the most marked attentions. I hear nothing discussed but European politics. This country is now the important point.

The Russians are camped in Asia, and riding at anchor under our windows. Will they retire? I do not doubt but they will. We are never in a hurry to seize a prey which we know cannot escape. Count Orloff read to me yesterday an admirable letter written to him by the Emperor Nicholas. It was to the following effect:—

"My dear Orloff, — When Providence has placed a man at the head of forty millions of his fellow-creatures, he is expected to present to the world a bright example of honour and fidelity to his word,—I am that man. I will be worthy of the mission I have received from God. As soon as the difficulties are smoothed between Ibrahim and the Grand Signior, do not wait another day; bring back my fleet and my army."

This is noble language,—a situation well understood,—dignified generosity! Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the

Russians, whom political integrity now removes for a time.

June 20th.

I have become acquainted here with a most agreeable and clever man—one of those men who are superior to their ill fortune, and who contrive to swim into port by aid of the current which threatens to sink them. The person I allude to is M. Calosso, a Piedmontese officer. Like many of his countrymen, he was compromised in the Piedmontese revolution of 1820; like many others, he was proscribed; and without a home, without friends, he sought an asylum in Turkey. He presented himself to the sultan, and offered to organize his cavalry: he became Mahmoud's favourite and military adviser. He has, however, had the good sense to moderate the favour, which might have exposed him to dangerous envy. His modesty and cordiality of manner have pleased the pachas of the court and the ministers of the divan. He has made friends everywhere, and he preserves them by the same merits which enabled him to gain them. The sultan has raised him in rank, without requiring him to abjure his nationality or his religion. Among the Turks he is now Rustem Bey, and among the Christians he is an obliging and amiable Frank. He sought my acquaintance here, and offered to render me any service which his familiarity at the divan and at the Seraglio would enable him to procure for me. He has access everywhere, and is on terms of inti-

macy with some of the principal officers of the court. He offered me facilities for seeing places to which no Christian traveller, not even the ambassadors are ever admitted. I am to make a visit to the Seraglio, to which no Christian since Lady Mary Wortley Montague has been suffered to enter. To-morrow we are to explore together that mysterious palace, to which M. Calosso is himself a stranger, though he is acquainted with all the sultan's principal officers.

We first went to pay a visit to Namuk Pacha, one of the young favourites of the Grand Signior, who had invited me to breakfast at his barracks at Scutari, and who had lent me his horses when I visited the mountains of Asia. Namuk Pacha had, however, been summoned to do duty that day at the sultan's palace at Beglierbeg on the banks of the Bosphorus. Thither we accordingly proceeded. Thanks to the rank and the high favour enjoyed by Rustem Bey, we were permitted to pass the gates, and to examine the grounds surrounding the palace. The sultan was going to visit the little mosque of an European village on the other shore of the Bosphorus, opposite Beglierbeg. His superb caiques were moored along the quay which bordered the palace, and his Arabian horses were standing in the court-yard, held by sais, as the sultan and his suite were to mount them to ride through the gardens. We entered a wing of the palace which was detached from the principal building, and in which were assembled the pachas, the officers on duty, and

the staff of the palace. We passed through several spacious apartments, in which we saw a number of officers, civil and military, and slaves. All was bustle and movement, like a ministerial office, or a palace in Europe on a day of ceremony. The interior of this palace was not splendidly furnished; divans and carpets, walls painted in fresco, and crystal lustres, were its only decorations. The Oriental costume, the turban, the pelisse, the loose pantaloons, the girdle, the gold caftan, which the Turks have abandoned for a miserable European dress ill cut and ridiculously worn, has changed the grave and solemn aspect of the people into a poor parody of the Franks. The diamond star glittering on the breasts of the pachas and vizirs is the only ornament which distinguishes them, and which calls to mind their former magnificence. We were conducted through several crowded apartments into a little room looking to one of the exterior gardens of the Grand Signior's palace. There, Namuk Pacha joined us; he sat down with us, ordered pipes and sorbets to be brought in, and introduced us to several young pachas, who, like himself, enjoy the sultan's favour. Some colonels of the Nisam, or regular troops of the guard, came to join us, and took part in our conversation. Namuk Pacha, who had recently returned from his embassy to St. Petersburg, speaks French with elegance and facility. His manners, which have been formed during his residence in Russia, are those of an elegant European diplomatist. He

appears to me to be a shrewd and intelligent young man. Kalil Pacha, then Capitan Pacha, who has since married the daughter of the sultan, likewise speaks French very well. Achmet Pacha is another young Osmanli *élégant*, with all the manners of a European. There was, indeed, nothing in this palace to remind one of an Asiatic court, except the black slaves, the eunuchs, the grated windows of the harem, the shady groves and the blue waves of the Bosphorus, on which our eyes fell whenever we directed them towards the gardens. We spoke with discretion, but at the same time with freedom, of the negotiations between Egypt, Europe, and Turkey; and the progress made, and to be made, by the Turks in military tactics, legislation, and the policy of the different powers of Europe. Nothing in our conversation could have denoted that we were discoursing with a people who are termed barbarians, about the affairs of these same barbarians, and that what we said might even have reached the ear of the Grand Signior, the Shadow of Allah.

Our conversation could not have been more unrestrained, or more elegantly kept up, in a drawing-room in London or Vienna. These young men, who were eager for information and improvement, spoke of their situation, and of themselves, in a tone of noble and interesting modesty. The hour of prayer was approaching, and we took leave of our hosts, deferring till another opportunity our request to be presented to the sultan.

Namuk Pacha consigned us to the guidance of a colonel of the Imperial Guards, directing him to conduct us into the outer court of the mosque, to which the sultan was about to proceed.

We crossed the Bosphorus, and stationed ourselves on the steps leading to the gate of the little mosque. In the course of a few minutes we heard the guns of the fleet and the fort, which every Friday announce to the capital that the sultan is going to the mosque; and we saw the two imperial caiques leave the shore of Asia, and dart across the Bosphorus like arrows. No luxury of horses and carriages can equal the Oriental splendour of these gilded caiques, whose prows project like golden eagles, twenty feet in advance of the body of the bark. Twenty-four rowers, whose oars rose and fell simultaneously like the flapping of two vast wings, raised at every stroke a veil of foam round the sides of the caique; and beneath an awning of silk, gold, and feathers, the Grand Signior was seated on a throne of cashmere, with his pachas and admirals at his feet. When the caique reached the shore, the sultan jumped out lightly, resting his two hands on the shoulders of Achmet and Namuk Pacha. The band of his guard, ranged opposite to where we stood, played a flourish, and he advanced rapidly between two lines of officers and spectators.

Sultan Mahmoud is a man of forty-five years of age, of middle height, and elegant and dignified figure. His eye is blue and mild in its expression, his complexion is dark and ruddy, his

mouth handsome and intelligent, and his beard, which is as black and glossy as jet, descends in thick clusters on his bosom. This is the only remnant of the national costume which he preserves: in all other respects, the hat excepted, he might be taken for a European. On the present occasion he wore pantaloons and boots, a brown frock-coat, with a collar ornamented with diamonds, and on his head a small red woollen cap, surmounted by a tassel of precious stones. He walked at an unsteady pace, and looked anxious and disturbed: something appeared to have vexed him. He spoke emphatically and with an air of agitation to the pachas who accompanied him. When he came near us, as he ascended the steps leading to the door of the mosque, he slackened his pace, looked at us graciously, and slightly bowed his head. He then, by a motion, directed Namuk Pacha to take a petition from the hand of a veiled Turkish female, and entered the mosque. He remained in it only twenty minutes, and, during that interval, the military band played pieces from the operas of Mozart and Rossini. The sultan came from the mosque with a more serene and composed air. He saluted the spectators on his right and left, and having walked slowly down to the water's edge, he jumped smilingly into his boat. In the twinkling of an eye we saw him land on the Asiatic shore, and enter the gardens of Beglierbeg. It is impossible not to be pleased with the countenance of Mahmoud, or to avoid forming

wishes for the welfare of a prince whose countenance bespeaks so much manly energy and profound sensibility. But, alas! these wishes are unavailing, when we think of the fate that inevitably awaits him. If he were a truly great man, he would change his destiny, and overcome the fatality that attends him. There is still time for this. As long as a nation retains any remnant of existence, there is in the religion and the nationality of its people a principle of energy and resurrection, which a skilful and powerful genius may regenerate, and lead to a glorious transformation. But Mahmoud's greatness is confined to his courage. He would fight and die intrepidly; but the spring of his resolution relaxes when he is required to exercise the duties of a sovereign. Whatever may be his fate, history will pity him and honour his memory. He has attempted great things. He saw that his empire must perish, if he did not reform it. He has lopped off the dead branches of the tree, but he cannot infuse sap into that portion of the trunk that still remains standing. Is this his fault? I should say it is. What remained to be accomplished, was nothing in comparison to the destruction of the Janissaries. No resistance would have been offered in Turkey; and Europe would have looked on timidly and inertly. A fine opportunity has been suffered to escape. Years have elapsed, and the adventurous Ibrahim has converted to his own advantage the unpopularity of the sultan. Russia has been accepted as a pro-

tectress. This odious protection of a natural enemy against a rebellious slave has wounded the pride of Islamism. Mahmoud has now scarcely any resource but his own personal courage. Surrounded as he is by courtiers and flatterers, an insurrection may hurl him from the throne, and plunge the empire into final anarchy. Turkey depends on the life of Mahmoud. The empire and the sultan will perish on one and the same day; and in the tomb of Mahmoud will be buried two of the finest portions of Europe and Asia!

June the 21st, 1833.

At eleven o'clock we landed at the quay of the Old Seraglio, and entered the streets by which it is surrounded. In the way I visited the Divan of the Porte, a vast palace, in which the grand vizir resides, and in which affairs of state are discussed. There is nothing remarkable about this place, except the recollection of the scenes which have passed in it: but the edifice itself bears no mark of the sanguinary dramas of which it has been the theatre. This building is a large palace of painted wood, with an external staircase, covered by a projecting roof cut into festoons in the Indian or Chinese fashion. The floors of the rooms are covered over with mats, but have a very naked look. From this place we went down to the spot where the awful gate of the Seraglio has so often opened to vomit forth the bleeding

heads of vizirs and even of sultans. We passed this gate without interruption. The public is admitted into the first court of the Seraglio. This vast court, ornamented by groups of beautiful trees, descends on the left towards the Mint, a magnificent modern building, without the slightest Oriental character. Here we were received by the Armenian directors of the Mint, who opened in our presence the caskets containing the jewels, arranged under their superintendence for the Seraglio.

One might have fancied that it had rained showers of pearls and diamonds, so great was their profusion. Impoverishing riches, by which an empire is ruined! As soon as a state becomes civilized, these ideal representations of wealth are exchanged for wealth of a real and productive kind,—agriculture and commerce.

I stayed here but a short time: and we next entered the last court of the Seraglio, which is inaccessible to all persons but those who have official employments about the palace, and to the ambassadors on the occasion of their reception. It is bounded by the wings of the palace, by several kiosks each separated from the other, and by the apartments for the eunuchs, the guards, and the slaves. The playing of several fountains renders the air cool and refreshing, while shade is afforded by the spreading foliage of the trees. Having reached the last gate, the soldiers on guard obstinately refused to let us pass. In vain did Rustem Bey make himself known to the

officer on duty. In reply to his applications, the latter referred to his instructions, and declared that he should risk his head by allowing me to enter. We consequently turned back, and whilst we were retracing our steps, not a little chagrined, we were accosted by the kesnedar, or grand treasurer, who was returning from the Mint to the interior of the Seraglio, where he has apartments. Being informed by his friend Rustem Bey of the cause of our disappointment, he requested us to follow him; and without any difficulty he introduced us into the court of the icoglans.

This court, which is less spacious than those we first entered, is formed by several small palaces in the form of kiosks, having very low roofs, projecting about seven or eight feet beyond the walls, and supported by small columns or little Moorish pillars of painted wood. The columns, the pillars, the walls, and the roofs, are all of carved wood, and painted various colours. The courts and gardens, consisting of the intervening spaces between the kiosks, are of various sizes, and irregularly planted with trees of every kind. Their branches spread over the buildings, and completely envelope the roofs and terraces. The right wing of these edifices consists of kitchens. They are large buildings, with numerous chimneys, and their external walls are blackened by smoke. Some idea of the magnitude of these kitchens may be formed, when it is known that the sultan boards all the persons attached to

the court and the palace, and that the number of these guests amounts to at least ten thousand per day.

At a little distance in advance of the kitchens stands a pretty little palace, surrounded by a gallery or portico, on a level with the ground. This is the abode of the pages or icoglans of the Seraglio: it is there that the sultan educates the sons of the officers of his court, or young slaves destined to fill situations in the Seraglio or in the government offices. This palace, which was formerly the dwelling of the sultans themselves, is decorated both externally and internally with a profusion of carving, sculpture and gilding, but is nevertheless in good taste. The ceilings are as rich as those of the finest palaces of France or Italy; and the floors are formed of mosaic work. The palace contains several apartments nearly of equal size. On each side of these apartments, there are niches and stalls of carved wood, the workmanship of which is not inferior to the stalls in the choirs of our old cathedrals. Each of these niches is the sleeping place of an icoglan. At the further end of each, there is an alcove in which he lays his cushions and his carpets, and where his clothes are either hung up, or laid in a box of gilt wood. Above these niches, there is a gallery which is ornamented and decorated, and furnished with as many stalls as the lower apartments. The whole is lighted by cupolas, or small windows in the roof of the edifice. The young icoglans, who had all been pupils of Rustem Bey,

received him with the most affecting demonstrations of attachment. The visit of a father long expected, could not have been more joyfully received — the affection of these youths drew tears from Rustem Bey, and I was, myself, deeply moved at the spontaneous and sincere expression of their feelings. They took my friend by the hand, and kissed the skirts of his coat.

"Rustem Bey! Rustem Bey!" they exclaimed, one after the other, and all hastened to meet him, breathless and flushed with joy. He could scarcely free himself from their caresses, and they addressed to him the most affectionate language. "Rustem Bey," said they to him, "why have you been absent so long? You have been a father to us, and we have been longing to see you. We are indebted to you for all that we know. Allah and the sultan have sent you to make men of us. Before, we were only slaves — sons of slaves. The name of the Osmanlis was a mockery in Europe: henceforth, we will defend it and honour it. But, tell the sultan to send you back to us. We do not study now; we pine in dulness and weariness."

Five or six of these youths, whose countenances were remarkably open and intelligent, showed us over the building. They conducted us to their saloon of recreation. It was a kiosk surrounded by gurgling fountains, which fell from the walls into marble basins. There were divans all round it, and a staircase, concealed in the thickness of the walls, led to the offices, where numerous slaves

kept pipes, coffee, sorbets, water, and ice, always in readiness for the icoglans. They played at all sorts of games in this saloon, and several of them sat down to chess. They ordered sorbets and ices to be served to us, and reclining on the divans, we conversed with them for a long time respecting their studies, the politics of Europe, and the destiny of the Turkish empire. They shuddered with indignation at their present condition, and prayed for the success of the sultan in his reforming enterprises. I never witnessed greater ardour for the regeneration of a country than that which animated these young men. Young Italians, when conversing on independence and the diffusion of knowledge, do not evince greater enthusiasm: their countenances lighted up when they spoke. The oldest of them might be about twenty or twenty-two, and the youngest about twelve or thirteen. Except at the naval asylum at Greenwich, I never saw finer-looking lads than some of these young Turks. They reluctantly suffered us to depart, and they accompanied us wherever they were permitted to go in the surrounding gardens, courts, and kiosks. Several of them shed tears on taking leave of Rustem Bey.

Meanwhile the kesnedar had gone to order the eunuchs and keepers of the gardens and palaces to admit us freely to any place we might wish to enter. At the extremity of the court-yard, a little beyond the palace of the icoglans, a large building intercepted our view and our further advance. This is the habitation of the sultans themselves.

Like the kiosks and palaces we had already seen, it was surrounded by a gallery formed of a prolongation of roofs. On this gallery open the numberless doors and windows of the apartments. The palace is all on the ground-floor. We entered the large halls which serve as a vestibule and communicate with the different apartments. This vestibule is a labyrinth composed of the pillars which support the roofs and ceilings, and whence branch off vast circular corridors for the persons in immediate attendance on the sultan. The pillars, ceilings, and walls are all of painted wood carved in Moorish ornaments. The doors of the imperial apartments were open, and we looked into several of them. They all nearly resembled each other in arrangement and decoration. The ceilings were all moulded and gilt, and surmounted by cupolas of wood or marble, carved in arabesque open work, through which was admitted a soft and veiled light. Broad and low divans were ranged round the walls: no other furniture, no other seats, except carpets, mats, and cushions. The windows, which are about half a foot from the floor, look to the courts, galleries, terraces, and gardens. On the side of the palace facing that at which we entered, there was a terrace or platform built of stone and paved with marble. A beautiful kiosk, in which the sultan receives the foreign ambassadors, is detached from the palace, and is elevated a few feet above this platform. It is like a little Moorish chapel. A divan completely fills it. It is surrounded by circular windows, which command a

superb view of Constantinople, the port, the sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus. Marble fountains form *jets-d'eau* on an open gallery between the kiosk and the palace. It is a delicious promenade. The shrubs and rose-trees from the little gardens which cover the lower terraces creep up the balustrades, and diffuse their balmy perfume through the kiosk. Some pictures, painted on marble and wood, are hung round the walls. They represent views of Mecca and Medina I examined them attentively. They are like plans, without perspective. They perfectly accord with what Ali Bey has related of Mecca, of the Kaaba, and the arrangement of the different sacred monuments of the Holy City; and they prove that that traveller really visited the places he has described. What he says of the circular gallery surrounding the area of the different mosques is attested by these paintings. They represent the portico, which resembles that of St. Peter's at Rome.

Having passed along the platform of the palace on the left, we reached, by a narrow balcony supported by high terraces, the harem, or palace of the sultanas. It was closed, and only a small number of Odalisques remained in it. We did not venture to approach very near to this place, which is interdicted even to the eye. We saw only the grated windows and the delicious balconies with their trellis-work intertwined with flowers, where the women pass their time in looking at the gardens, the city, and the sea. We cast our eyes over a multitude of parterres, surrounded by marble

walls, watered by fountains, and planted symmetrically with all sorts of flowers and shrubs. These gardens, which are reached by descending flights of steps, and which communicate one with another, have also elegant kiosks. There the women and children of the harem walk about and enjoy the charms of nature.

We reached the declivity of the hill of the Seraglio, which descends towards the port and the sea of Marmora. We now stood on the most elevated point of this spot, which is unique in the whole world, and whence the eye commands all the hills and all the seas of Constantinople. We stopped a considerable time to enjoy the prospect: it was the same enchantment of the sight as that which I described from the belvedere of Pera. Whilst we were standing on this terrace of the palace, the clock struck the hour of repast, and a number of slaves passed us, bearing on their heads large pewter dishes containing the dinners of the officers, the eunuchs, and the women of the Seraglio. We were present at several of these dinners. They consisted of pilaus, poultry, koubes, (little balls of rice and meat hashed together and roasted in a vine-leaf,) little cakes like our wafers, and vases of water. Wherever the slave met his master, there he set down the dinner. Sometimes it was in a corner of one of the rooms of the palace; sometimes on the terrace, under the shade of the roof; sometimes in the gardens, under a tree; and sometimes near a fountain.

The kesnedar came to look for us, and conducted

us to the kiosk in which he lived, in front of the treasury of the Seraglio. This treasury, which contains incalculable wealth, accumulated since the creation of the empire, is a large stone building, with a covered portico. The building is very little elevated above the ground: the doors are low, and the apartments like cellars. Large wooden coffers, painted red, are filled with gold and silver coin. A certain quantity is taken every week for the service of the empire. Several of these coffers were standing under the portico. We did not request permission to enter the treasury, but we were assured that independently of the gold and silver specie, the Kesne contains vast quantities of pearls and diamonds. This is very probable, since the sultans have always been accustomed to deposit their jewels in this treasury, and never to remove them, except in the utmost extremities of the state. But after all, the value of these precious stones is merely conventional, and if the Grand Signior wished to sell them, he would diminish their price by the abundance created in the market: consequently, these jewels are by no means so vast a financial resource as they seem to be.

The kesnedar, who was a frank, cheerful, and intelligent man, conducted me to his own apartments, where I saw, for the first time in Turkey, something like the elegance and convenience of European furniture. The divans were high, and covered with silk cushions, and there were tables and shelves round the room. On these shelves there were papers, books, maps, and a terrestrial globe.

Sweetmeats and sorbet were handed to us. We conversed on the state of the arts and sciences in Europe compared with the state of human knowledge in the Ottoman empire. The kesnedar appeared to me to be as well informed and as free from prejudices as any European. He earnestly prayed for the success of Mahmoud in his projected reforms; but being old, and having passed his life in confidential employments in the Seraglio under four sultans, he seems to cherish but little hope, and is philosophically resigned to fate: he leads a tranquil and solitary life within the walls of the forsaken Seraglio. He asked me a multitude of questions on various subjects; viz. philosophy, religion, poetry, politics, military tactics, and different systems of government—republican and monarchical. He discussed all these subjects with a degree of judgment and shrewdness which convinced me that he was one of the most able men in the Turkish empire. He placed his globe of the earth before me, and having sent for a celestial globe, he asked me to explain to him the movements of the planets, and the divisions of the earth. He made notes of all I said, and appeared delighted. He begged that I would stay and sup with him, and pass the night at his lodgings. We found it very difficult to decline his urgent invitations; and indeed I could only excuse myself by telling him that my wife and friends, who knew I had come to the Seraglio, would be in a painful state of anxiety if I did not speedily return.

"You are, indeed," said he, "the first Frank

who ever entered here, and that is a reason why you should be treated with the more attention. The sultan is great, and Allah is for all!"

He escorted us as far as the inner staircase, leading from the platform of the sultan's palace into the labyrinth of the little gardens of the harem, of which I have already spoken. There he consigned us to the guidance of a chief of the bostangis, who led us from kiosk to kiosk, from parterre to parterre, (the latter all watered with delicious fountains,) till we reached a gate in a high wall, which separates the interior part of the Seraglio from the large surrounding lawns. There we found ourselves beneath some enormous plantains, upwards of a hundred feet high, which spread their branches over the walls, and shade the high balconies of the harem. These trees form a forest, intersected with green lawns. Further on we came to large fruit-trees and kitchen-gardens, cultivated by negro slaves, who have their huts under the trees. These irregular plantations are watered by little streams.

Not far from the harem stands an old and magnificent palace of Bajazet, now overgrown with ivy, and inhabited only by the birds of night. It is built of stone, in a beautiful style of Arab architecture. It might easily be repaired, and it would of itself be worth the whole Seraglio; but tradition affirms that it is haunted by evil spirits, and accordingly no Osmanli will enter it. As we were now alone, I entered the subterranean arches of this fine ruin: they were almost choked up

with rubbish. The walls and staircases which I had time to take a glimpse of, appeared to be specimens of exquisite workmanship.

On again reaching one of the gates in the Seraglio walls, we passed through a forest of plantains, sycamores, and cypresses, the largest I ever saw, and we made the tour of the outer gardens. They brought us to the bank of the sea of Marmora, where there are two or three magnificent palaces inhabited by the sultans during the summer season. The apartments of these palaces look close upon the water, and are unceasingly freshened by the sea-breezes. Further on we came to some little green hills, on which were mosques, kiosks, and fountains, encircled by marble parapets, and shaded by large trees. Here we sat down among the flowers and the fountains: behind us rose the lofty walls of the Seraglio, and before us lay a sloping lawn of green turf, terminating at the sea. Between the sea and ourselves rose a curtain of cypresses and plantains, extending along the boundary wall. Through this curtain of foliage, we perceived the waves of the sea of Marmora, the Prince's islands, multitudes of vessels at full sail, whose masts glided from tree to tree, and Scutari tinged with the rays of the setting sun: the gilded summit of the Giant's Mountain, and the snowy tops of the mountains of Phrygia, formed the frame-work of the enchanting picture.

Thus I have attempted to describe the interior of the Seraglio:—that scene of so much mystery

and bloodshed,—where the Ottoman empire had its birth, but where it will not die; for since the massacre of the Janissaries, Sultan Mahmoud does not inhabit the Seraglio. He is a man of mild disposition, and that sanguinary event is revolting to his feelings. Perhaps, too, he does not consider himself quite safe amidst the fanatical population of Constantinople, and prefers having one foot in Asia and one on board his fleet, as he may have in any one of his thirty palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus. The general character of the Seraglio is neither grandeur, convenience, nor splendour; it is merely an assemblage of wooden tents, gilt and ornamented with open work. It is characterized by the feeling which predominates among the people, viz. the love of nature. The admiration of beautiful prospects, groves, fountains, the expanse of the sea, and the horizon bounded by chains of snow-capped mountains, is the ruling instinct of the nation. In this may be traced the recollections of a pastoral and agricultural people, who love to cherish the remembrance of their origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instinctive. They have raised the palace of their sovereigns, the capital of their imperial city, on the slope of the loveliest hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. The Seraglio has neither the external grandeur, nor the internal luxury of a European palace. Its charms consist in spacious gardens with trees intertwining, free and eternal as in a virgin forest, with fountains murmuring, and ring-doves cooing;

apartments whose numerous windows are ever open; terraces overlooking the gardens and the sea; and grated kiosks where the sultans, seated behind their window-blinds, may at once enjoy solitude and the magic scenery of the Bosphorus. It is the same throughout all Turkey. Sovereign and subjects, rich and poor, have but one want, one feeling, in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings, viz. to charm the eye with a beautiful prospect. If the situation of the house and the poverty of the owner preclude this luxury, then at least there are a tree, a sheep, and a dovecot in a patch of ground surrounding the hut. Thus every elevated site commanding a fine prospect is occupied by a mosque, a santoon, and a Turkish cabin. There is not a little hill, or a smiling gulf, along either of the shores of the Bosphorus, where a pacha or a vizir has not built a villa and laid out a garden. To sit beneath the shade of a tree, near a refreshing fountain, with a magnificent view of the country or the sea, and to spend hours and days in tranquil, vague contemplation—this is the highest luxury of Mussulman life. It accounts for the peculiar structure and arrangement of the Turkish houses, and it also explains why the people are inactive and silent, until some violent excitement rouses the energy which lies dormant, but not extinct, within them. The Turks are not loquacious like the Arabs. They attach little value to the gratifications of vanity and society; the charms of nature are all they seek. They dream, meditate, and pray. They are a nation

of philosophers, deducing everything from nature, and referring everything to God. God is incessantly in their thoughts and in their mouths; and with them the Deity is not a mere vague idea, but a palpable, evident, and practical reality. The virtue of the Turk is perpetual adoration of the divine will; his dogma is fatality. With this faith the world may be conquered; but it may be lost with the same facility, with the same indifference.

We left the Seraglio by the gate which opens to the port; and I entered the beautiful kiosk on the quay where the sultan sits to receive the salutations of his fleets, when they depart on any expedition, or return home.

June 22nd.

Two of my friends have left me, to return to Europe. I am now alone at Buyukderé with my wife and M. de Capmas.

June 25th.

We have spent two days at Belgrade, a village in the midst of the forest of that name, four leagues from Constantinople. The forest, which consists of oak-trees, is of immense magnitude, and covers the hills situated between the Bosphorus and the sea of Marmora, at an equal distance from both, and extends without interruption as far as the Balkans. This place is as wild and as graceful as any of the English forests. The Greek village of Belgrade is built in a large valley in the

midst of the forest; it is surrounded by Arcadian meadows, and a river flows beneath the shade of the oak-trees. Magnificent artificial basins are formed in the hollows between the hills, to collect the waters and supply the fountains of Constantinople. Here I partook of the kind hospitality of MM. Aleon, French bankers, who have been established for two or three generations at Constantinople, and who have a delightful house at Buyukderé, and a hunting villa at Belgrade. In this charming family I found elegance of manners, elevated feeling and cultivation of mind, combined with the winning grace and simplicity of the East. At Constantinople I likewise met with another agreeable introduction in M. Salzani, the brother of my banker at Smyrna, an amiable and intelligent man, who treated us as his countrymen and friends. In general, the Frank society of Constantinople, which consists of officers, of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the consuls, the families of the dragomans, and the merchants of different European nations, is far above its reputation. Being confined within a limited space, it has the defects of the society of small towns,—a proneness to gossiping and jealousy; but it is likewise distinguished for probity, information, elegance, and the most cordial hospitality to strangers. The current events of Europe are as well known there as in the circles of Vienna or Paris, and the strongest interest is felt in the political affairs of the West. I met with men of extended information, and women distinguished for beauty

and accomplishments. In the saloons of Pera, and Therapia, a stranger might fancy himself in the most elegant drawing-rooms of our great cities of Europe, if he did not cast his eyes on the Bosphorus, or see the Golden Horn at the further end of the gardens, sparkling amongst the shrubs and trees.

29 June, 1833.

We have had excursions on the fresh waters of Europe. At the bottom of the port of Constantinople, the hills of Eyoub and those of Pera and Galata approximate insensibly, and leave only a narrow arm of the sea between them. On the left extends the suburb of Eyoub, with its mosque, where the sultans, on ascending the throne, gird themselves with the sabre of Mahomet; for the coronation of blood and the consecration of force is the religion of the Mussulman despotism. This pyramidal mosque rises gracefully above the painted houses of the suburb, and the tops of its minarets mingle in the horizon with the high ruinous walls of Constantinople. On the edge of the canal stands a handsome palace belonging to the sultanas: the windows are level with the canal; and the large and tufted tops of the trees in the gardens rise above the roof, and are reflected in the water. Beyond this palace, the sea dwindles into a river, flowing between beautiful greenswards interspersed with slopes, gardens, and woods. Here Bulgarian shepherds are seen playing on their

pipes, whilst, seated on the rocks, they tend their herds of goats and horses. At length, the river becomes a mere brook, the banks of which are touched by the oars of the caiques as they glide along, and the branches of superb elms stretching from side to side embarrass the rowers. A vast meadow, shaded by groups of plantains, extends on the right, while the left bank is crowned by green and wooded hills. Further on, in the direction of the stream, the view is lost among irregular avenues of trees, which shadow the brook, and follow all its windings. Thus terminates the beautiful port of Constantinople, and thus also ends the vast and tempestuous Mediterranean. You land at last in a shady creek, at the bottom of a verdure-girdled gulf, on a grassy and flowery bank, far removed from the noise and bustle of the sea and the city. How happy would be the man who should end his life in such a spot as this! I could not wish a happier close to the lives of my dearest friends, who are now struggling on the busy scene of the world. Here one may enjoy silence after turmoil, repose after agitation. It is a resting-place of shade and solitude, in which to reflect on life past, and to die in peace and friendship with nature and with all mankind. For myself, I have no wish beyond this.

Stepping from the caique, I walked along the banks of the stream until I arrived at a kiosk, which I discerned flickering among the trees. Round the trunk of each tree was assembled a group of Jewish, Turkish, and Armenian women,

who, with their beautiful children, were playing upon the grass, and enjoying their repast in the shade. Saddle-horses, superbly caparisoned, and arabas, (the carriages used at Constantinople,) were scattered here and there over the meadow. In front of, and around, the kiosk were a canal and different pieces of water, on which swans were swimming. The gardens were small, but indeed the whole meadow may be said to be a garden. Here formerly the reigning sultan used to spend the sultry season. He was attached to this delicious retreat, because it was much liked by a favourite odalisque. After the massacres of the Alméidan, love found a place in the breast of Mahmoud; but the beautiful odalisque died in this retreat, and since then Mahmoud has not resided here. It is said, however, that he sometimes visits the tomb of the fair odalisque, which consecrates the gardens of the deserted palace. My day was passed in the depths of this valley under the shade of the trees. I wrote some verses to V * * * *.

3 July.

I embarked this morning for Constantinople. I reascended the Bosphorus, entered the sea of Marmora, and after rowing for about two hours along the outer walls which separate Stamboul from that sea, I landed at the base of the castle of the Seven Towers. We had with us neither teskéré nor guide. The Turkish soldiers with considerable reluctance permitted us to enter the

first court of the Castle of Blood, whither the dethroned sultans were dragged to suffer the death doomed by the populace, who were at once judges and executioners. Six or seven heads of decapitated emperors have rolled along the pavement of this court, while millions of meaner heads have been exposed on the battlements of the tower. The warden refused to allow us to proceed further. Whilst he was gone to get instructions from the commandant of the castle, the door of a low vaulted room in the eastern tower opened. I advanced a few steps; a loud roar made the walls vibrate, and I found myself face to face with a magnificent lion. He was chained up, but he made a spring at a beautiful greyhound which I had with me. The animal escaped, and ran for protection between my legs. The lion then raised himself on his hind legs, but his chain confined him to the wall. I made the best of my way out, and closed the door. The warden, arriving soon after, told me that it would be at the peril of his head if he allowed me to proceed a step further. I retired, and left the boundaries of the city by a gate in the old walls leading into the open country. The walls of Constantinople commence at the castle of the Seven Towers upon the sea of Marmora, and extend as far as the summits of the hills which crown the suburb of Eyoub, near the extremity of the port, at the fresh waters of Europe: thus they enclose all the ancient city of the Greek emperors as well as the Stamboul of the Turkish sultans, on the only side of the triangle which is not defended by

the sea. On this side, indeed, Constantinople is solely protected by the insensible acclivity of its hills, which at length merge into a fine cultivated plain. Here was raised that triple line of walls which repelled so many assaults, and behind which the miserable Greek empire was so long thought to be imperishable. These well-built walls are still standing, and, next to the Parthenon and Baalbec, are the noblest existing memorials of ruined empires. This morning I walked along the external side of the walls. They consist of stone terraces from fifty to sixty feet in height, and occasionally from fifteen to twenty feet thick, covered with freestone of a greyish-white colour, but sometimes of pure white, and seeming fresh from the chisel of the mason. At the feet of the walls are the ancient fosses, filled with rubbish and luxuriant loam, in which trees and pellitories have taken root ages ago, and now form an impenetrable glacis. It is in fact a green wood, thirty or forty feet long, peopled by birds and reptiles. In many parts this wood conceals the walls and the square towers by which it is flanked, leaving nothing visible but the battlements. In other parts, the wall is seen in its full height, and then it reflects the rays of the sun with rich effect. It is broken into fissures of every form at top; and the vegetation taking root there, descends as in the ravines of mountains, and mingles at last with the verdure in the fosses. The summit of the wall is almost everywhere crowned with vegetation, which overhangs and forms a sort of coping surmounted by capitals and volutes of

climbing plants and ivy. Here and there may be seen a plantain or a cypress springing from amid the towers covered by dust, and interlacing their roots among the clefts of the wall. The weight of their foliage and branches, and the strong breezes to which these aerial trees are incessantly exposed, make them incline to the south, and they hang as if uprooted, their immense branches being laden with nests and myriads of birds.

At intervals of every three or four hundred paces appears one of the double towers, of magnificent construction, with the enormous arches of a gate or antique porch between the two portions of the building. The greater part of these porches are now mured up; and the vegetation which has taken root everywhere, on the walls, the gates, the battlements, and the turrets, forms itself into the most grotesque figures, in combination with the ruins. The ivy hangs from the summits of the tower like the folds of immense mantles; other creeping or climbing plants form, from one cranny to the other, bridges of foliage, fifty feet in length; and beds of gilliflowers springing from the perpendicular walls wave with every breeze like an ocean of flowers, while the shrubs form themselves into jagged battlements of a thousand different hues. If a stone be thrown against these verdure-clad walls, or into the abyss of shrubs at their feet, swarms of birds immediately issue forth. We perceived also a number of eagles, which inhabit the towers, and hover all day in the sun, above the eyries where they feed their young.

July.

We continue to lead the same solitary life at Buyukderé. We spend our evenings on the water or in the Valley of Roses, and receive weekly visits from M. Truqui. Good hearts alone possess the virtue of consolation. God has furnished them with the only dittany for the incurable wounds of the heart,—sympathy.

Yesterday Count Orloff, the commander of the Russian fleet and army, and ambassador extraordinary from the Emperor of Russia to the Porte, celebrated the success of his mission, as well as his departure, by a military fête, given to the sultan, on the Bosphorus. The gardens of the palace of the Russian embassy at Buyukderé skirt the sides of a woody mountain, which closes the bay, and whose base is washed by the sea. The terraces of the palace command a view of the Bosphorus in its double course towards Constantinople and the Black Sea. The Russian fleet, which lay at anchor off the gardens in front of our windows, fired minute-guns during the whole day, and the flags flying from the masts of the vessels appeared to mingle with the foliage of the immense trees on the two shores.

In the morning the sea was covered with small vessels and caiques, conveying from Constantinople fifteen or twenty thousand spectators, who dispersed themselves in the kiosks, in the meadows, and on the neighbouring rocks. Many re-

mained in the caiques, where the Jewish, Turkish, and Armenian women, with their gay-coloured dresses, seemed like bouquets of flowers scattered over the surface of the water. The Russian camp, which covered the sides of the Giant's Mountain, half a league from the fleet, presented with its white and blue tents a striking contrast to the sombre foliage and parched declivities of the hill. In the evening, the Russian ambassador's gardens were illuminated by thousands of lamps suspended from the branches of the trees. The vessels too, being illuminated on their masts, their rigging, and cordage, looked like fireships. Their broadsides vomited volumes of flame; while the tents of the troops about to embark, lighted by the immense fires on the tops of the mountains of Asia, were reflected in luminous masses in the sea, and spread the lurid glare of a conflagration over the expansive bosom of the Bosphorus. The grand signior arrived in the middle of these brilliant rejoicings on board a steam-boat, which anchored under the terraces of the Russian ambassador's palace. The sultan appeared on deck attended by his vizir and his favourite pachas. He did not go ashore, but sent the grand vizir to represent him at the supper given by Count Orloff. Spacious tables laid out under long avenues of plantain trees, and others buried in the numerous groves of the garden, were loaded with gold and silver dishes, which reflected the brilliancy of the illuminated trees. At the darkest hour of the night, that is, a little before the rising of the moon, some fireworks

which had been conveyed on rafts into the middle of the Bosphorus, at an equal distance from the three shores, were let off, and shed a vermilion light over the mountains, the fleet, and the innumerable crowd of spectators, whose caiques covered the sea. Never did the eye of man behold a finer sight! One might have fancied that the canopy of heaven had opened, and afforded a glimpse of an enchanted world, with its elements, its mountains, its seas, and its skies of unknown forms and colours; while thousands of vapoury shadows flitted over waves of light and fire. Presently all was again plunged in silence and darkness. The lamps on the yards, and at the port-holes of the vessels, were extinguished all at once, as if by a gust of wind. The moon rising between the brows of two high mountains, shed her soft radiance over the sea, giving a pearly back-ground to the enormous black masses of rock, as well as the spectral forms of masts, shrouds, and rigging. The sultan took his departure in his light steam-boat, which spread its smoky column far across the waves, and vanished in silence, like some spirit who had come to witness the downfall of an empire.

Unlike Sardanapalus feeding the flames of his own funereal pile with the fragments of his fallen throne, Mahmoud gave the death-blow to a tottering empire, sought from its enemies succour and protection against a revolted slave, and witnessed the celebration of their triumph and his own disgrace. What must the old Osmanlis have

thought when they beheld the fires in the camp of the Christian barbarians, and their rockets bursting over the sacred mountains of Asia, falling on the domes of their mosques, and resounding even against the walls of the ancient seraglio? What must have been Mahmoud's feelings under the forced smile that played upon his lips? A serpent must have preyed upon his heart. There was something profoundly pitiable in his situation, and what he must have suffered might well have sufficed to create heroism out of remorse. The spectacle could not but give rise to consolatory reflections in the mind of the philosopher, who sees the hand of Providence in all things.

The march of time and events was trampling into dust an immense empire, the obstacle to the civilization of the East, and gradually gathering to those beautiful regions races of men more vigorous, governments more humane, and religions more enlightened.

July.

I dined to-day at Baron Sturmer's with the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who has stopped some days at Constantinople, on his return from Greece. This young prince, with an earnest desire for information, and with the good sense to appear forgetful of the throne which awaits him, seeks the conversation of men who have no motives for flattering him, and makes their remarks the guide of his conduct. His own conversation is exceedingly agreeable.

"The king, my brother," said he to me, "is still hesitating upon the choice of his capital. I should like to have your opinion on the subject." —"The capital of Greece," replied I, "is marked out by the very nature of the event which has re-established Greece. Greece is a resurrection;—and where a thing is revived, it should be restored in form as well as in name; in short, as far as possible in its complete individuality. Athens, with its ruins and recollections, is the emblem of the existence of Greece. That city then must be the point of her regeneration, or the Greeks will never be anything but what they are: a wretched population spread over the rocks and the islands of the Peloponnesus."

July.

The Russian fleet and army have departed. They have learned their way hither, and have accustomed the eyes of the Turks to their presence. The Bosphorus is now inanimate and deserted.

My Arabian horses have arrived: they have come by the way of Asia Minor. Tedmor, the handsomest and most spirited of the whole, died at Magnesia, almost at the end of the journey. The sais wept for his loss, and renewed their tears on recounting it to me. He was the admiration of all the towns of the Caramania through which he passed. The rest are so weak and exhausted that they will require a month's repose to fit them for the journey through European Turkey and Germany. I have sold the two

handsomest to M. de Bontenief for the Emperor of Russia's stud. The other three I have disposed of to different persons in Constantinople. I shall never cease to regret Tedmor and Saide.

I have just concluded a bargain with some Turks of Stamboul, and of the village of Eyoub, who own those carriages in which the women ride about the streets of Constantinople. They have agreed to let me have five arabas, each harnessed with four horses, to convey in twenty-five days to Belgrade, myself, my wife, M. de Capmas, my servants, and our baggage. I have hired two Tartars to conduct the caravan, several moukres and mule-drivers for conveying our bedding, provisions, books, &c. and lastly six saddle-horses, in case the roads do not permit us to use the arabas. The price I am to pay for all these horses and carriages is about four thousand francs. An excellent interpreter accompanies us on horseback. Our departure is fixed for the 23rd July.

July.

We left Constantinople at two o'clock this morning. The horses and carriages were waiting for us in the village of Eyoub, in a small square not far from a fountain shaded by plantains. There was a Turkish coffee-house hard by. A crowd assembled to see us depart, but we suffered neither insult nor robbery. Honesty is here the virtue of the common people; it is less frequently met with in palaces. The Turks, who were

sitting under the trees before the coffee-house, and the people who passed by, helped to load our arabas and our horses, and gathered together and brought to us any little articles which we had dropped.

We began our journey at sunrise. We were all on horseback, and we toiled up the long, solitary, and hilly streets of Eyoub, as far as the Greek walls of Stamboul. On leaving those walls, we crossed a barren hill, on which were some superb barracks. In front of these barracks, two battalions of the Nysam D'jedid, or regular troops, were exercising. M. Truqui and the young Greeks attached to his consulate had insisted on accompanying us. We parted here. We embraced this excellent man, who had been a providence to us in our solitude. When we are in despair, a friendship of two months' duration is like a friendship of many years. May Heaven soothe and reward the declining years of my kind-hearted friend! Who knows whether we may ever meet again in this world? We are setting out on a long and perilous peregrination. He is separated from his wife and his country. He endeavoured to conceal his tears, and ours moistened his trembling hands.

We halted at three leagues from Constantinople, to wait till the heat of the day should be past. We had crossed a tract of country full of undulating hills, overlooking the sea of Marmora. There were a few houses scattered about the fields, but no villages. At four o'clock we again resumed our

journey, and after passing over some low and barren hills, we arrived at a little town, where our Tartars, who had gone on before us, had got a house ready for our reception. This house belonged to an amiable Greek family, who had three charming daughters and some younger children of admirable beauty. They spread carpets and cushions on the floor, where we were to repose for the night. My cook contrived to procure some rice, chickens, and abundance of vegetables. At three o'clock next morning our caravan was ready to move. One of my Tartars proceeded a considerable way in advance of the troop. After our mid-day repast, which we took at the brink of a fountain, or in some caravansary hut, he took my orders, and galloped off to the town or village at which we were to sleep. He presented my letters from the grand vizir or pacha to the aga, the ayam or lord of the village. The latter selected the best Greek, Armenian, or Jewish house in the neighbourhood, and gave the proprietor notice to prepare it for strangers. Forage was then provided for thirty-two horses, which we had with us, and often a supper for ourselves. The ayam, accompanied by the principal inhabitants and some cavalry troops, when there happened to be military in the town, came to meet us on the road, and accompanied us to our quarters. They alighted from their horses, conducted us into the house, ordered pipes and coffee to be served to us, and then retired to their homes, where, after a short time, I returned their visit.

From Constantinople to Adrianople we saw nothing remarkable, nothing picturesque, except an immense extent of plains without habitations or trees, intersected by a river half-dried up, flowing under the arches of a ruined bridge. In the evening, we sometimes arrived at a wretched village, lying in the depth of a valley, and surrounded by fruit-trees. The inhabitants of these villages were all Greeks, Armenians, or Bulgarians. The kans are huts almost without roofs, in which men and horses are lodged together. Our road continued thus for several days. We met no one; it resembled the desert of Syria. Once only we fell in with a party of thirty or forty Bulgarian peasants, dressed like Europeans, and wearing on their heads black sheep-skin caps. They were proceeding to Constantinople, and were marching to the music of two instruments like bagpipes. On perceiving us, they shouted loudly, and ran towards us, begging for a few piastres. These are the Savoyards of European Turkey. They guard the horses of the grand signior and the pachas, in the meadows of the sweet waters of Asia and Buyukderé. They are likewise the gardeners of Stamboul.

On the morning of the sixth day we perceived Adrianople, at the extremity of these plains, in a hollow surrounded by mountains. The city appears immense, and is commanded by its beautiful mosque. This mosque is the finest religious monument in Turkey, next to St. Sophia:—it was built by Bajazet at the time when Adrianople was

the capital of the empire. Corn, vines, and fruit-trees of every kind were growing in the fields, to the distance of two leagues round the city. The aspect of the country reminded me of Dijon or Lyons. Numerous streamlets wind through the fields. We first entered a long suburb, and we passed through the city amidst a crowd of Turks, women, and children, who thronged round us, but who, far from annoying us, treated us with every mark of respect. The persons who advanced to meet us, conducted us to the door of a very fine house, belonging to M. Veruazza, the Sardinian consul at Adrianople.

Here we passed two days. The family of the consul were at a house some leagues distant, on the banks of the river Maritza (the ancient Hebrus). In the evenings, we enjoyed a charming view of Adrianople from M. Veruazza's terrace. The city is about as large as Lyons, and is watered by three rivers, — the Hebrus, the Arda, and the Tundicha. It is completely surrounded by wood and water; and the fertile valley in which it lies is encircled by fine chains of mountains. We visited the mosque, which is like all other mosques, only more lofty and spacious. Our European architecture has produced nothing more bold, more original, or more effective, than this monument and its minaret. It is a column pierced with open-work, on a stem more than a hundred feet high.

We left Adrianople for Philippopoli. The road was crossed by defiles and valleys, covered with

trees, and smiling, though deserted, between the high mountains of the Rhodopus and the Hemus. We journeyed for three days, now and then passing beautiful villages. When we were within three leagues of Philippopoli, I perceived a party of Turkish, Armenian, and Greek horsemen advancing to us at full gallop. A handsome young man, mounted on a superb horse, came up to us before the rest, and touched my clothes with his finger. He then turned his horse, and rode beside me. He spoke Italian, and explained to me that having been the first to touch me, I must accept his house, however urgent the others of his party might be to conduct me elsewhere. The kiaia of the governor of Philippopoli next joined us. He complimented me in the name of the governor, who, he said, had prepared a large and commodious house for my reception, and that supper was ready:—he at the same time expressed a hope that I would remain some days in the city. I however determined to accept the hospitality of the young Greek, M. Maurides.

When we entered Philippopoli our party consisted of sixty or eighty horsemen. The people had assembled in the streets and at their windows to see us pass. We were received by the sister and the aunts of M. Maurides. The house was spacious and elegant, containing a fine divan, with four-and-twenty windows, and furnished in the European style. The governor and the chiefs of the people of different nations residing in Philippopoli came to pay their compliments to us,

and took coffee with us. We passed three days at Philippopoli, enjoying the liberal hospitality of M. Maurides, making excursions in the environs of the town, and receiving and returning the visits of the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

Philippopoli contains a population of thirty thousand souls. It is four days' journey from Adrianople, and eight from Sophia. It is situated on the edge of a river, on a little rocky eminence in the bosom of a broad and fertile valley. It is one of the finest natural situations for a city that can possibly be conceived. The hollow in which the city is built is in the form of a crescent, the two points of which are likewise crowned with houses and gardens. The streets descend in a winding direction, in order to diminish their slope to the river, which flows at the bottom of the valley. The view of the bridges, gardens, houses, and large trees, rising from the banks of the river; the wooded plain which separates the river from the mountains, of Macedonia; these mountains whose flanks are intersected by foaming torrents, and studded with villages and Greek monasteries—all render the garden of M. Maurides one of the most delightful spots in the world. Philippopoli is inhabited by about equal numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Greeks are in general well-informed people, and are actively engaged in trade. The principal families send their children to be educated in Hungary: but this education only renders them the more sensitive to the oppression of the Turks.

They sigh for the independence enjoyed by their brethren of the Morea. At Philippopoli I became acquainted with three young Greeks, whose sentiments and energy of mind rendered them worthy of another fate and another country.

In two days after our departure from Philippopoli, we reached a little town in a cultivated plain, called Tatar Bazargik. It belonged, together with the surrounding province, to one of those great feudal Turkish families, five or six of whom have been respected by the sultans, and still exist in Asia and Europe. The young prince who possesses and governs Tatar Bazargik is the son of the old Vizir, Husseim Pacha. He received us with chivalrous hospitality, lodging us in a newly built and elegant house situated on the bank of a river which flows round the town. This house belonged to a wealthy Armenian. No sooner were we installed in it than fifteen or twenty slaves arrived, each bearing a pewter dish on his head. These dishes, which they laid on the ground at our feet, contained rice, cakes, game, and sweetmeats of all kinds, from the kitchens of the prince: two fine horses were likewise sent to me as a present, which however I declined, and several calves and sheep as food for my suite.

Next day we began to discern the Balkans before us: those fine wooded mountains, which are interspersed with large villages and richly cultivated land, are inhabited by Bulgarians. We travelled all day along the edge of a torrent which forms marshes in the plain. On reaching

the foot of the Balkans, we found all the principal inhabitants of the Bulgarian village of Yenikeni waiting for us. They took the reins of our horses, ranged themselves on each side of our carriages, supported them on their shoulders, and occasionally lifted them up to prevent the wheels from slipping over the precipices; and in this manner we were escorted to the miserable village, where my Tartars had arrived before us. The houses, which are dispersed over the sides of two hills, separated by a profound ravine, are surrounded by fine orchards and meadows. All the mountains are cultivated at their base, and covered with fine forests on their flanks: their summits are of rock. The little Bulgarian houses, or rather huts, are built of clay and roofed with branches of trees with their foliage. We occupied seven or eight of them, and our moukres, Tartars, and horsemen, bivouacked in the orchards. Each house has but one room, with no other flooring than the bare earth. I was seized with an inflammatory fever, brought on by fatigue and anxiety. I lay for twenty days between life and death, stretched on a mat, in one of these miserable hovels without a window. My wife, who attended on me with unwearied devotedness, never closed her eyes for fifteen or twenty days. She sent to the marshes of the plain to procure leeches, and the Bulgarians at length found some. Sixty were applied to my chest and my temples, which greatly relieved me. I was conscious of my danger; and I was agonised by the thought of the

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desolate condition in which my wife would be placed if I should die amidst the mountains of Macedonia, four hundred leagues from my friends. I requested M. Capmas to come to me, and I communicated to him my last wishes in the event of my death. I desired that I might be buried under a tree which I had observed on the road-side as we were coming to the village, and that a single word should be inscribed on the stone over my grave: this word was — God.

On the sixth day of the fever, when the danger was already over, we heard the sound of horses' feet entering the court before our house. Several horsemen alighted; the foremost was my kind Greek friend from Philippopoli, M. Maurides, accompanied by a young Macedonian physician, several servants, and horses laden with provisions, medicines, and furniture. A Tartar, who had crossed the Balkans on his way to Adrianople, had halted at Philippopoli, where he related that a Frank traveller had been taken ill, and was dying at Yenikeni. This story reached the ears of M. Maurides at ten o'clock one evening. Immediately concluding that the Frank was the same who had recently been his guest, he sent for his friend the physician, assembled his servants, and loaded his horses with everything which his charitable foresight suggested would be useful to me. He left his home in the middle of the night, travelled without resting, and, after a journey of two days, arrived at Yenekeni, bringing succour and consolation to a stranger whom he will never see

again. Such traits as this cheer the heart, and show that the generous nature of man is alike in all places and in all climates. M. Maurides found me almost convalescent. Business called him back to Philippopoli, and he set off again the same day, leaving the Macedonian doctor in attendance on me. He was a young man of talent and information. He had pursued his medical studies at Semlin in Hungary, and he spoke Latin. I however did not require his professional aid: the affection, the presence of mind, and the energetic resolution of my wife had enabled her to render me all the assistance which my case required. But we found the young doctor's society very agreeable during the twenty days we remained at Yenekeni, before I recovered sufficient strength to mount my horse.

The Prince of Tatar Bazargik, on being informed of my illness, showed me no less kindness and hospitality. He every day sent sheep and calves as provisions for my suite; and during the whole time of my stay at Yenekeni, five or six horsemen of his suite were constantly in my court-yard, with their horses saddled, and ready to execute my most trivial commands. On the few last days of my convalescence, they attended me in my rides through the magnificent valley, and over the mountains in the environs of Yenekeni. The Prince even offered me his slaves, and on my departure a detachment of his horsemen accompanied me as far as the boundaries of his government. At Yenekeni I had an opportunity of

observing the domestic manners of the Bulgarians, which closely resemble those of our Swiss or Savoyard peasantry. They are a simple, mild, and laborious people, full of respect for their priests and zeal for their religion, which is that of the Greek Church. Their priests are, like themselves, simple peasants. The Bulgarians are an increasing population, now amounting to several millions. They live in large villages and small towns, separated from the Turks. One or two Turks, delegated by the pacha or the ayam, annually visit the Bulgarian villages to collect the imposts in money. Excepting these, and some taxes in labour and in kind, they live unmolested in the observance of their primitive customs. Their costume resembles that of the peasants of Germany, and the women and children dress much like the mountaineers of Switzerland. The women are pretty, lively, and graceful; and their manners are pure, though they have laid aside the veil of the Turkish females, and freely associate with the men. I saw some of the rustic dances of the Bulgarians, which are similar to those of our French villagers. These people despise and hate the Turks, and are completely ripe for independence. They form, with their neighbours the Servians, the basis of the future states of European Turkey. The countries which they inhabit might soon become richly cultivated, if the blind and stupid oppression, not of the Turkish government, but its delegates, would

allow the people to prosecute their taste for agriculture with a greater degree of security.

I left Yenikeni and its amiable inhabitants with regret: it is a delicious summer residence. All the people of the village accompanied us to the distance of a league on the Balkans, and loaded us with kind wishes and benedictions. We crossed the first Balkan in a day. These mountains are nearly similar to those of Auvergne, being in almost every part accessible and capable of cultivation. Five hundred workmen might make a fine carriage-road over them in the space of a year. In three days we reached Sophia, a large city in an interior plain watered by a river. A Turkish pacha resides in it. He sent his kiaia to meet us, and assigned to my use the house of a Greek merchant. I spent one day in this town: the pacha sent me calves and sheep, and would not accept any present in return. The town of Sophia presents nothing remarkable.

After four short journeys, sometimes across mountains of easy access, and sometimes through valleys and fertile though uninhabited plains, we arrived at Nissa, the last Turkish town, almost on the frontier of Servia. I proceeded on horseback a little distance in advance of the caravan: the sun was scorching. When I was about a league from the town, I saw a large tower rising in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I took the path which led to it, and having approached it, I desired a Turkish lad, who accom-

panied me, to hold my horse; and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments' repose. No sooner was I seated than, raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that the walls, which I supposed to be built of marble or white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls: these skulls, bleached by the rain and the sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the heat of the sun: there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair were still hanging; and waved, like lichen or moss, with every breath of wind. The mountain breeze, which was then blowing fresh, penetrated the innumerable cavities of the skulls, and sounded like mournful and plaintive sighs.

There was no one near who could give me any account of this horrible monument. The boy, who was holding the two horses by the bridles, was playing with little fragments of the skulls, which had crumbled off and lay at the foot of the tower. I was so overcome by fatigue and heat that I fell asleep, resting my head against these walls of decapitated heads. On awakening, I found myself surrounded by the caravan, and a number of Turkish horsemen, who had come from Nissa to escort us into the town. They informed me that the skulls were those of fifteen thousand Servians, who had been put to death by the pacha in the last insurrection of Servia. This plain was the death-bed of these brave insurgents, and this monument was

their sepulchre. I paid my tribute of respect to the memory of these heroic men, whose decapitated heads are the boundary of the independence of their country.

Servia, which we were about to enter, is now free; and it is the song of liberty and glory which is resounded by the mountain breeze playing among the bones of the Servians who perished for their country! They will soon possess Nissa. Let them respect this sacred monument; it will teach their children the value of independence, by showing them the price at which their forefathers purchased it.

Nissa is like Sophia—it has nothing characteristic. We passed one day there. On leaving Nissa, we entered the beautiful mountains and forests of Servia. These virgin forests extend in every direction as far as the horizon, being intersected only by a wide road, recently made by Prince Milosch, the independent chief of Servia. For six days we were buried beneath these magnificent and uninterrupted shades, seeing nothing but endless colonnades formed by the trunks of enormous beech-trees, waves of foliage agitated by the winds, and hills and mountains uniformly clothed with centenary oaks.

At intervals of about every five or six leagues, on descending into a valley, we saw villages containing newly-built wooden houses just emerged from the forests, a little church, and the dwelling of a priest, standing on the margin of a river, or among meadows and fields of melons. The

inhabitants, seated on wooden divans in front of their shops, were pursuing their different occupations. Their countenances, though mild and amiable, have a dash of northern energy and pride, which denotes a people already free and worthy to continue so. We were everywhere received with hospitality and respect, always having the best house in the village assigned to us. The clergymen came and conversed with us. The houses now began to show some traces of European furniture. The women were no longer veiled; and we met in the meadows and the woods parties of young men and girls going to labour together in the fields, and singing airs similar to the *Ranz des Vaches*. These girls were dressed in a bodice gathered in numerous plaits round their shoulders and bosoms, and a short petticoat of brown or red woollen stuff. Their freshness, their gaiety, and the clearness of their eyes, reminded us of the beautiful females of Berne, or the mountains of Lucerne.

Here our faithful companions of all the konaks of Turkey forsook us. We no longer saw the storks, whose large nests, like cradles of reeds, crowned the tops of all the mosque domes in European Turkey, and formed a roof-work to the ruined minarets. Every evening, on arriving in the villages or the desert kans, we saw these birds, two by two, hovering over our tents or our huts, the young ones stretching their long necks out of the nest like serpents, and holding their beaks to the mother bird, who, half-suspended on her

broad wings, shared with them the food she had brought from the neighbouring marshes: the male bird, hovering at a considerable height above the nest, looked down apparently gratified by the interesting sight. These beautiful birds are by no means wild: they are the guardians of the roof, as the dogs are the guardians of the door. They live in harmony with the clouds of white turtle-doves which cover the domes of all the kans and mosques, and they do not even scare the swallows. The Turks themselves live in peace with all the animate and inanimate creation,—trees, birds, or dogs; they respect everything that God has made. They extend their humanity to those inferior animals which are neglected or persecuted among us. In all the streets there are, at certain distances, vessels filled with water for the dogs, and sometimes on their death-beds the Mussulmans leave legacies for feeding the doves which they have tended during life.

September 2, 1833.

This morning we issued from the eternal forests of Servia, which extend as far as the banks of the Danube. The point where that king of rivers becomes first discernible, is a hill covered with superb oaks. Having crossed it, we beheld at our feet what seemed like a vast lake of blue and limpid water, surrounded by trees and rushes, and besprinkled with verdant islands. As we advanced, we saw the river extend on the right and left, flowing close to the wooded hills on the boundary

of Servia, and then losing itself on the right in the plains of Hungary. The last slopes of the forest descending to the river, present the most magnificent point of view in the whole world. We slept in a little Servian village on the bank of the Danube.

Next day we again lost sight of the river for about four hours. The country, like all frontier places, is uncultivated and deserted. Towards noon we ascended some barren hills, whence we at length discovered Belgrade lying at our feet. This city, which has sustained so many sieges, is situated on an elevated bank of the Danube. The roofs of its mosques are pierced by bomb-shells, its walls are shattered, and its desolate suburbs are besprinkled with huts and heaps of ruins. The streets, like those of all Turkish towns, descend in narrow windings to the river. Semlin, the first Hungarian town, glitters on the opposite side of the Danube, in all the glory of a European city. Its church steeples rise in the very face of the minarets.

On our arrival in Belgrade, whilst we were reposing in a little inn, the first place of the kind I had met with in Turkey, Prince Milosch sent several of his principal officers to invite me to spend a few days in the fortress in which he resides, at a few leagues from Belgrade. I however declined the invitation, and ordered boats for crossing the Danube. At four o'clock, just as we were about to embark, we saw a group of horsemen, dressed very much in the European

style, hurrying to the water side. This was the brother of Prince Milosch, the chief of the Servians, who had come on the part of the prince to renew the invitation to pass a few days with him. I very much regretted that I was unable to accept hospitality so kindly offered; but my travelling companion, M. de Capmas, had been for several days seriously ill; and it was important that he should enjoy the rest and the resources afforded by a European city, and the aid of the physicians of a lazaretto. I conversed for about half an hour with the Servian chief, who appeared to be an amiable and well-informed man. I greeted him as the pledge of the future civilization and independence of his noble nation, and at length I stepped into the boat which was to convey me to Semlin.

We were about an hour in crossing the Danube, which is very broad and deep, and its waves are as rough as those of the sea. At length we reached the meadows and orchards which surround Semlin. At three in the afternoon we entered the lazaretto, where we were to remain ten days. To each of us were assigned an apartment, and a little yard planted with trees. I dismissed my Tartars, my moukres, and my dragomans, who set off on their return to Constantinople. They all sorrowfully kissed our hands; and I could not without deep emotion and gratitude part from these faithful and generous attendants, who had guided, served, and guarded us with the affection of brothers, and who during the

innumerable vicissitudes of an eighteen months' journey through foreign lands, proved to me that all religions have their divine moral, all civilizations their virtue, and all men the sentiment of the just, the good, and the beautiful, engraven in various characters in their hearts by the hand of God.

NOTES ON SERVIA.

Semlin, 12th September, Lazaretto.

No sooner had I quitted those forests in which a new and free people are taking root, than I felt regret at not knowing them more thoroughly. I could have desired to have lived and fought with them for their dawning independence; to have searched out their origin, and the destiny which Providence is preparing for their virtues. I have before me the scene of Tagodina: — We were admiring in a Servian cottage a young mother who was nursing her twins, while her third child at her feet was playing with the yatagan of his father. The papa of the village and some of the principal inhabitants were in a circle around us, detailing with simplicity and enthusiasm the growing happiness of the nation under this government of

liberty—forests becoming cleared, wooden houses multiplying in the valleys, numerous schools filled with children, opening in all the villages. Every one of these men, raising his head over the shoulders of those that were before him, presented an aspect proud and gratified at the admiration we expressed; their eye was animated, and their countenance glowed with emotion for their country, as if the general glory and liberty had been the proud act of each individual. At this instant the husband of the fair Servian with whom we were lodged, returned from the fields, and approaching, saluted us with that respect, and at the same time dignity of manner, natural to a wild people; he then mixed among the villagers, and listened like the rest to the recital the papa was giving us of their battles for independence. When the papa was come to the battle of Nissa, and the thirty pairs of colours taken from forty thousand Turks by three thousand Mountaineers, the father springing from amidst the circle, took from the arms of his wife his two beauteous infants, and lifting them up, exclaimed, "Behold the soldiers of Milosch! So long as our women are prolific, will there be free Servians in the forests of Schumadia."

The history of this people exists only in popular verses, like all the primitive histories of heroic tribes. These songs of a national enthusiasm, the promptings of the field of battle, repeated from rank to rank by the soldiers, and reaching the villages at the end of the campaign, are there pre-

served by tradition. The curate or the schoolmaster commits them to writing; simple airs, but animated like the hearts of the combatants, or like the voice of the father saluting from afar the smoke from the roof of his children, accompany them; they become the popular history of the nation. Prince Milosch has had two collections of them printed, that were scattered throughout the country. The infant Sclavonian learns to lisp in these touching recitals the exploits of his fathers, and the name of the deliverer of Servia is stamped in his earliest recollections. A people imbibing such aliment can never again be enslaved. I have often met in the midst of these virgin forests, and in the deepest gorges, where no other inhabitants than the wild beasts could be suspected to dwell, groups of boys and girls walking and singing together those national airs, of which our interpreters gave us occasional translations. They would for a moment suspend their singing to salute us and see us pass; and when we were out of sight, renew their walk and their airs, while the gloomy canopy of aged oaks and the rocks bordering the torrent long re-echoed the chants, with their sustained notes and monotonous burdens, which augur a lasting happiness to the land. "What are they saying?" cried I one day to our dragoman, who understood their language. "Hospodar," replied he, "they are saying such silly things that it is hardly worth while to repeat them to Franks."—"But let us hear; translate what they are singing at this moment."

"Well then, they are saying, 'May God bless the waters of the Morawa, for they have drowned the enemies of the Servians! May God multiply the acorn on the oaks of Schumadia, for each of these trees is a Servian!'" — "And what do they mean by that?"—"Hospodar, they mean that during the war the Servians found a rampart behind the trunk of their oaks; their forests were and still are their fortresses; every one of these trees is as a comrade in fight; they love them like brothers; so, when Prince Milosch, their present governor, ordered so many trees to be cut down through these forests, to mark out the long road we are tracking, the old Servians often gave him a curse. 'Cut down the oaks!' said they, 'it is murder against men.' In Servia, man and the oak are friends."

In traversing these magnificent solitudes, where through many a day's journey the eye, whithersoever it glances, perceives only a uniform and sombre undulation of leaves of the oaks, which cover mountain and valley, a very ocean of foliage, unpenetrated even by the sharp point of minaret or steeple, descending from time to time into deep ravines, in which roared the torrent; and where the forest gave place to a few well-cultivated fields, to some pretty wooden houses newly built, saw-pits, and mills erected at the water's edge: seeing immense flocks conducted by young and handsome damsels elegantly attired, emerging from colonnades of lofty trees, and returning at night to their dwellings—children leaving school

—the papa seated on his wooden bench by the door of his pretty house, and old men entering the common house, or the church, to deliberate together—I fancied myself in the midst of the North American forests, at the instant of the birth of a nation or the settlement of a new colony. The appearance of the men gave evidence of gentleness of manners — of the polish of an early civilization—of healthiness and competence: liberty is written in the expression of their countenances. The Bulgarian is good and simple; but, though on the point of becoming free, the marks of his yoke are still apparent; there is in the movement of his head, in the accent of his tongue, and in the humble resignation of his look, a discernible recollection and apprehension of the Turk: he reminds one of the Savoyard, that good inhabitant of the Alps, who fails in nothing but the dignity of physiognomy and speech, which ennoble every other virtue. The Servian, on the contrary, calls to one's mind the Swiss of the little Cantons, where pure and patriarchal manners characterise the bearing of the shepherd, harmonising with the liberty which makes the man, and the cool courage which marks the hero. The girls resemble the beautiful women of the Cantons of Lucerne and Berne; their costume is very similar; short petticoats of a bright colour, and hair formed into long plaits, reaching almost to their heels. Their manners are pure, like those of all religious pastoral tribes. Their language, like all those derived from the Sclavonic, possesses harmony

and a musical cadence; there exists little inequality of fortune among them, but a general competence; their only luxury is in their arms; their present government is a sort of representative dictatorship. Prince Milosch, the liberator of Servia, has preserved the discretionary power which was vested in him during the war. Proclaimed Prince of the Servians (1829), the people have sworn fealty to him and his successors. The Turks, who still participate in the administration, and in the garrison of the fortresses, have also acknowledged him, and treat with him directly: he has established a senate and deliberative district assemblies, which concur in the discussion and decision of public affairs; the senate is convoked annually; the village deputies are assembled near the residence of the prince, and their meetings are held, as in the heroic ages, under lofty trees. The prince comes down from his seat, advances towards each of the deputies, interrogates him, listens to his answers, takes note of his complaints or his advice, speaks to him of affairs, explains with kindness his policy, justifies the measures which may have appeared severe or unjust: everything is conducted with the generous and grave familiarity of countrymen conversing with their lords. They are indeed armed patriarchal husbandmen. The thought of God attends their councils as it does their battles: they fight, they govern, for their altars, as for their forests. But their priests exercise their influence only in matters of religion. The principal influ-

ence is held by the military chiefs, a hereditary nobility, whom they style vaivods. Sacerdotal domination commences only when war has ceased, and when the possession of a country is securely vested in its population. Till that time arrives, the country yields the highest honours to its defenders, and afterwards honours its civilizers.

The Servian population at present amounts to about a million of men, and is rapidly increasing. The mildness of the climate, like that of France between Lyons and Avignon; the fertility of the deep and virgin soil, covered with a vegetation like that of the meadows of Switzerland; the numerous rivers and rivulets which fall from the mountains, flow through the valleys, and form here and there lakes in the midst of the woods; the clearing of the woods, which, as in America, will give space for the plough, and furnish inexhaustible materials for building; the pure and gentle manners of the people; wise laws, catching a strong reflection from the best European legislation; the rights of the citizens, secured by local representation and deliberative assemblies; and finally, the supreme power lodged, in adequate proportion, in the hands of a man worthy of his high mission, Prince Milosch, who is to transmit it to his descendants;—all these elements of peace, prosperity, and civilization, promise to augment the Servian population by many millions before the lapse of another half century. If this people, as he desires and hopes, should become the nucleus of a new empire by its union with Bosnia,

part of Bulgaria, and the warlike hordes of the Montenegrins, Europe will see a new empire arise on the ruins of Turkey, occupying those vast and noble regions extending between the Adriatic and the lofty ridge of the Balkan. If diversity of manners and nationality should too far oppose such a fusion, we see in Servia at least one of the elements of that confederacy of European states, or protectorates, destined to fill the void which the disappearance of the Ottoman empire is about to leave in Europe as well as in Asia. European interests require no other alternative.

September 25, 1833.

The history of this people should be sung, not written. It forms an epic poem not yet complete. I have collected the principal materials on the spot, from the mouth of our friends, who come to visit us at the gate of the Lazaretto. Seated beneath a linden-tree on the grass, on which beams the clear and mild sun of the country, by the murmuring of the rapid stream of the Danube, in sight of its noble banks, and of the green forests which form the ramparts of Servia on this side of Hungary, these men in their half-oriental costume, with the masculine yet gentle countenances of a martial race, are recounting to me, with simple truth, the feats in which they have so largely shared.* Although still young, and covered with

* I have since received more circumstantial and authentic details on the history of modern Servia; and I owe to the kindness

wounds, they seem to have entirely forgotten war, and to be thinking only of public education, of schools for the people, of improvements in the rural and administrative departments, of advancement in the science of legislation: equally modest and zealous, they avail themselves of every opportunity to perfect their dawning institutions; they interrogate travellers, and detain them as long as possible amongst them, to obtain all the information thus providentially sent them from afar.

The following are the facts, I learned, that had occurred during these latter years. It was about the year 1804, after a series of commotions stirred up by Paswanoglou, Pacha of Widin, and which had ended in the supremacy of the Janissaries, that the Servians rose up against their tyrants: three chiefs combined together in the central part of Servia, called Schumadia, an immense region covered with impenetrable forests. The first of these chieftains was Kara-George; the two others, Tanko-Kalisch, and Wasso-Tcharapitsch. Kara-George had been a heyduke. The heydukes were in Servia, what the klephts were in Greece, a race of independent adventurers living in inaccessible mountains, and descending at the least signal of war to take part in the struggles of fac-

of a traveller who preceded me, and whom I met at Jaffa, M. Adolphus de Caraman, the communication of his notes on Servia, which he had made during his residence with Prince Milosch. These notes, more worthy than mine, from the talent and accuracy with which they are taken, were accompanied by a translation of the History of the Servians, by a Servian.

tion, and keep up their habits of bloodshed and plunder. All the country arose, following the example of Schumadia; every canton chose for its leader the bravest and most distinguished of its vaivods, and these in a council of war conferred the title of generalissimo on Kara-George. This title gave but little power; but in times of danger, genius quickly assigns to the resolute man a real sovereignty. Danger never bargains with courage: obedience is felt as a natural instinct towards decision and talent.

George Petrowistsch, surnamed Kara or Zrin, that is to say George the Black, was born in 1765 in a village of the district of Kraguzewatz. His father was a simple peasant and shepherd, named Petroni. Another tradition states that Kara-George was born in France, but this is by no means probable. Petroni carried his son, while yet a child, to the mountains of Topoli. The insurrection of 1787, which was to have been aided by Austria, having ended unfavourably, the insurgents, pursued by the Turks and the Bosniacs, were obliged to take to flight. Petroni and George his son, who had already fought bravely, collected their flocks, their only riches, and proceeded towards the Save; they were already close to the river, and were on the point of finding safety on the Austrian territory, when the father of Kara-George, an old man borne down by years, and more devoted than his son to the soil of his country, turned back, looked upon the mountains where he had left all

the recollections of his life, felt his heart torn at the idea of quitting them for ever to live amongst an unknown people, and, sitting on the ground, conjured his son to submit rather than go forward into Germany. I regret my inability to relate from memory the touching and animated supplications of the old man as they are sung in the popular stanzas of Servia. It is one of those scenes in which the sentiments of nature, so strongly felt, and so simply expressed by the genius of a rising people, surpass all that the invention of enlightened nations can borrow from art. The Bible and Homer alone possess such passages.

Kara-George, however, affected at first by the regrets and entreaties of his father, had ordered his servants with the flocks to return. Devoted to the rigorous duty of filial obedience—a point of religion among the Eastern nations—he hung down his head at the voice of his father, and was about sorrowfully to return on the road of slavery, that the bones of Petroni might not be deprived of a Servian grave, when the shouts and the shots of the Bosniacs announced the approach of their enemies and the inevitable punishment about to glut their vengeance. "Father," said he, "decide; we have but a moment; rise, throw yourself into the river; my arm shall support you, my body shall cover you from the balls of the Osmanlis; you will live, you will await happier days in the land of a friendly people." But the in-

flexible old man, whom his son vainly endeavoured to raise, resisted his efforts, and resolved to die on the soil of his country. Kara-George, in despair, and unwilling that the body of his father should fall into the hands of the Turks, fell on his knees, begged the old man's blessing, killed him with a pistol-shot, threw him into the Save, and himself swam over into the Austrian territory.

A short time after, he returned to Servia as serjeant-major of a free corps. Dissatisfied at not having been included in a distribution of honorary medals, he quitted the corps, and retired as a heyduke into the mountains: becoming reconciled with his chief, he accompanied him into Austria when peace was concluded, and obtained a place as forest-guard in the monastery of Krushedal. Soon wearied with this sort of life, he returned to Servia, under the government of Hadji-Mustafa. He again became a shepherd, but he took up arms whenever a new tumult disturbed any part of the country.

Kara-George was of a lofty stature, a robust constitution, and a noble and open countenance. Silent and thoughtful when he was neither elevated by wine, nor the report of firing, nor the contradictions of councils, he would remain a whole day long without uttering a word.

Almost all men who either have achieved or are destined to achieve great acts are sparing of their words. Their discourse is within themselves, they

dwell in their own thoughts, and from these inward musings they draw forth that energy of intelligence and action which constitutes the great man. Napoleon became a boaster when his destiny was fulfilled and his fortune on its decline. —Kara-George, the rigid defender of justice and order, had his own brother hanged for having attempted the honour of a young girl.

It was in the January of 1806, that several armies penetrated at the same time into Servia. Bekir, the pacha of Bosnia, and Ibrahim, pacha of Scutari, received orders from the Porte to direct thither all their forces; Bekir sent forward two corps of about forty thousand men, Ibrahim advanced from Nissa at the head of a formidable army. Kara-George, with forces numerically very inferior, but animated by an invincible patriotism, full of confidence in their chiefs, and protected by forests which covered their movements, repulsed all the partial attacks of Bekir and Ibrahim. After having, near Petzka, cut to pieces Hadji Bey, he marched against the principal army, which was retiring upon Schabaz, overtook it and completely routed it at Schabaz, the 8th of August 1806. Kulmi and the old Mehemet were killed. The wreck of the army retreated to Schabaz. The Bosniacs, who endeavoured to repass the Drina, were taken prisoners. Kara-George, who had with him but seven thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, marched rapidly against Ibrahim Pacha; who was besieging Daligrad, a Servian

city, defended by another chief, named Peter Dobrinyas. On his approach Ibrahim demanded a parley. Conferences were held at Smaraderewo. A short pacification for Servia ensued, on terms favourable to the country. It was only one of those intervals which allow insurrection to take breath, and insensibly accustom nations to that semi-independence which soon changes into an impatience for liberty. A short time afterwards, Kara-George, who had not dismissed his troops, because the decision of the Mufti had not ratified the treaty of Smaraderewo, marched upon Belgrade, the capital of Servia, a strong city on the Danube with a citadel and a Turkish garrison, and got possession of it. Guseharez Ali, who commanded the city, obtained permission from Kara-George to retire to Widin, descending the Danube. Soliman Pacha remained in the citadel; but at the commencement of 1807, having begun his march with his remaining two hundred Janissaries, to rejoin the Turks, he was massacred with them by the very escort that Kara-George had given him to protect his retreat. Kara-George was not accused of this barbarity; it was the effect of the vengeance of the Servians against the race of the Janissaries, whose domineering ferocity had accustomed them to similar executions.

The success of this war of independence secured to Servia its municipal constitution. The military chieftains, named vaivods, were everywhere substituted for the civil powers. These vaivods

were supported by a cavalry formed of young men of the most wealthy families, who received no pay, but lived at the cost of the vaivods, and divided the spoil with them. Some of the vaivods had with them as many as fifty of these young men. The most notable of these chieftains at that time were Jacob Nenadowistsch, Milenko, Dobrinyas, Ressava, and above all, Kara-George.

A senate, composed of twelve members, elected by each of the twelve districts, was to preside over the interests of this species of armed confederacy, and serve as a counterpoise to these usurped powers. The senate showed itself worthy of its functions. It regulated the finances, determined the taxes, devoted the tithe to the pay of the troops, and employed itself on the instruction of the people, with a zeal and an understanding which even then evinced a deep instinct of civilization. They substituted for the routine teaching of the cloisters and the convents, popular schools in each city or chief place of the districts. Unfortunately, the senators, instead of having the entire control of the country, represented only the vaivods, and were therefore subject to their immediate influence.

Another deliberative political body, composed of vaivods and the hospodars themselves, held the direction of the most important affairs, and the disputed sovereignty was shared between this body and Kara-George. The vaivods who com-

posed it met every year about Christmas at Belgrade; it deliberated under the inspection of the chief, and in the midst of surrounding intrigues, upon war and peace, upon the form of government, and the amount of taxation. The accounts were delivered here, and regulations were made for the administration of justice. The existence and the claims of this aristocratical body were an obstacle to the complete enfranchisement and the rapid developement of the destinies of Servia. Unity is a vital condition to an armed people in presence of their enemies: their independence requires a despot to secure it; civil liberty requires deliberative bodies. Had the Servians been better inspired, they would have raised Kara-George above his rivals, and have concentrated the power in one single hand. The hospodars did feel that a single chief was requisite; but every one wished that he might be feeble, from the hope of directing him. The choice of the senators proved the influence of this secret wish. They hoped that this body might serve them against Kara-George—George hoped they might serve him against the hospodars. Concealed feelings of hostility arose among the deliverers of Servia.

The most eloquent of the senators, Mladen Milowanowitsch, had, through the power of his oratory, gained the lead in the discussion of affairs in the senate. Enriched by the spoil of Belgrade, and master of the foreign trade by having farmed the customs of the Danube, he had given umbrage

to Kara-George and his partisans. The senate, through their influence, rose against Milowanowitsch, who retired to Doligrad, filled with thoughts of vengeance. He secretly announced to George the intrigues of Russia and the Greeks against him. Kara-George believed him, recalled him to Belgrade, resolved upon war against the Bosniacs, and began the campaign of 1809 by entering Bosnia.

The same national Sclavonic air which celebrates the commencement of the insurrection, predicts misfortunes for the day when it should be attempted to pass the Drina and invade Bosnia. The prediction of the poet was an oracle of Providence. The campaign was a series of mistakes, disasters, and ruin. Kara-George, supported by a Russian corps, fought with his wonted heroism, but in vain. His soldiers, discouraged, grew weak. Having been worsted by the Turks at Komenitza, he flew to protect Tagodina and the left bank of the Morawa, and was even indebted to an important diversion of the Russians for the preservation of this part of his territory.

These reverses increased the jealous enmity of the vaivods against him. Jacob Nenadowitsch was the first who shook his fortune. He appeared in the senate, the 1st January 1810, at the head of six hundred horsemen, and was appointed president of the senate. The influence of Russia alone upheld for some time the falling power of Kara-George. He advanced against Churchid Pacha of Nissa, who commanded thirty thousand men. The plain of Warwarin was the scene of a

sanguinary conflict, in which three thousand Servians, animated by the voice and the example of their general, drove back this mass of Turks, compelled them to intrench themselves, and soon after to re-enter Nissa. Kara-George immediately advanced towards Lonitza, which was besieged by forty thousand Turks. The town, which had resisted a formidable artillery for twelve days, was on the point of falling into the power of the besiegers, when the appearance of Kara-George, and the valour of his Servians, forced the Turkish army to repass the Drina. This was the apogee of the glory of Kara-George. Thanks to his energy, Servia being entirely delivered, extended her frontier from the isle of Poretsch on the Danube, to the confluence of that river with the Timok. But peace, always more fatal to the deliverers of their country than war, set in fermentation new intrigues and new dissensions amongst the chiefs, whom a sense of the common danger had united. The hospodars wished to diminish the authority of Kara-George, in order at last to dispossess him entirely. The plot was discovered in time to avert it. He availed himself of the attempt, which was energetically repressed, to bring about in his own favour a definitive reaction in the Diet of 1811. He gave a mortal blow to the influence of the hospodars and the vaivods, by subdividing the district, and increasing the chiefs, who, too weak to act singly, became thenceforward easy instruments to manage; and who, moreover, jealous of the ancient superiority of the

vaivods, maintained themselves against them by the superiority of the supreme chief, and united their fortune with his. The powers of the senate were changed. This body, instead of concentrating the whole authority in itself, was divided into two assemblies; one, composed of the least influential members, formed a species of judicial magistracy, and the other held the administrative functions, and became a sort of ministry to Kara-George. It is impossible not to admire the political instinct of this great man, which is as profound as his military eye is sure and comprehensive. By calling around him, and retaining, by lucrative and honourable posts, his friends, and even his enemies, he separated them from a people too much accustomed to obey them, and thus ruined their seditious oligarchy. A law of banishment was passed against every Servian who should resist this constitution of the powers of the state. Dobrinyas and Milenko made the attempt, and took refuge in Russia. Nenadowitsch joined the party of George, through the marriage of his daughter with Mladen, one of the most powerful partisans of the dictator.

The Sultan proposed to acknowledge Kara-George as hospodar of Servia, under the guarantee of Russia. The Turks were to retain the fortresses and the arms. Complicated negotiations were continued without any effect till 1813, when Kara-George, unable to come to an agreement with the Porte, called his countrymen to arms. "You have," said he, "conquered your enemies

with me during nine years; you have fought without arms and without magazines; you now have cities, ramparts, rivers, between you and the Turks; a hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, seven fortresses, forty fortified posts, and your forests, the impregnable asylum of your liberties: the Russians will march to your aid:—can you hesitate?"

The Turks, however, commanded by the capitan pacha of Widin, put themselves in motion. The grand vizier, profiting by the victory of the French at Lutzen, pressed the pachas to terminate at a blow this long struggle so humiliating for the Porte. Eighteen thousand Turks advanced against Weliko, whom they besieged in Negotin. Weliko was killed by a cannon-ball. His army, broken up, fled to the marshes as far as the isle of Poretsch. In the south, Churchid Pacha, at the head of a numerous army, drove before him Mladen and Sima, the two Servian generals, and encamped under the very walls of Schabatz. Never had Servia been reduced to such extremities. The enthusiasm of independence appeared stifled under such reverses, as well, perhaps, as by three years of peace and intestine dissensions. Her nationality and her glory were eclipsed at the same time; and Kara-George himself, abandoning both his fortune and his country, either because he foresaw the catastrophe to be inevitable, or because he wished to reserve himself for better days, or had exhausted his heroism, and was anxious to save his life and his treasures, passed over to the

Austrian territory with his secretary Jainka, and three of his confidants. Thus was eclipsed for ever the hero of Servia, by going to die in an Austrian citadel, instead of seeking amongst his comrades, and on the soil of the country whose energy he had first aroused, a death which would have immortalised him! On learning his flight, the army disbanded itself; and Smiederewos and Belgrade again fell under the power of the Turks. Servia became a pachalik; and Solyman, her conqueror, became her master and pacha.

The senators had fled: one single individual, the vaivod Milosch Obrenowitsch, remained faithful to the now desperate cause of independence. He raised the southern provinces, and wished to occupy Osehiza; but, being abandoned by his troops, he was obliged to accept the proposals of the Turks. Solyman, to whom he was presented, received him with distinction. The disarmed Servians were employed to erect with their own hands the fortifications which were to keep the country in check. The tyranny of the dispossessed spahis was avenged by a most insolent oppression for the nine years of exile to which the bravery of the Servians had driven them. However, the national character regained its tone under this severe and degrading slavery. The ashes of the insurrection were still smouldering. Milosch, who was attentively watching the favourable moment, and which he thought not yet arrived, energetically repressed the premature attempts of his friends. The barbarous treachery

of the kiaia of Solyman Pacha, was more powerful over him than the counsels of prudence. Milosch had obtained an amnesty for the insurgents of Tagodina: instead of keeping their promise, the Turks assembled the chiefs of the insurrection at Belgrade, shot a hundred and fifty of them, and impaled thirty-six. Milosch, who was himself at Belgrade, had the grief to witness the wretched fate of his countrymen. Their blood rose up against him, and cried aloud in his heart. The Turks perceived his rage; they feared his vengeance, and made him prisoner; but he soon escaped, cleared the ramparts, and took refuge in the mountains of Ruduik: where he rallied his partisans, and the insurrection spread like wildfire throughout all the forests of Servia.

Milosch was born in 1780; his mother, Wischnia, was twice married. Her first husband's name was Obren; by him she had one son, named Milan. The name of her second husband was Tescho; by him she had several children; Milosch was one of these. His parents being without fortune, he was obliged to drive the cattle that the rich merchants of the country were sending to the Dalmatian markets. He next entered the service of Milan, his uterine brother, who dealt in cattle. The two brothers loved each other so affectionately, that Milosch took the name of Obrenowitsch, which was that of Milan's father. The business of the brothers flourished. Rich and influential at the period of the first insurrection, they took a part in it, each according to the

nature of his character: Milan, peaceful and gentle, remained at home, to provide for the concerns of the district; Milosch, active and intrepid, fought under Kara-George.

When Kara-George changed the constitution of the country, Milan took part against him, and was shot by his orders. Milosch owed his fortune and his subsequent glory to the death of his brother. The desire of vengeance threw him into the ranks of the malcontents. He did not retire with the chiefs who fled in 1813; all eyes were therefore naturally fixed upon him, who alone remained in the country.

Milosch, on Palm Sunday 1815, having fled from Belgrade, entered the church of Takowo, where a large congregation had assembled. He harangued the people with all the eloquence so natural to the Sclavonian, and with the irresistible force of stern resolution which already animated his listeners. Hostilities began: Milosch, at the head of a few young horsemen of his district and a thousand mountaineers, seized one of the gates from the spahis, and captured two pieces of cannon. At the news of this success, the emigrants returned, the fugitives quitted the forests, the heydukes descended from the mountains, and attacked the pacha's kiaia, who, at the head of ten thousand men, had imprudently encamped in the plains of the Morawa. The kiaia was slain in the battle; his death spread terror in the camp, and the Turks fled to Sienitza. At this place another battle was fought; Milosch gained the victory: the spoil,

the women, the artillery of the kiaia, fell into the hands of the Servians. Ali Pacha quitted Belgrade with all his remaining troops, and marched against Milosch. He was defeated, and retired to Kiupra with an escort given him by the conqueror. Adem Pacha made a disgraceful capitulation, shut himself up in Novibazar, and accepted the presents of Milosch. The pacha of Bosnia descended from his mountains with a fresh and numerous army, sending forward Ali Pacha, one of his lieutenants, to attack Milosch in Matschwai: Ali Pacha was taken prisoner, and sent back loaded with presents to the grand vizier. The Servians already showed themselves worthy, by their generosity, of that civilization in the name of which they were conquering; and Milosch treated with his enemies as with future friends. He felt that the complete independence of his country was not yet established, and he observed treaties instead of dishonouring them by massacres. On the frontier of the Morawa, Maraschli Ali Pacha was now advancing in his turn. Luckily, disunion prevailed between this general and Churchid Pacha, the former grand vizier and pacha of Bosnia. They did not combine their plans; and each in secret wished the defeat of the other, to obtain for himself alone the honour of the victory: each desired to negotiate and secure the honour of having finished the war. Milosch was aware of these intrigues, and took advantage of them; he ventured to present himself in person before the grand vizier, in the midst of the Turkish camp:

he obtained an interview with Churchid, but came to no understanding. Milosch insisted that Servia should remain armed; the pacha agreed to all the other terms but this, which indeed rendered them useless. Milosch, being irritated, arose to mount his horse; Churchid ordered his detention: the Janissaries threw themselves before him, but Ali Pacha, the lieutenant of Churchid, whom Milosch had conquered, and sent with presents to the grand vizier, courageously interposed between the Janissaries and Milosch; represented to Churchid that Milosch was come to the camp under pledge of his word, which was enforced by oath, that he should be dismissed in safety; and that he himself would sooner die than allow any attempt upon the liberty of the man to whom he owed his life. The firmness of Ali Pacha imposed on the vizier and his soldiers; he led him from the camp. Milosch said to him on departing, "Henceforth trust to no one, not even to yourself. We have been friends; we now part, and for ever." Milosch retired: negotiations opened with Maraschli Ali Pacha were more successful; the arms were allowed; Servian deputies were despatched to Constantinople, and returned at the end of a month, bearing a firman of peace, conceived in these words, "As God has confided his subjects to the Sultan, so does the Sultan confide them to his pacha." The pacha re-entered Belgrade, and the Servian chiefs made him their submission in the person of Milosch; the fortresses remained in the hands of the Turks; the administration

was shared between the two parties; a, national senate met at Belgrade under the pacha. Ali, liked by the Servians, replaced their enemy Soly-man Pacha at Belgrade, who was recalled by the grand signior. Such a state of things could not last long; collisions were inevitable. Milosch, always the leader of his nation, remained at Bel-grade with Ali Pacha, like a watchful sentinel, always ready to give the people the signal for re-sistance or attack.

Ali endeavoured to obtain by address the dis-armament which he could not procure by force. He addressed himself to Milosch, conjuring him to obtain the arms of the people. Milosch replied that he and his friends were ready to lay down their arms, but that it was not possible to take them from the peasantry. The pacha, being indignant, stirred up against him the Servian chancellor, Moler, and the metropolitan, Niks-chwitz: but Milosch's guards seized the two con-spirators in full council, and obliged the pacha himself, in virtue of his executive power, to put them to death. The boldness of the Servians increased at this weakness of the pacha: Milosch quitted Belgrade, and, to escape the snares of all kinds with which the Turks and his rivals amongst the Servians surrounded him, shut himself up in the fortified village of Topschidor, half a league from Belgrade.—In 1821 a new attempt was made against the life and power of Milosch. The two vaivods who had planned it were executed. The pacha was suspected of having been the instigator;

and the animosity between the two nations grew stronger. However, the insurrections in Albania, and the war of independence in Greece, occupied and weakened the Turks. Circumstances were favourable for the concentration of the national power in Servia. Nations never conquer their liberty but by identifying themselves with a military chief: interest and gratitude naturally induce them to consign the hereditary power to him who was enabled to create and defend it. Monarchy is an instinct with rising nations: it is a defence they throw around their still assailed independence. This instinct was the stronger in Servia, where republican forms were unknown. Milosch felt it, and turned it to account. He extended his authority, and re-established very nearly the constitution of Kara-George. He interposed, between himself and the people, the aristocracy of the knevens, who were charged with the administration of the country. Every kneven has his knev, or province; and most of the districts have their obar-kneven. Milosch appoints them—assigns their territory and their salary. To avoid every pretence for exaction, the knevens receive their pay from the public treasury. Subordinate courts are established in the towns and villages. A superior court is held at Kraguzewatz. Milosch appoints them. Custom supplies the place of law, until the formation of a code which is in preparation. The right of pronouncing the penalty of death is reserved for the supreme head of the government. The small subsidy paid by Servia

to the Porte, the remains of a ransom, which is but a reminiscence of their former dependence, passes through the hands of the supreme chief, who delivers it to the pacha. The pacha, a vain shadow of authority no longer existing, is but a sentinel of the Porte, who watches the Danube, and conveys orders to the Turks who occupy the fortresses. In the event of war with Austria, the Servians are to furnish a contingent of forty thousand men. The clergy, whose influence might have counterbalanced that of Milosch, have lost their preponderance by losing the administration of justice, now assigned to the civil courts. The papas and the monks, like the rest of the community, are subject to corporal penalties, and pay the common taxes. The revenues of the bishops are replaced by a fixed salary from the state: hence all the power is concentrated in the hands of the supreme chief. The civilization of Servia resembles the regular discipline of a vast camp, in which a single will is the moving power of a multitude of men, whatsoever may be their functions or their rank. In the presence of the Turks this position is necessary. The people are on the alert and armed; the chief is an absolute soldier. This state of semi-independence is still contested by the Turks. The treaty of Akerman in 1827 decided nothing. A Diet was held at Kraguzewatz, in which it became necessary to take cognizance of the treaty of Akerman. Milosch rose and said—

"I know that there are some who are dissatisfied with the penalties inflicted by my orders on

some disturbers. I have been accused of being too severe, and too desirous of power, whilst I have no other object than the maintenance of peace and obedience, which above all things are required by the two imperial courts. The taxes paid by the people are imputed to me as a crime, without reflecting how costly is the liberty which we have conquered, and how much more costly is slavery! A weaker man would yield to the difficulties of my situation. It is only by arming myself with rigid justice that I can fulfil the duties I have contracted towards the people, the emperors, my own conscience, and towards God himself."

After this speech, the Diet passed an act, which was presented to Milosch, and sent to the Porte; an act by which, through the organ of their chiefs, they swore eternal obedience to his highness Prince Milosch Obrenowitsch and his descendants. Servia paid its debt to Milosch: he is now paying his to Servia. He is giving to his country laws simple as its morals, but qualified by European knowledge. Like the ancient legislators of new people, he is sending young Servians to travel to the large capitals of Europe, to obtain information on the subjects of legislation and administration, in order to apply it to his country. A few foreigners form a part of his court, and serve as informants upon the languages and the arts of the neighbouring nations. The population, at peace, and devoted to the occupations of agriculture and commerce, comprehend the value of the liberty they have conquered, and are increasing in num-

ber, energy, and public virtue. Religion, the sole civilizer of nations which have it not in their laws, has lost its abuses without losing any of its happy influences: public education is a principal object of the government care. The people lend themselves, with an instinct almost fanatical, to the efforts of Milosch to render them worthy of a more improved form of government. It seems as though he perceived that enlightened nations only are capable of becoming free nations, and that he was hastening to this end. The municipal powers, thrown into the districts as the germs of liberty, are preparing to bud forth. Some exiles, banished by the Turks after the flight of Kara-George, and by Milosch for having conspired with the Turks against him, are still deprived of their country; but every day, by consolidating order and fusing opinions into a unanimous patriotism, is advancing the period when they may return, and recognise the happy influence of the hero whom they had fought against.

Ten thousand Turks still occupy the fortresses. The prince could easily expel them; all the country would rise at his voice. But the presence of the Turks in these fortresses, and their nominal co-sovereignty, having no injurious effects upon Servia, but, on the contrary, preventing internal agitation, and foreign intrigues, which would infallibly arise if she were completely detached from the Ottoman empire, the prince, with skilful policy, prefers this state of things to a new and premature war. The people are grate-

ful to him for this peace, which gives time for the unfolding of internal civilization. They are in no apprehension for their real independence; all the inhabitants are armed, and occupy the interior, the towns, and the villages. The pacha resides at Belgrade: Milosch, sometimes at Belgrade, sometimes at his château within a mile of the city, oftener at Kraguzewatz. He is there more insulated from the Turks, and occupies the most central spot in Servia. The nature of the country, and his warlike attitude, prevent the possibility of a surprise. Prince Milosch is forty-nine years of age. He has two sons, the eldest twelve years old.

The approaching destinies of the Ottoman empire will decide the fate of this family and people; but it appears as if nature called it to a powerful participation in the great events which are preparing in European as well as Asiatic Turkey. The popular songs, which the prince takes care to disperse amongst the people, will lead them to anticipate, in the coming events, the glory and power of Servia, like that under their ancient heroic king, Stephen Duschan. The adventurous exploits of their heydukes pass from mouth to mouth, and cause the Servians to meditate on the resurrection of a Sclavonic nation, whose germ, language, manners, and primitive virtues, they have preserved in the forests of Schumadia.

The traveller like myself cannot help hailing these anticipations with wishes and hopes: he cannot quit without regret and without benedic-

tions these immense virgin forests, these mountains, these plains, these rivers, which seem springing from the hands of the Creator, and mingling the luxuriant youth of the land with that of the people, when he sees the new houses of the Servians peeping from the woods, rising at the edge of the torrents, extending in long yellow lines at the bottom of the valleys; when he hears from afar the noise of the saws and the mills, the sound of the bells just baptized with the blood of the defenders of the country, and the peaceful or the martial chant of the young men and maidens returning home from the labours of the field; when he sees the long strings of children coming out of their schools or their wooden churches, whose roofs are hardly finished, with the accents of liberty, joy, and hope in every mouth, youth and sportiveness on every countenance: when he reflects on the immense physical advantages the land assures to its inhabitants; on the temperate sun that warms it; on the mountains which shade and protect it like natural fortresses; on the magnificent Danube, which winds to enfold it, and bear its produce to the north and the east; in short, on the Adriatic, which would soon furnish it with ports and a marine, and connect it with Italy: moreover, when the traveller recollects that, in crossing the country, he has received only marks of kindness and greetings of friendship; that not a cottage has required the price of its hospitality; that he has been welcomed everywhere alike, consulted as a sage, questioned as an

oracle, and that his words, caught with eager curiosity by papas or knevers, will remain a germ of civilization in the villages through which he has passed,—he cannot help looking for the last time with affection upon the rough and wooded bank with its ruined mosques and broken domes, from which the wide Danube separates him, and exclaiming to himself as they disappear, "Would that I might combat with this people for their dawning liberty!" and repeating the strophes of one of their popular songs, which his dragoman has translated,—

"When the sun of Servia gleams on the waters of the Danube, the river seems in movement with the blades of yatagans, and the glittering muskets of the Montenegrins: it is a river of steel that defends Servia. How pleasant to be seated on the banks, and to see the broken arms of our enemies pass by!"

"When the wind of Albania descends from the mountains and plunges beneath the forests of Schumadia, cries come forth, as from the army of Turks in the battle of the Morawa: sweet is the sound to the ears of the freed Servians! Dead or alive, it is sweet after the battle to lie at the foot of this oak, which, like ourselves, chants its liberty!"

END OF THE NOTES ON SERVIA.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

RESIDENCE OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR

AMONG THE WANDERING ARABS OF THE GREAT DESERT;

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED BY THE CARE OF

M. DE LAMARTINE.

INTRODUCTION.

We were encamped in the midst of the desert which extends from Tiberias to Nazareth, and were speaking of the Arab tribes we had met in the day, of their manners, and the connexions between them and with the great population by whom they are surrounded. We endeavoured to elucidate the mystery of their origin, their destiny, and that astonishing endurance of the spirit of race, which separates this people from all other human families, and keeps them, like the Jews, not without the pale of civilization, but within a civilization of their own, as unchangeable as granite.

The more I have travelled, the more I am convinced that races of men form the great secret of history and manners. Man is not so capable of education as philosophers imagine. The influence of governments and laws has less power, radically, than is supposed, over the manners and instincts of any people, while the primitive con-

stitution and the blood of the race have always their influence, and manifest themselves, thousands of years afterwards, in the physical formations and moral habits of a particular family or tribe. Human nature flows in rivers and streams into the vast ocean of humanity: but its waters mingle but slowly, sometimes never; and it emerges again, like the Rhone from the Lake of Geneva, with its own taste and colour. Here is indeed an abyss of thought and meditation, and at the same time a grand secret for legislators. As long as they keep the spirit of race in view, they succeed; but they fail when they strive against this natural predisposition: nature is stronger than they are. This sentiment is not that of the philosophers of the present time, but it is evident to the traveller; and there is more philosophy to be found in a caravan journey of a hundred leagues, than in ten years' reading and meditation. I felt happy in thus wandering about among deserts and unknown countries, with no route before me but my caprice; and I told my friends, and M. Mazolier, my interpreter, that if I were alone and without family ties, I would lead this manner of life for years and years. I would never sleep where I had arisen; I would transport my tent from the shores of Egypt to the Persian Gulf, and wish no aim for the evening but evening itself. I would wander on foot, and dwell with eye and heart on these unknown lands, these races of men so different from my own, and contemplate humanity, this most beautiful work of God, under all its

forms. To effect this, what would be requisite? —a few slaves or faithful servants, arms, a little gold, two or three tents, and some camels. The sky of these countries is almost always warm and pure, life easy and economical, and hospitality certain and picturesque. I should prefer, a hundred times, years passed under different skies, with hosts and friends ever new, to the barren and noisy monotony of the life of our capitals. It is undoubtedly more difficult to lead the life of a man of the world in Paris or London, than to visit the universe as a traveller. The results of two such lives are, however, very different. The traveller either dies, or he returns with a treasure of thoughts and wisdom. The domesticated inhabitant of our capitals grows old without knowledge, without experience, and dies as much entrammelled, as much immersed in false notions, as when he first begins to exercise his senses. I should like, said I to my dragoman, to cross those mountains, to descend into the great desert of Syria, accost some of the large unknown tribes that traverse it, receive their hospitality for months, pass on to others, study their resemblances and differences, follow them from the gardens of Damascus to the banks of the Euphrates and the confines of Persia, and raise the veil which still hangs over the civilization of the desert,—a civilization where our chivalry had its birth, and where it must still exist: but time presses, and we may see but the borders of that ocean whose whole no one has yet crossed. No

traveller has penetrated amidst those innumerable tribes, whose tents and flocks cover the plains of the patriarchs; one only man attempted it, but he is no more, and the notes which he had collected during ten years' residence amongst the people were lost with himself. I desired to introduce M. de Lascaris to my readers: the following is a sketch of his character.

M. de Lascaris was born in Piedmont, of one of those Greek families which settled in Italy after the conquest of Constantinople: he was a knight of Malta when Napoleon conquered the island. M. de Lascaris was then a very young man; he followed him to Egypt, attached himself to his fortunes, and was fascinated by his genius. Highly gifted himself, he was one of the first to perceive the lofty eminence reserved by Providence for the young man who was imbued with all the spirit of Plutarch, when the human character seemed worn out, shattered, or false. He perceived more: he perceived that the great work to be accomplished by his hero was not perhaps the restoration of power in Europe; an effect which the reaction of men's minds rendered necessary, and therefore easy: he felt that Asia presented a far wider field for the renovating ambition of a hero; that that was the scene for conquering, for founding, and for renovating on a scale incomparably more gigantic; that despotism, brief in Europe, would be lasting, eternal, in Asia; that the great man who could there apply the principles of organization and unity would effect more than Alexander,—more

than Bonaparte in France. It appears that the young warrior of Italy, whose imagination was luminous as the East, undefined as the desert, wide as the world, held some confidential conversations with M. de Lascaris on this subject; and directed one ray of thought towards that horizon which was opening to him his destiny. It was but a ray, and I lament it: it is evident that Bonaparte was the man for the East, not the man for Europe. This will provoke a smile; it will appear paradoxical to the world. But consult travellers. Bonaparte, who is looked upon as the man of the French revolution and of liberty, never understood liberty, and wrecked the French revolution. History will prove it in every page, when written under other impulses than those which at present dictate it. He was the incarnation of reaction against the liberty of Europe: glorious and brilliant, it is true; but no more. What proof shall I advance? Ask what remains of Bonaparte in the world, beyond a page of warfare, and a page to record an unskilful restoration. But as for a monument, a basis for expectation, a future, a something that may live after him besides his name—nothing exists but an immense reminiscence. In Asia he would have stirred men by millions; and, himself a man of simple ideas, he would with two or three facts have built up a monument of civilization which would have survived him a thousand years. But the mistake was made: Napoleon chose Europe; he only chose to leave behind him one explorer to examine what

might be done, and to trace out the road to India, if ever fortune should lay it open to him. M. de Lascaris was the man; he set out with secret instructions from Bonaparte, received the necessary sums for his undertaking, and established himself at Aleppo, to complete his knowledge of Arabic. Being a man of merit, talent, and knowledge, he feigned a sort of enthusiasm to account for his continuance in Syria, and his unceasing intercourse with the Arabs of the desert who came to Aleppo. At length, after some years' preparation, he commenced his grand and perilous enterprise; he passed with various risks, and under different disguises, through all the tribes of Mesopotamia and of the Euphrates; and returned to Aleppo, rich in the knowledge he had acquired, and in the political relations he had prepared for Napoleon. But whilst accomplishing the mission, fortune overthrew his hero; and he learned his downfal the very day on which he was about to bring him the fruits of seven years' danger and devotion. This unforeseen stroke was fatal to M. de Lascaris; he went into Egypt, and died at Cairo, alone, unknown, abandoned, and leaving behind him his notes, his only bequest. It is said that the English consul obtained these valuable documents, which might have become injurious to his government, and that they were either destroyed or sent to London.

"What a pity," said I to M. Mazolier, "that we should have lost the result of so many years' labour and patience!" "There is something yet

remaining," said he; "I was attached at Latakia, my country, to a young Arab, who accompanied M. de Lascaris during all his travels. After his death, being without resources, and deprived even of the arrears of his small salary, which M. de Lascaris had promised him, he returned poor and plundered to his mother. He is now living in some small employ with a merchant of Latakia. I knew him there, and he has often spoken to me of a series of notes that he wrote at the instigation of his patron in the course of their wandering life." "Do you think," said I to M. Mazolier, "the young man would consent to sell them?" "I should think so," he replied; "and the more so, as he has often expressed his desire to present them to the French government. But nothing is so easy as to know this; I will write to Fatalla Sayeghir, which is the name of the young Arab. Ibrahim Pacha's Tartar will deliver him my letter, and we shall have an answer on his return to Said." "I commission you," said I, "to negotiate the affair, and to offer him two thousand piastres for his manuscript."

Some months elapsed before the answer of Fatalla Sayeghir reached me. Returning to Byrauth, I sent my interpreter to negotiate directly for the MS. at Latakia. The terms were accepted, the sum was paid, and the Arabic MS. brought me by M. Mazolier. In the course of the winter, I, got them translated with infinite difficulty into the Frank language, and thence translated them into French myself; the public

are thus enabled to enjoy the fruits of a ten years' journeying, which no other traveller has hitherto effected. The extreme difficulty of this triple translation must be an excuse for the style of the notes. The style indeed is of little importance in such works; facts and manners are everything. I am fully satisfied that the first translator has altered nothing; he has only suppressed some tedious details consisting of idle repetitions which availed nothing.

Should this recital possess any interest in a scientific, a geographical, or a political point of view, I have only one wish to form; it is that the French government, which such a period of peril and exile was intended to enlighten and serve, should show a tardy gratitude towards the unfortunate Fatalla Sayeghir, whose services might even still be useful. In this wish I include too the young and skilful interpreter, M. Mazolier, who has translated these notes from the Arabic, and who accompanied me for a year in my travels in Syria, Galilee, and Arabia. Versed in the knowledge of Arabic, the son of an Arab mother, nephew of one of the most powerful and revered sheiks of Lebanon, having already traversed all those countries with me, familiar with the manners of the tribes, a man of courage, intelligence and honour, heartily devoted to France, this young man might be of the utmost service to the government in our relations with Syria. French nationality terminates not with our frontiers. Our country has sons as attached upon shores whose

name she scarcely knows. M. Mazolier is one of those sons. France should not forget him. No one could serve her better than he, in countries in which the effects of our activity of civilization, protection, and even of policy, must soon be necessarily felt. The following is the narrative of Fatalla Sayeghir, literally translated.

NARRATIVE OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR.

At eighteen years of age, I quitted Aleppo, my country, with a stock of merchandise, to establish myself in Cyprus. Being tolerably fortunate in the first year of my commercial speculations, I took a liking to the business, and adopted the fatal idea of taking to Trieste a cargo of the productions of the island. In a short time my goods were embarked; they consisted of cotton, silk, wine, sponge, and colocynth. On the 18th March 1809, my ship, commanded by Capt. *Chefalinati*, set sail. I was already calculating the profits of my venture, and rejoicing at the idea of the gross returns, when, in the midst of my delightful illusions, the fatal news arrived of the capture of the vessel by an English ship of war, which had taken her to Malta. In consequence of such a loss, I was obliged to strike my balance, and retire from trade; and I quitted Cyprus totally ruined, and returned to Aleppo. Some days after my arrival I dined at one of my friends' with several persons, amongst whom was a stranger, very ill-dressed,

but to whom much consideration was shown. After dinner there was music; and the stranger sitting beside me, conversed with much affability: we spoke of music, and after a long conversation, I rose to ask him his name. I learned that it was M. Lascaris de Ventimiglia, and that he was a knight of Malta. The following day, I saw him coming to my house, holding in his hand a violin. "My good young man," said he on entering, "I remarked yesterday how much you like music; I already look upon you as my son, and bring you a violin of which I beg your acceptance." I received with much pleasure the instrument, which was exactly to my taste, and gave him very many thanks. After an animated conversation of two hours, during which he questioned me upon all sorts of subjects, he retired. The next day he returned, and continued in this manner his visits for a fortnight; he then proposed to me to give him lessons in Arabic for an hour every day, for which he offered me a hundred piastres a month. I gladly accepted this advantageous proposal; and after six months' teaching he began to read and speak Arabic tolerably well. One day he said to me, "My dear son, (he always addressed me thus,) I see that you have a great inclination for commerce; and as I wish to remain some time with you, I should like to employ you in a manner agreeable to yourself. Here is money: purchase goods, such as are saleable at Homs, at Hama, and the neighbourhood. We will trade in the countries least frequented by merchants; you will

find we shall succeed well." My desire of remaining with M. de Lascaris, and the persuasion that the undertaking would be successful, determined me to accept the proposal without hesitation; and I began, according to a note which he sent me, to make the purchases, which consisted of the following articles: red cloth, amber, corals in chaplets, cotton handkerchiefs, silk handkerchiefs black and silk, black shirts, pins, needles, box combs and horn, rings, horses' bits, bracelets of glass beads, and other glass ornaments; to these we added chemical products, spices, and drugs. M. Lascaris paid for these different articles eleven thousand piastres, or two thousand tallaris.

The people of Aleppo, who saw me purchasing the goods, told me that M. Lascaris was become mad. Indeed his dress and his manners made him pass for mad. He wore his beard long and ill-combed, a white turban very dirty, a shabby robe or *gombaz*, with a vest beneath, a leather belt, and red shoes without stockings. When spoken to, he pretended not to understand what was said. He spent the greater part of the day at the coffee-house, and ate at the bazaar, which was never done by the higher people. This behaviour had an object, as I afterwards discovered; but those who knew it not thought his mind was deranged. As to myself, I found him full of sense and wisdom; in short, a superior man. One day when all the goods were packed, he called me to him, to ask what was said of him at Aleppo. "They say," replied I, "that you are mad." "And what do

you think yourself?" said he. "I think that you are full of sense and knowledge." "I hope in time to prove it so," said he; "but I must have you engage to do all I shall order, without reply or asking a reason; to obey me in everything; in short, I must have a blind obedience; you will have no occasion to repent." He then told me to fetch him some mercury; I instantly obeyed: he mixed it with grease and two other drugs, of which I was ignorant, and assured me, that a thread of cotton dipped in this preparation and tied round the neck was a security against the bite of insects. I thought to myself there were not insects enough at Homs, or at Hama, to require such a preservative; that therefore it was destined for some other country; but as he had interdicted every remark, I merely asked him on what day we should depart, that I might order the moukres, (camel-drivers). "I allow you," he replied, "thirty days to divert yourself; my chest is at your disposal; enjoy yourself, spend what you like, spare nothing." This is, thought I, for a farewell to the world which he wishes me to make: but the strong attachment I already felt for him stifled this reflection; I thought no longer but of the present, and availed myself of the time he allowed to enjoy myself. But alas! the time for pleasure soon passes! it soon came to an end. M. Lascaris pressed me to depart; I submitted to his orders, and profiting by a caravan that set out for Hama, Thursday the 18th of February 1810, we left Aleppo, and arrived at the village

of Saarmin, after twelve hours' march. The next day we set out for Nuarat el Nahaman, a pretty little town, distant six hours. It is celebrated for the salubrity of the air and the goodness of its waters; it is the native place of the celebrated Arabian poet Abu el Hella el Maari, who was blind from his birth. He had learned to write by a singular method. He remained in a vapour bath while they traced on his back the form of the Arabic letters with iced water. Many are the traits of sagacity related of him; among others the following:—Being at Bagdad with a calife, to whom he was continually boasting of the air and water of his native place, the calife procured some water from the river Nuarat, and without any intimation gave it him to drink. The poet, immediately recognising it, exclaimed, "Here is its limpid water, but where its air so pure!" To return to the caravan: it remained two days at Nuarat, to be present at a fair that was held there on Sundays. We went to walk about, and in the multitude I lost sight of M. Lascaris, who had disappeared in the midst. After looking for him a long while, I at last discovered him in a solitary spot conversing with a ragged Bedouin. I asked him with surprise what pleasure he found in the conversation of such a person, who could neither understand his Arabic, nor make him understand his. "The day," said he, "when I have first had the honour of speaking with a Bedouin is one of the happiest days of my life." "In that case," I replied, "you will often be at the summit of

happiness, for we shall be continually meeting with this sort of people."

He made me buy some *galettes* (the bread of the country) and some cheese, and gave them to Hettall, (the name of the Arab,) who thanked us and took leave. The 20th February we left Nuarat el Nahaman, and, after six hours' march, we arrived at Khrau Cheikhria, and the next day, after nine hours, at Hama, a considerable town, where we were known to nobody, as M. Lascaris had brought no letters of recommendation. We passed the first night in a coffee-house; and, the next day, hired a room in the khan of Asshad Pacha. As I was beginning to open the bales, and prepare the goods for sale, M. Lascaris said to me with a dissatisfied air, "You are only thinking of your miserable commerce! If you knew how many more useful and interesting things there are to be done!" After that I thought no more of selling, and went to survey the town. On the fourth day, M. Lascaris, walking by himself, proceeded as far as the castle which is falling to ruins. Having examined it attentively, he had the imprudence to begin taking its dimensions. Four vagabonds, who were concealed under a broken arch, threw themselves upon him with threats to denounce him for wishing to carry off treasures, and introduce the giaours into the castle. With a little money all might have been ended without noise; but M. Lascaris defended himself, and with difficulty escaped from their hands and came to me. He had not finished telling me his

adventure, when we saw two men from the government enter with one of the informers. They took the key of our room, and led us away, driving us with sticks like felons. Being brought into the presence of the mutzelim, Selim Beg, known for his cruelty, he thus questioned us: "Of what country are you?" "My companion is from Cyprus," I replied, "and myself from Aleppo." "What object leads you to this country?" "We are come to trade." "You lie; your companion was seen about the castle, taking its dimensions and drawing plans; it is to obtain treasure, and deliver the place to the infidels." Then turning to the guards, "Take the two dogs," said he, "to the dungeon."—We were not allowed to say another word. Being brought to the prison, we were loaded with chains from the neck to the feet, and shut up in a dark dungeon, which was so small that we could hardly turn. After a time we obtained a light, and some bread, for a tallari; but the immense quantity of bugs and other insects that infested the prison prevented us from closing our eyes. We had scarcely courage to think of means to get out of the horrible place. At length I recollected a Christian writer, named Selim, whom I knew by reputation as a useful person. I gained over one of our guards, who went for him; and the following day Selim arranged the matter by means of a present of sixty tallaris to the mutzelim, and fifty piastres to his people. At this price we obtained our liberty. This imprisonment procured for us the acquaintance of

Selim, and several other persons at Hama, with whom we passed three weeks very agreeably.

The town is charming; the Orontes crosses it, and renders it gay and animated; its abundant waters keep up the verdure of numerous gardens. The inhabitants are amiable, lively, and witty. They admire poetry and cultivate it with success. They have been well characterised with the epithet of speaking birds. M. Lascaris having asked Selim for a letter of recommendation to a man of humble condition at Homs, who might serve us as guide, he wrote the following note: "To our brother Yakoûb, health! They who will present you this letter are pedlars, and come to you to sell their wares in the neighbourhood of Homs; assist them as far as you are able. Your pains will not be lost; they are honest people. Farewell!"

M. Lascaris, well satisfied with this letter, wished to take advantage of a caravan that was going to Homs. We departed on the 25th March, and arrived after six hours at Rastain, which is at present only the ruin of an ancient considerable town. It contains nothing remarkable. We continued our route, and at the end of another six hours we reached Homs. Yakoub, to whom we delivered our letter, received us admirably, and gave us a supper. His trade was making black cloaks, called machlas. After supper, some men of his own rank came to pass the evening with him, drinking coffee and smoking. One of them, a locksmith named Naufal, appeared very intelli-

gent. He spoke to us of the Bedouins, of their manner of living and making war; he told us that he passed six months of the year with these tribes to arrange their arms, and that he had many friends among them. When we were alone, M. Lascaris said to me that he had that night seen all his relatives; and as I expressed my wonder at learning that there were any of the people of Ventimiglia at Homs, "My meeting with Naufal," said he, "is more valuable to me than that with my whole family."

It was late when we retired, and the master of the house gave a mattress and covering for us both. M. Lascaris had never slept with any one; but, out of kindness, he insisted that I should share the bed with him: not wishing to contradict him, I placed myself beside him; but as soon as the light was out, wrapping myself in my machlas, I crept out to the ground, where I passed the night. The next morning, on waking, we found ourselves lying in the same manner; M. Lascaris having done as I had. He came and embraced me, saying, "It is a good sign that we had the same idea, my dear son; for I like to call you so, as it pleases you, I hope, as well as me." I thanked him for the interest he showed me, and we went out together to prevail on Naufal to accompany us through the town, and show us what curiosity it contained, promising to pay him for the loss of the day. The population of Homs is about eight thousand. The character of the people is quite different from that of the inhabitants

of Hama. The citadel, situated in the centre of the town, is falling to ruins; the ramparts still preserved are watered by a branch of the Orontes. The air is pure. We bought for forty piastres two sheep-skin cloaks like those of the Bedouins: these cloaks are water-proof. To be the more at liberty, we hired a room at the khan, and begged Naufal to stay with us, engaging to pay him as much as he would have earned in his shop,—about three piastres a day. He was of the greatest use. M. Lascaris questioned him dexterously, and obtained from him all the information he wished: getting him to describe the manners, usages, and character of the Bedouins, their mode of receiving strangers and treating them. We stayed thirty days at Homs, to wait the return of the Bedouins, who commonly quit the neighbourhood of that city in October, to proceed to the south, according to the weather, and the water and pasturage; progressing one day, and halting five or six. Some go as far as Bagdad, others to Chatt el Arab, where the Tigris and the Euphrates join. In February they commence their return to Syria, and at the end of April they are found again in the deserts of Damascus and Aleppo. Naufal gave us all this intelligence, and told us that the Bedouins made constant use of cloaks like ours, black machlas, and above all of cafiés. M. Lascaris accordingly made me buy twenty cloaks, ten machlas, and fifty cafiés, of which I made a bale. This purchase amounted to twelve hundred piastres. Naufal having proposed to us to visit the

citadel, the recollection of the adventure at Hama made us at first hesitate; but, on his assurance that nothing disagreeable could happen, and that he would be responsible, we consented, and went with him to view the ruins seated at the top of a small hill in the middle of the town. The castle is in better preservation than that of Hama. We observed in it a deep and concealed grotto, in which was an abundant spring; the water escaped by an opening four feet by two, and passed through bars of iron into a second opening. It is excellent. An old tradition was told us, that the passage being once stopped up, there came a deputation from Persia, which, for a considerable sum paid to the government, procured it to be reopened, and that for the future the water should not be obstructed. The entrance into the grotto is now forbidden, and it is very difficult to get in.

Returning home, M. Lascaris asked me, if I had noted down what we had seen, and what had occurred since our departure; and on my answer in the negative, he begged that I would do so, making me promise to keep an exact journal in Arabic of all that had occurred, that he might himself translate it into French. From that time I took notes, which he carefully transcribed every day and returned to me the day following. I have now put them together in the hope that they may one day prove useful, and obtain for me a slight compensation for my fatigues and sufferings.

M. Lascaris having determined to go to the village of Saddad, I engaged Naufal to accompany us;

and joining some other persons, we quitted Homs with all our merchandise. After five hours' march, we passed a large brook running from north to south towards the castle of Hasné. This castle, commanded by an aga, is a halting-place to the caravan from Mecca to Damascus: the water is excellent for drinking, and we filled our skins with it. This was a necessary precaution, for we found no more on our seven hours' march from thence to Saddad. We arrived there at sunset. Naufal took us to the sheik, Hassaf Abu Ibrahim, a venerable old man, and father of nine children, all married, and living under the same roof. He received us most kindly, and presented us to all his family, which, to our great astonishment, amounted to sixty-four persons. The sheik having asked us if we wished to establish ourselves in the village, or travel into other countries, we told him we were merchants; that war between the powers having interrupted the communication by sea with Cyprus, we had been desirous of settling at Aleppo, but finding in that city richer merchants than ourselves, we had determined to carry our goods to less frequented places, hoping to make larger gains. Having then told him in what our merchandise consisted, "These articles," said he, "are only useful to the Arabs of the desert; I am sorry to tell you so, but it will be impossible to get to them; and even if you should, you run the risk of losing everything, even your lives. The Bedouins are greedy and audacious; they will seize your goods, and, if you

offer the least resistance, will put you to death. You are people of honour and delicacy; you could never put up with their grossness; it is for your sake that I speak thus, being myself a Christian. Take my advice: expose your goods here, sell all that you can, and then return to Aleppo, if you would preserve your property and your lives." He had hardly left off speaking, when the principal people of the village, who had assembled to see us, began telling us alarming stories. One of them said, that a pedlar coming from Aleppo, and going into the desert, had been plundered by the Bedouins, and had been seen returning quite naked. Another had learned that a merchant from Damascus had been killed. All agreed as to the impossibility of penetrating amongst the hordes of Bedouins, and endeavoured by every possible means to deter us from the dangerous enterprise.

I saw that M. Lascaris was vexed; he turned to me, and said in Italian, not to be understood by the others, "What say you to this account, which has much discouraged me?" "I do not believe," said I, "all these stories; and even if they were true, we ought still to persevere in our project. Ever since you announced to me your intention to go among the Bedouins, I have never hoped to revisit my home. I regarded the thirty days you allowed me at Aleppo to enjoy myself, as my last farewell of the world; I consider our journey as a real campaign; and he who goes to war, being well resolved, should never

think of his return. Let us not lose our courage: though Hassaf is a sheik, and has experience, and understands the cultivation of land and the affairs of his village, he can have no idea of the importance of our business: I therefore am of opinion that we should speak to him no more of our journey into the desert, but place our trust in God, the protector of the universe." These words produced the effect upon M. Lascaris, who embraced me tenderly, and said, "My dear son, I put all my hope in God and in you; you are a man of resolution, I see; I am most satisfied with the strength of your character, and I hope to attain my object by the aid of your courage and constancy." After this conversation, we went to sleep, equally satisfied with one another.

We passed the next day in walking about the village, which contains about two hundred houses and five churches. The inhabitants, Syrian Christians, fabricate machlas and black abas, and pay little attention to agriculture, from want of water, which is sensibly felt. There is only one little spring in the village, the distribution of the water being regulated by an hour-glass. It scarcely suffices to water the gardens, which, in a climate where it seldom rains, are unproductive without watering. Some years there does not fall a drop of rain. The produce of the soil is hardly enough for six months' consumption; and, for the remainder of the year, the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to Homs. In the middle of the village there arises an ancient tower of prodigious height.

It dates from the foundation of a colony whose history the sheik told us. The founders were natives of Tripoli in Syria, where their church still exists. At the most flourishing period of the Eastern empire, the Greeks, full of pride and rapacity, tyrannised over the conquered people. The governor of Tripoli overwhelmed the inhabitants with exactions and cruelty; these, too few to resist, and unable to bear the yoke, concerted together to the number of three hundred families; and having secretly collected together all the valuables they could carry away, they departed without noise in the middle of the night, went to Homs, and from thence moved towards the desert of Bagdad, where they were overtaken by the Greek troops sent in pursuit of them by the governor of Tripoli. They made an obstinate and sanguinary resistance; but too inferior in numbers to conquer, and resolved on no account to submit any longer to the tyranny of the Greeks, they entered into negotiation, and obtained permission to build a village on the spot of the battle, agreeing to remain tributary to the governor of Tripoli. They established themselves at this place, at the entrance of the desert, and called their village Saddad (obstacle). This is all that the Syrian chronicle contains worthy of remark.

The inhabitants of Saddad are brave, but gentle. We unpacked our goods, and spent some days with them, to prove that we were really merchants. The women bought much of our red cotton cloth, to make chemises. The sale did not detain us

long, but we were obliged to await the arrival of the Bedouins in the environs. One day, having been told that there was four hours from the village a considerable ruin, and very ancient, in which was a natural vapour bath, the wonder excited our curiosity; and M. Lascaris, desirous of seeing it, begged the sheik to give us an escort. After marching four hours to the south-east, we arrived in the midst of an extensive ruin, in which there remains only one habitable room. The architecture is simple; but the stones are of prodigious size. On entering the room, we perceived an opening two feet square, from which issued a thick vapour; we threw into it a handkerchief, and in a minute and a half, by the watch, it was thrown out and fell at our feet. We repeated the experiment with a shirt, which, at the end of ten minutes, returned like the handkerchief. Our guides assured us that a machlas, which weighs ten pounds, would be thrown up in the same manner.

Having undressed, and placed ourselves around the opening, we were in a short time covered with perspiration, which trickled down our bodies; but the smell of the vapour was so detestable, that we could not remain a long time exposed to it. After half an hour we put on our clothes, and experienced a most delightful sensation. We were told that the vapour was really very sanative, and cured numbers of sick. Returning to the village, we supped with an excellent appetite; and never, perhaps, did I enjoy a more delicious sleep.

Having nothing more to see at Saddad, or the neighbourhood, we determined to set out for the village of Corietain. When we spoke of this to Naufal, he advised us to change our names, as our own would create suspicion in the Bedouins and the Turks. From that time M. Lascaris took the name of Sheik Ibrahim el Cabressi (the Cyprian), and gave me that of Abdallah el Katib.

Sheik Hassaf having given us a letter of recommendation to a Syrian curate named Moussi, we took leave of him and our friends at Saddad, and set off early. After four hours, we came between the two villages of Mahim and Haourin, ten minutes apart: each contains about twenty houses, mostly ruined by the Bedouins, who come from time to time to plunder them. In the midst of these villages is a lofty tower of ancient construction. The inhabitants, all Mussulmans, speak the language of the Bedouins, and dress like them. After having breakfasted and filled our water-bottles, we continued our journey for six hours, and about nightfall arrived at Corietain, at the curate Moussi's, who afforded us hospitality. The next day he conducted us to the Sheik Selim el Dahasse, a distinguished person, who received us very kindly. Having learned the motive of our journey, he made the same observation as the Sheik of Saddad. We answered him, "that, aware of the difficulties of the enterprise, we had given up the idea of penetrating into the desert, and should be satisfied with going to Palmyra, to dispose of our merchandise."—"That will be still

too difficult," added he, "for the Bedouins may still meet you and pillage you." He then began, in his turn, to repeat a thousand alarming things about the Bedouins. The curate confirming all he said, contributed to damp our spirits; when breakfast was served, which changed the conversation, and gave us time to recover.

Sheik Selim is one of those who are bound to supply the wants of the great caravan to Mecca, in conjunction with the Sheik of Palmyra; and his office gives him some influence over the Arabs: his contingent consists of two hundred camels and provisions. On our return home, Sheik Ibrahim, addressing me, said, "Well, my son, what do you think of all we have heard from Sheik Selim?"—"We must not," said I, "pay too much regard to all that the inhabitants of these villages tell us, who are always at war with the Bedouins; there cannot exist much harmony between them. Our position is very different; we are merchants,—we go to sell them our goods, and not to make war: by acting honourably towards them, I do not apprehend the least danger." These words reassured Sheik Ibrahim.

Some days after our arrival, in order to support our character of merchants, we opened our bales in the middle of the village, before the doors of the sheik: I sold to the women some articles, which were paid for in money. The idle people were standing around us to talk; one of them, very young, named Hessaisoun el Katib, helped me to take the money, and settle the accounts

with the women and children: he showed great zeal for my interests. One day, finding me alone, he asked me if I was able to keep a secret. "Be careful," said he; "it is a great secret that you must trust to nobody, not even to your companion." Having given him my word, he told me that one hour from the village was a grotto, in which was a large jar filled with sequins; he gave me one, assuring me that he could not employ the money, which was not current at Palmyra. "But you," continued he, "are going from city to city, and can change it easily; you have a thousand ways of profiting by the treasure that I have not: however, I will not give you the whole, but I shall leave the division to your generosity: you shall come with me to reconnoitre the spot; we can remove the gold by degrees and in secret, and you shall give me my share in the current coin." Having seen and handled the sequin, I believed in the truth of the story, and gave him a meeting early the following morning outside the village.

The next morning by daylight I arose, and went from the house as if to walk. At some paces from the village I found Hessaisoun, who was waiting for me: he was armed with a gun, a sabre, and pistols; I had no other arms than a long pipe. We proceeded onwards for an hour: With what impatience did I look out for the grotto!—at last I perceived it. We soon entered: I looked on all sides to discover the jar; and not seeing any, I turned towards Hessaisoun—

"Where is the jar?" said I,—I saw him grow pale—"Since we are here," exclaimed he, "learn that thy last hour is come. Thou shouldst have been dead already, were I not afraid of soiling thy clothes with blood. Before I kill thee, I will despoil thee; so give me thy bag of money: I know thou hast it about thee: it must contain more than twelve hundred piastres, which I counted myself, the price of the goods sold. Thou shalt see no more the light of day."

"Give me my life," said I, in a supplicating tone, "and I will give thee a much larger sum than that in the sack, and will tell no one of what has passed—I swear to thee."—"That cannot be," said he; "this grotto shall be thy grave. I cannot give thee thy life without exposing my own."

I swore to him a thousand times that I would be silent: I offered to give him a bill for whatever sum he should fix;—nothing could move him from his fearful project. At length, tired by my resistance, he placed his arms against the wall and darted upon me like an enraged lion, to undress me before killing me. I entreated him again—"What harm have I done you?" said I,—"what enmity is there between us? You do not know, then, that the day of judgment is at hand—that God will demand the blood of the innocent?"—But his hardened heart listened to nothing. I thought of my brother, my parents, my friends; all that was dear to me came to my mind;—desperate, I no longer prayed for protection but from my Creator. "O God! protector of the innocent!

help me! give me strength to resist!" My assassin, impatient, snatched my clothes: although he was much bigger than I, God gave me strength to struggle with him for more than half an hour: the blood flowed abundantly from my face—my clothes were torn to rags. The villain, seeing me in this state, endeavoured to strangle me, and raised his arm to grasp my neck. I took advantage of the liberty this movement allowed me, to give him with both fists a violent blow in the stomach: I knocked him backwards, and seizing his arms, I darted out of the grotto, running with all my might. I could scarcely believe the happiness of being saved. Some moments afterwards I heard a running after me: it was the assassin. He called to me, begging me to wait in the most conciliating tone. Having all his arms, I no longer feared to stop, and turning towards him, "Wretch," said I, "what is it you ask?—you would have assassinated me in secret; but it is you who will be strangled in public." He answered me by affirming with an oath, that it had all been a jest on his part; that he had wanted to try my courage, and see how I would defend myself. "But I see," added he, "that you are but a child, since you take it so."—I answered, raising the gun, that if he came a step nearer I would shoot him. Seeing that I was determined to do it, he fled across the desert, and I returned to the village.

In the mean time, Sheik Ibrahim, the curate, and Naufal, not finding me return, began

to be alarmed. Sheik Ibrahim above all, knowing that I never went to a distance without acquainting him, after two hours' delay went to the sheik, who, participating in his anxiety, sent out all the village in search of me. At last Naufal, perceiving me, cried out: "There he is!" Selim thought he was mistaken. I drew nearer: they could with difficulty recognise me. M. Lascaris embraced me and wept: I was unable to speak. They took me to the curate's, bathed my wounds and put me to bed. At length I found strength to relate my adventure. Selim sent horsemen in pursuit of the assassin, giving to the negro the rope that was to strangle him; but they returned without being able to overtake him, and we soon learned that he had entered the service of the Pacha of Damascus. He never returned to Corietain.

At the end of a few days my wounds began to heal, and I soon recovered my strength. Sheik Selim, who had conceived a great friendship for me, brought me a telescope that was out of order, telling me I should be a clever fellow if I could mend it. As there was only a glass to replace, I restored it and brought it to him. He was so pleased with my skill, that he gave me the surname of "the industrious."

In a short time we learnt that the Bedouins were approaching Palmyra: some were seen even in the environs of Corietain. Presently there came one, named Selame el Hassan. We were at Selim's when he entered: coffee was brought, and

while we were taking it, many of the inhabitants came to the sheik, and said: "Eight years ago, at such a place, Hassan killed our relative; and we are come to demand justice." Hassan denied the fact, and asked if they had witnesses. "No," they replied; "but you were seen passing alone on the road, and a little after we found our relative lying dead. We know that there existed a cause of hatred between you: it is therefore clear that you are his assassin." Hassan still denied the charge: and the sheik, who from fear was obliged to exercise caution with the Bedouins, and besides had no positive proof in the case, took a piece of wood and said, "By Him who created this stem, swear that you have not killed their relation." Hassan took the wood, looked at it some minutes, and bent down his head; then raising it towards his accusers, "I will not have," said he, "two crimes on my heart,—the one of being the murderer of this man, the other of swearing falsely before God. It is I who have killed your kinsman: what do you demand for the price of his blood?" * The sheik, from policy, would not act according to the full rigour of the law; and the persons present being interested in the negotiation, it was decided that Hassan should pay three hundred piastres to the relations of the dead. When it came to the payment of the money, he said he had it not about him, but that he would bring it in a few days; and as some

* According to Arab law, murder is compensated by money; and the sum is fixed according to circumstances.

difficulty was made of letting him go without security, "I have no pledge," said he, "to give; but He will answer for me whose name I would not profane by a false oath." He departed; and four days afterwards returned with fifteen sheep, each worth above twenty piastres.—This trait of good faith and generosity at once charmed and surprised us. We wished to make acquaintance with Hassan: Sheik Ibrahim invited him, gave him a few presents, and we became intimate friends. He told us that he belonged to the tribe El-Ammour, whose chief was Sultan el Brrak. This tribe, composed of five hundred tents, is considered as constituting part of the country, because it never quits the banks of the Euphrates when the great tribes retire. They sell sheep, camels, and butter at Damascus, Homs, Hama, &c. The inhabitants of these different cities have often a concern in their flocks.

We one day said to Hassan that we were desirous of going to Palmyra to sell our remaining merchandise, but that we had been alarmed by the dangers of the road. Having offered to conduct us, he made a note before the sheik, by which he made himself responsible for all the disasters that might happen. Being satisfied that Hassan was a man of honour, we accepted his proposal.

Spring was come, and the desert, lately so arid, was all at once covered with a carpeting of verdure and flowers. This enchanting spectacle induced us to hasten our departure. The night before, we deposited at the curate Moussi's a part of our

goods, in order not to awaken either curiosity or cupidity. Naufal wished to return to Homs, and M. Lascaris dismissed him with a liberal recompense; and the next day, having hired some moukres, with their camels, we took leave of the people of Corietain, and having provided water and provisions for two days, we departed betimes, carrying a letter of recommendation from Sheik Selim to the Sheik of Palmyra, whose name was Ragial el Orouk.

After a ten hours' march, always towards the east, we stopped at a square tower, extremely lofty and of massive construction, called Casser el Ourdaan, on the territory El Dawh. This tower, built in the time of the Greek empire, served for an advanced post against the Persians, who came to carry off the inhabitants of the country. This bulwark of the desert has preserved its name till these times. After having admired its architecture, which belongs to a good period, we returned to pass the night at our little khan, where we suffered much from the cold. In the morning, as we were preparing to depart, M. Lascaris, not yet accustomed to the movements of camels, mounted his without care; which rising suddenly, threw him down. We ran to him: his leg appeared to be dislocated; but, as he would not be detained, after having done what we could, we replaced him on his seat and continued our route. We proceeded for two hours, when we observed at a distance a cloud of dust approaching us, and soon were able to distinguish six armed horsemen.

Hardly had Hassan perceived them, when he threw off his cloak, took his lance and ran to meet them, crying out to us not to go forward. Having come up to them, he told them that we were merchants going to Palmyra, and that he had engaged before Sheik Selim and all his village to conduct us thither in safety. But these Bedouins, of the tribe El Hassnnee, without listening to him, came up to us: Hassan threw himself forward to stop the road; they attempted to drive him back, and a battle began. Our defender was known for his valour, but his opponents were equally brave. He sustained the attack for half an hour, and at length, wounded by a lance which pierced his thigh, he retired towards us, and soon fell from his horse. The Bedouins were beginning to plunder us, when Hassan, extended on the ground, the blood flowing from his wound, apostrophised them in these terms:—

"What are you about, my friends?—will you then violate the laws of Arabs, the usages of the Bedouins? They whom you are plundering are my brethren—they have my word; I am responsible for all that may befall them, and you are robbing them!—is this according to honour?"

"Why," said they, "did you undertake to convey Christians to Palmyra? Know you not that Mehanna el Fadel" (the sheik of their tribe) "is chief of the country? Why did you not ask his permission?"

"I know," replied Hassan; "but these merchants were in haste; Mehanna is far from this.

I have pledged my word—they believed me; they know our laws and our usages, which never change. Is it worthy of you to violate them, by despoiling these strangers, and leaving me wounded in this manner?"

At these words, the Bedouins, ceasing their violence, answered, "All that you say is true and just; and as it is so, we will take from thy protégés only what they choose to give us."

We made all haste to offer them two machlas, a cloak, and a hundred piastres. They were satisfied, and left us to pursue our route. Hassan suffered a great deal from his wound; and as he could not remount his horse, I gave him my camel, and took his mare. We proceeded for four hours; but the sun being set, we were obliged to halt at a place called Waddi el Nahr (Valley of the River). However, there was not a drop of water in it, and our skins were empty: the attack in the morning had detained us three hours, and it was impossible to go further that night.

Notwithstanding all we had to suffer, we were still very happy at having escaped the Bedouins, and preserved our clothes, which secured us a little from the cold wind, that affected us sensibly. In short, between pleasure and pain we watched with impatience for the dawn of day. Sheik Ibrahim suffered from his foot, and Hassan from his wound. In the morning, having disposed of our sick in the best manner we could, we again set forward, and still towards the east. At an hour and a quarter from Palmyra we found a sub-

terraneous stream, the spring of which is entirely unknown, as well as the place where it is lost. The water is seen to flow through openings of about five feet, forming a sort of basins. It is unnecessary to say with what delight we quenched our thirst:—the water appeared excellent.

At the entrance of a pass formed by the junction of two mountains, we at length perceived the celebrated Palmyra. This defile forms for a quarter of an hour an avenue to the city; along the mountain on the south side extends for almost three hours a very ancient rampart. Facing you to the left is an old castle, built by the Turks after the invention of gunpowder. It is called Co Lat Ebn Maâen.—This Ebn Maâen, a governor of Damascus in the time of the Khalifs, had built the castle to prevent the Persians from penetrating into Syria.—We next arrived at a vast space, called Waddi el Cabour (Valley of the Tombs). The sepulchres that cover it appear at a distance like towers. On coming near, we saw that niches had been cut in them to enclose the dead. Every niche is shut up by a stone, on which is carved the portrait of its occupant. The towers have three or four stories, communicating by means of a staircase, commonly in good preservation. From thence we came into a vast enclosure inhabited by the Arabs, who call it the Castle. It contains, in fact, the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. Two hundred families reside in these ruins. We immediately presented ourselves to Sheik Ragial el Orouk, a venerable old man,

who received us well, and made us sup and sleep with him. This sheik, like the sheik of Corietain, furnishes two hundred camels to the great caravan of Mecca.

The following day, having hired a house, we unpacked our goods. I attended to the foot of Sheik Ibrahim, which was in reality dislocated. He had long to suffer the pain. Hassan found friends at Palmyra who took care of him; and being soon recovered, he came to take leave of us, and went away delighted with the manner in which we recompensed him.

Being obliged to keep at home for several days on account of Sheik Ibrahim's foot, we set about selling some articles to confirm our mercantile character. But as soon as M. Lascaris was in a fit state to walk, we went to visit the temple in all its minutiæ. Other travellers have described the ruins: therefore we will only speak of what may have escaped their observation relating to the country.

We one day saw many people engaged in surrounding with wood a beautiful granite column. We were told it was to burn it, or rather to cause it to fall, in order to obtain the lead which was in the joinings. Sheik Ibrahim, full of indignation, addressing me, exclaimed, "What would the founders of Palmyra say if they beheld these barbarians thus destroying their work? Since chance has brought me hither, I will oppose this act of Vandalism." And having learned what might be the worth of the lead, he gave the fifty

piastres they asked, and the column became our property. It was of the most beautiful red granite, spotted with blue and black, sixty-two feet in length, and ten in circumference. The Palmyrians, perceiving our taste for monuments, pointed out to us a curious spot, an hour and a half distant, in which the columns were formerly cut, and where there are still some beautiful fragments. For ten piastres three Arabs agreed to take us there. The road is strewed with very beautiful ruins, described, I presume, by other travellers. We observed a grotto, in which was a beautiful white marble column cut and chiselled, and another only half finished. One might say that Time, the destroyer of so much magnificence, was wanting to place up the first, and to finish the second.

After having been into several grottoes, and visited the neighbourhood, we came back by another road. Our guides pointed out a beautiful spring, covered with blocks of stone. It is called Ain Ournus. The name struck Sheik Ibrahim. At last, calling me, he said: "I have discovered what this name Ournus means. Aurelianus, the Roman emperor, came to besiege Palmyra and take possession of its riches. It is he probably who dug this well for the wants of his army during the siege, and the spring may have taken his name, changed by the lapse of time into Ournus." According to my feeble knowledge of history, Sheik Ibrahim's conjecture is not without foundation.

The inhabitants of Palmyra are but little occupied about agriculture. Their chief employment is the working of a salt-mine, the produce of which they send to Damascus and Homs. They also make a great deal of soda. The plant that furnishes it is very abundant: it is burnt, and the ashes are also sent to those towns to make soap. They are even sent sometimes as far as Tripoli in Syria, where there are many soap manufactories, and which supply the Archipelago.

We were one day informed of a very curious grotto; but the entrance to it, being dark and narrow, was hardly practicable. It was three hours from Palmyra. We felt a wish to see it; but my adventure with Hessaisoun was too recent to commit ourselves without a strong escort: therefore we begged Sheik Ragial to furnish us with trusty people. Astonished at our project, "You are very curious," said he: "what does the grotto signify to you? Instead of attending to your business, you pass your time in this trifling. Never did I see such merchants as you." —"Man always profits," said I, "by seeing all the beauties that nature has created." The sheik having given us six men well armed, I provided myself with a ball of thread, a large nail, and torches, and we set out very early in the morning. After two hours' march we reached the foot of a mountain. A great hole that they showed us formed the entrance of the grotto. I stuck my nail into a place out of sight, and holding the ball in my hand, followed Sheik Ibrahim and the

guides who carried the torches. We went on, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, then up and then down; in short, the grotto is large enough to accommodate an entire army. We found a good deal of alum. The vault and the sides of the rock were covered with sulphur, and the bottom with nitre. We remarked a species of red earth, very fine, of an acid taste. Sheik Ibrahim put a handful into his handkerchief. The grotto is full of cavities cut out with a chisel, whence metals were anciently taken. Our guides told us of many persons who had lost themselves in it and perished. A man had remained there two days in vain looking for the outlet, when he saw a wolf: he threw stones at him; and having put him to flight, followed him, and so found the opening. My length of cord being exhausted, we would not go further, but retraced our steps. The charm of curiosity had, without doubt, smoothed the way, for we had infinite difficulty in gaining the outlet.

As soon as we were out, we hastened our breakfast, and took the road to Palmyra. The sheik, who was expecting us, asked us what we had gained by the journey. "We have learned," said I, "that the ancients were more skilful than we; for it may be seen by their works that they could go in and out with ease, whilst we had great difficulty in extricating ourselves."

He set up a laugh, and we quitted him to go and rest ourselves. At night Sheik Ibrahim found the handkerchief, in which he had put the red

earth, all in holes and rotten. The earth had fallen into his pocket. He put it into a bottle,* and told me that probably the ancients had obtained gold from this grotto. Chemical experience proves that where there is sulphur there is often gold; and besides, the great works we had remarked could not have been made merely to extract sulphur and alum, but evidently something more precious. If the Arabs had suspected that we were going to search for gold, our lives would not have been safe.

From day to day we heard of the approach of the Bedouins, and Sheik Ibrahim was as rejoiced as if he was about to see his countrymen. He was enchanted when I announced to him the arrival of the great Bedouin prince, Mehanna el Fadel. He wished immediately to go to meet him; but I represented to him, that it would be more prudent to wait a favourable opportunity of seeing some one of the emir's (prince's) family. I knew that, ordinarily, Mehanna sent a messenger to the Sheik of Palmyra to announce to him his approach. In fact, I witnessed the arrival one day of eleven Bedouin horsemen, and learned that the Emir Nasser was amongst them, the eldest son of Mehanna. I ran to carry the intelligence to Sheik Ibrahim, who seemed at the height of joy. Immediately we went to Sheik Ragial, to present us to the Emir Nasser, who gave us a kind reception. "These strangers," said Ragial to him, "are honest merchants, who have goods

* This bottle was taken with all the rest into Egypt.

to sell useful to the Bedouins; but they have so frightened them, that they dare not venture into the desert unless you will grant them your protection."

The emir, turning towards us, said:—"Hope for all sorts of prosperity: you shall be welcome; and I promise you that nothing shall befall you but the rain which descends from heaven." We offered him many thanks, saying, "Since we have had the advantage of making your acquaintance, and you will be our protector, you will do us the honour of eating with us?"

The Arabs in general, and above all the Bedouins, regard it as an inviolable pledge of fidelity to have eaten with any one—even to have broken bread with him. We therefore invited him, with all his suite, as well as the sheik. We killed a sheep, and the dinner, dressed in the manner of the Bedouins, appeared to them excellent. At dessert we offered them figs, raisins, almonds, and nuts, which was a great treat to them. After coffee, when we began to speak of different things, we related to Nasser our adventure with the six horsemen of his tribe. He wished to punish them and restore our money. We earnestly conjured him not to do so, assuring him we attached no value to what we had given. We would have departed with him the next day, but he induced us to await the arrival of his father, who was at eight days' distance. He promised to send us an escort, and camels to carry our merchandise. For

a greater security, we begged him to write by his father, which he engaged to do.

The second day after, there arrived at Palmyra a Bedouin of the tribe El Hassnnee, named Bani; and some hours after, seven others of the tribe El Daffir, with which that of Hassunee is at war. These having learned that there was one of their enemies in the city, resolved to wait for him out of the town to kill him. Bani having been told this, came to us, tied his mare to our door, and begged us to lend him a felt. We had several which wrapped our merchandise; I brought him one. He put it to soak in water for half an hour, and then placed it, wet as it was, on his mare's back, underneath the saddle. Two hours afterwards she had a strong diarrhœa, which lasted all the evening, and the next day seemed to have nothing in her body. Bani then took off the felt, which he returned, well girthed his seat, and departed.

About four hours after noon we saw the Bedouins of the tribe El Daffir return without booty. Some one having asked them what they had done with the mare of Bani, "This," said they, "is what has happened to us. Not wishing to commit an insult towards Ragial, a tributary of Mehanna, we abstained from attacking our enemy in the city. We might have waited for him in a narrow pass; but we were seven to one: we therefore resolved to wait for him in the open plain. Having perceived him, we ran upon him;

but as soon as he was in the midst of us, he uttered a loud cry, saying to his horse, '*Jah Hamra!*—It is now thy turn,'—and he flew off like lightning. We followed him to his tribe without being able to catch him, astonished at the swiftness of his mare, which seemed like a bird cleaving the air with its wings." I then told them the history of the felt, which caused them much wonder, having, said they, no idea of such sorcery.

Eight days after, three men came to us from Mehanna el Fadel: they came to us with the camels, and put into our hands a letter from himself; these are the contents:—

"Mehanna el Fadel, the son of Melkhgem, to Sheik Ibrahim and Abdalla el Katib, greeting. May the mercy of God be upon you! On the arrival of our son Nasser, we were informed of the desire you have to visit us. Be welcome! you will shed blessing upon us. Fear nothing! you have the protection of God, and the word of Mehanna; nothing shall touch you but the rain of heaven! Signed, MEHANNA EL FFADEL."

A seal was appended by the side of the signature. The letter gave great pleasure to Sheik Ibrahim: our preparations were soon made, and early the next morning we were out of Palmyra. Being arrived at a village watered by an abundant spring, we filled our skins for the rest of the route. This village, called Arak, is four hours from Palmyra. We met a great number of Bedouins, who, after having questioned our conductors, continued their road. After a march of

ten hours, the plain appeared covered with fifteen hundred tents: it was the tribe of Mehanna. We entered into the tent of the emir, who ordered us coffee at three different intervals; which, amongst the Bedouins, is the greatest proof of consideration. After the third cup, supper was served, which we were obliged to eat *à la Turque:* it was the first time this had occurred, so that we burnt our fingers. Mehanna perceived it.

"You are not accustomed," said he, "to eat as we do."—"It is true," replied Sheik Ibrahim; "but why do you not make use of spoons? it is always possible to procure them, if only of wood."—"We are Bedouins," replied the emir, "and we keep to the customs of our ancestors, which, besides, we consider well founded. The hand and the mouth are the parts of the body that God has given us to aid each other. Why then make use of a strange thing, whether of wood or of metal, to reach the mouth, when the hand is naturally made for that purpose?" We were obliged to approve these reasons, and I remarked to Sheik Ibrahim that Mehanna was the first Bedouin philosopher that we had encountered.

The next day the emir had a camel killed to regale us, and I learned that that was a high mark of consideration, the Bedouins measuring the importance of the stranger by the animal they kill to welcome him. They begin with a lamb, and finish with a camel. This was the first time we had eaten the flesh of this animal, and we thought it rather insipid.

The Emir Mehanna was a man of eighty years of age, little, thin, deaf, and very ill clothed. His great influence among the Bedouins arises from his noble and generous heart, and from being the chief of a very ancient and numerous family. He is entrusted by the Pacha of Damascus with the escort of the grand caravan to Mecca, for twenty-five purses (twelve thousand five hundred piastres), which are paid him before their departure from Damascus. He has three sons, Nasser, Faress, and Hamed, all married, and inhabiting the same tent as their father. This tent is seventy-two feet long, and as many wide; it is of black horsehair, and divided into three partitions. In the further one is kept the provisions, and there the cookery is performed; the slaves, too, sleep there. The middle is kept for the women, and all the family retire to it at night. The fore part is occupied by the men: in this strangers are received: this part is called Rabha.

After three days devoted to enjoying their hospitality, we opened our bales, and sold many articles, upon most of which we lost more or less. I did not understand this mode of dealing, and said so to Sheik Ibrahim. "Have you then forgot our conditions?" said he. I excused myself, and continued to sell according to his pleasure.

One day we saw arrive fifty well-mounted horsemen, who, having stopped before the tents, dismounted and sat on the ground. The Emir Nasser, charged with all the affairs since his father had become deaf, went to join them, ac-

companied by his cousin Sheik Zamel, and held a conference with them for two hours, after which the men remounted their horses and departed. Sheik Ibrahim, anxious about this mysterious interview, knew not how to ascertain the motive of it. Having already been often with the women, I took a coral necklace, and went to Naura, the wife of Nasser, to present it to her. She accepted it, made me sit near her, and offered me in her turn dates and coffee. After these reciprocal acts of politeness, I came to the object of my visit, and said, "Excuse my importunity, I entreat you, but strangers are curious and timid; the little merchandise we have here is the remnant of a considerable fortune, which misfortunes have deprived us of. The Emir Nasser was just now holding conference with strangers—that excites our apprehension; we would know the subject."—"I will satisfy your curiosity," said Naura; "but on condition that you will keep my secret, and appear to know nothing. Know that my husband has many enemies among the Bedouins, who hate him for humbling the national pride by exalting the power of the Turks. The alliance of Nasser with the Osmanlis greatly displeases the Bedouins, who hate them. It is even contrary to the advice of his father, and the heads of the tribe, who murmur against him. The object of this meeting was to concert a plan of attack. To-morrow they will assail the tribe El Daffir, to take their flocks, and do them all the mischief possible: the God of battle will give

the victory to whom he pleases: but as to you, you have nothing to fear." Having thanked Naura, I withdrew well satisfied with having gained her confidence.

Sheik Ibrahim, informed by me of all the wife of Nasser had told me, said that it caused him the greatest vexation. "I was endeavouring," added he, "to attach myself to a tribe hostile to the Osmanlis, and here I am with a chief allied to them." I did not dare ask the meaning of these words, but they served to set me thinking.

About sunset three hundred horsemen assembled beyond the encampment, and marched early in the morning, having at their head Nasser, Hamed, and Zamel. Three days afterwards a messenger came to announce their return. A great number of men and women went out to meet them; and when they had reached them, they sent up on both sides loud shouts of joy, and in this manner made their triumphal entry into the camp, preceded by a hundred and eighty camels, taken from the enemy. As soon as they had alighted, we begged them to recount their exploit.

"The day after our departure," said Nasser, "having arrived about noon at the place where the shepherds feed the flocks of Daffir, we fell upon them, and carried off a hundred and eighty camels: however, the shepherds having fled, gave the alarm to their tribe. I then detached a part of my troops to conduct our booty to the camp by another road. Aruad-Ebn-Motlac, the chief of

the tribe El Daffir, coming to attack us with three hundred horsemen, the battle lasted two hours, and night alone separated us. Every one then returned to his tribe, the enemy having lost one of his men, and we having two men wounded."

The tribe of Nasser feigned a participation in his triumph, whereas in reality they were very dissatisfied with an unjust war against their natural friends, to please the Osmanlis. Nasser, having visited all the chiefs, to recount his success, came to Sheik Ibrahim and addressed him in Turkish; Sheik Ibrahim, having observed to him that he spoke only Greek, his native tongue, and a little Arabic, Nasser began to extol the language and customs of the Turks, saying it was not possible to be truly great, powerful, and respected, without being on a good footing with them. "As for me," added he, "I am more Osmanli than Bedouin." "Trust not the promises of the Turks," replied Sheik Ibrahim, "any more than their greatness and magnificence: they favour you that they may gain you over, and injure you with your countrymen, in order to employ you to fight against the other tribes. The interest of the Turkish government is to destroy the Bedouins: not strong enough to effect this themselves, they wish to arm you against each other. Take care that you have not some day cause to repent. I give you this advice as a friend who takes a lively interest in you, and because I have eaten your bread and partaken of your hospitality."

Some time after, Nasser received from Soliman,

the pacha of Acre and Damascus, a message, engaging him to come and receive the investiture of the general command of all the desert, with the title of Prince of the Bedouins. This message overwhelmed him with joy, and he departed for Damascus with ten horsemen.

Mehanna having ordered the departure of the tribe, the next morning by sunrise not a single tent was to be seen standing; all was folded up and loaded, and the departure began in the greatest order. Twenty chosen horsemen formed the advanced guard, and served as scouts. Then came the camels with their loads, and the flocks; then the armed men, mounted on horses or camels; after these the women; those of the chiefs carried in howdahs, (a sort of palankin,) placed on the backs of the largest camels. These howdahs are very rich, carefully lined, covered with scarlet cloth, and ornamented with different-coloured fringe. They hold commodiously two women, or a woman and several children. The women and children of inferior rank follow directly after, seated on rolls of tent-cloth, ranged like seats, and placed on camels. The loaded camels, carrying the baggage and provision, are behind. The line was closed by the Emir Mehanna, mounted on a dromedary by reason of his great age, and surrounded by his slaves, the rest of the warriors, and the servants, who were on foot. It was truly wonderful to witness the order and celerity with which the departure of eight or nine thousand persons was effected. Sheik Ibrahim and I were

on horseback, sometimes ahead, sometimes in the centre, or by the side of Mehanna. We proceeded ten hours successively: all at once, three hours after noon, the order of march was interrupted; the Bedouins dispersed themselves in the midst of a fine plain, sprang to the ground, fixed their lances, and fastened their horses to them. The women ran on all sides, and pitched their tents near their husbands' horses. Thus, as if by enchantment, we found ourselves in a kind of city as large as Hama. It is the duty of the women alone to pitch and to strike the tents, and they acquit themselves with surprising address and rapidity. All the labours of the encampment generally fall to the lot of the women. The men take charge of the flocks, kill and skin the beasts. The costume of the women is very simple; they wear a large blue chemise, a black machlas, and a sort of black silk scarf, which, after covering the head, passes twice round the neck, and falls over the back. They have no covering for the legs; except the wives of the sheiks, who wear yellow boots. Their great ambition and luxury is to have a great many bracelets; they have them of glass, of coral, coin, and amber.

The plain on which we rested was called El Makram. It is not far from Hama. The place is rather agreeable, and its rich pasturage renders it suitable to the Bedouins.

The fourth day we had an alarm: four hours after noon the shepherds came running in haste, crying "To arms! the enemy are seizing our

flocks." It was the tribe of Daffir, who, watching the opportunity to revenge themselves on Nasser, had sent a thousand horse to carry off the flocks at nightfall, to allow no time for a pursuit. Our men, expecting an attack, were prepared; but it was necessary to find out on which side the enemy were. Night coming on, four men dismounted from their horses, took opposite directions, and crouching down, their ears close to the ground, heard at a great distance the steps of the plunderers. Night passed without being able to reach them; but in the morning the troop of Hassné (that of Mehanna) having joined them, they gave battle. After four hours' fighting, half the flocks were recaptured; but five hundred camels remained in the hands of the tribe El Daffir. We had ten men killed and several wounded. At the return, the affliction was general; the Bedouins murmured, attributing all that had happened to the caprice and vanity of Nasser.

Mehanna sent off a courier to his son, who immediately returned from Damascus, accompanied by a chokedar (an officer of the pacha), in order to make an impression on the Bedouins. On his arrival he read a letter from the pacha, to the following effect:—

"We make known to all the emirs and sheiks of the desert, great and small, encamped on the territory of Damascus, that we have appointed our son, Nasser Ebn Mehanna, Emir of all the Anazes (Bedouins of the desert), inviting them to obey him. The tribe that shall have the mis-

fortune to show itself rebellious, shall be destroyed by our victorious troops, and, as an example, their flocks shall be slaughtered, and their women delivered up to the soldiers. Such is our will.

"Signed,

"SOLIMAN, Pacha of Damascus and Acre."

Nasser, proud of his new dignity, affected to read the order to everybody, and to talk Turkish with the officer of the pacha, which still further increased the disgust of the Bedouins. One day whilst we were with him, there arrived a very handsome young man, named Zarrak, the chief of a neighbouring tribe. Nasser, as usual, spoke of his appointment, vaunted the greatness and power of the vizier of Damascus, and of the sultan of Constantinople "of the long sabre."* Zarrak, who listened with impatience, changing colour, rose and said, "Nasser Aga,† learn that all the Bedouins detest thee; if thou art dazzled by the magnificence of the Turks, go to Damascus; adorn thy forehead with the caouk;‡ become the minister of the vizier; dwell in his palace; perhaps thou mayest strike terror into the Damascenes; but we Bedouins care no more for thee, thy vizier and thy sultan, than camel-dung. I shall depart for the territory of Bagdad, where I shall find the Drayhy§ Ebn Chahllan; him will I join."

* An Arabic expression implying extent of dominion.

† A title of a Turkish officer, used in derision by the Bedouins.

‡ Turban of ceremony, (Turkish).

§ Destroyer of the Turks.

Nasser, in his turn growing pale with anger, transmitted the conversation in Turkish to the chokedar, who thought by violent menaces to alarm Zarrak. But he, looking at him fiercely, said, "It is enough: though you have Nasser on your side, I could, if I would, prevent you from ever eating bread more." In spite of these offensive words, all three preserved their coolness, and Zarrak, mounting his horse, said to Nasser, "*Salam aleik* (peace to thee); display all thy power; I await thee." This challenge caused Nasser much trouble; but he still persevered in his alliance with the Turks.

The following day we learned that Zarrak had set out with his tribe for the country of Geziri, and a combination of the Bedouins against Nasser was talked of in all quarters. Mehanna, having learned what was passing, called his son to him, and said, "Nasser, will you then break the pillars of the tent of Melkhgem?" and taking his beard in his hand, "Will you," added he, "bring contempt upon this beard at the end of my days, and tarnish the reputation I have acquired? Unhappy man, thou hast not invoked the name of God. What I had foreseen, has happened. All the tribes will unite with the Drayhy. What then will become of us? It will only remain for us to humble ourselves before Ebn Sihoud, that enemy of our race, who styles himself king of the Bedouins; he alone can defend us from the terrible Drayhy."

Nasser endeavoured to tranquillise his father,

assuring him that matters were not so bad as he feared. However, the Bedouins began to take part with one or the other; but the greater part sided with the father, who was in their true interest.

Sheik Ibrahim was very dissatisfied; he wished to penetrate farther into the desert, and proceed as far as Bagdad; and he found himself bound to a tribe that remained between Damascus and Homs. He thus lost all the summer, being able to remove only with danger of his life. He desired me to obtain some knowledge respecting the Drayhy, to learn his character, the places where he passed the summer, where he wintered, if he received strangers, and many other particulars; in short, he told me he had the greatest interest in being rightly informed.

These details were difficult to obtain without exciting suspicion: it was necessary to find some one not of the tribe of El Hassnnee. At length I became acquainted with a man named Abdallah el Chahen (the poet). Knowing that poets are sought after by the great, I asked him about all the tribes he had visited, and learned with pleasure that he had been for a long time with the Drayhy. I obtained from him all the information I had desired.

One day Nasser made me write to Sheik Saddad, and him of Corietain, to demand from each a thousand piastres and six machlas. This claim is called right of fraternity: it is an arrangement between the sheiks of villages and the more

powerful chiefs of the Bedouins, to be protected against the ravages of the other tribes. This is an annual tax. These unhappy villages are ruined to satisfy two tyrants—the Bedouins and the Turks.

Mehanna holds this fraternity with all the villages of the territories of Damascus, Homs, and Hama, which brings him in a revenue of about fifty thousand piastres. The pacha of Damascus pays him twelve thousand five hundred, and the cities of Homs and Hama furnish him besides a certain quantity of corn, rice, dried grapes, and stuffs. The small tribes bring him butter and cheese. In spite of all, he never has any money, and is often in debt, without having any expenses to incur; which greatly astonished us. We learned that he gave all away in presents to the most distinguished warriors, either of his own tribe or to others, and that he had thus raised for himself a powerful party. He is always ill-clothed, and when he receives a handsome pelisse or other article for a present, he gives it to the person who happens to be near him at the moment. The Bedouin proverb, that *generosity covers all defects*, is amply verified in Mehanna, whose liberality alone renders the conduct of Nasser bearable.

A short time after this event we went to encamp, three hours from the Orontes, upon lands called El Zididi, on which there are many springs.

Mehanna having one day been with ten horsemen to visit the Aga of Homs, returned loaded with presents from all the merchants, who cultivate

his friendship, because, wheresoever dissatisfied with them, he intercepts their commerce and plunders the caravans.—Immediately upon his return, Nasser set forth on an expedition against the tribe Abdelli, which is commanded by the Emir El Doghiani, and encamped near Palmyra, on two small hills of equal size, called Eldain (the breast); he returned after three days with five hundred camels and two hundred sheep. In this affair we lost three men, and Zamel's mare was killed under him. On the other hand, we took three mares, killed ten men, and wounded twenty more. Notwithstanding this success, the Bedouins were indignant at Nasser's want of faith, who had no cause of hatred against this tribe.

On all sides measures were taken with the Drayhy, to destroy the tribe El Hassnnee. The news reached the Emir Douhi, the chief of the tribe Would Ali, a kinsman and intimate friend of Mehanna, and who, as well as himself, is charged with the escort of the grand caravan; and he came with thirty horsemen to make known the danger with which he was threatened. The heads of the tribe went out to meet Douhi: having entered the tent, Mehanna ordered coffee; the emir stopped him and said, "Mehanna, thy coffee is drunk already! I come here neither to eat nor drink, but to inform thee that the behaviour of thy son Nasser Pacha (for so he styled him in derision) is bringing down destruction upon thee and thine: know that all the Bedouins

have leagued together, and are about to declare against thee a war of extermination." Mehanna, changing colour, exclaimed, "Well, art thou now satisfied, Nasser? Thou wilt be the last of the race of Melkghem."

Nasser, still obstinate, replied that he should make head against all the Bedouins; and that he should have the support of twenty thousand Osmanlis, as well as that of Mola Ismael, the chief of the Kurdish cavalry, who bears the schako. Douhi passed the night in endeavouring to turn Nasser from his projects, but without succeeding: the day following, he departed, saying, "My conscience forbids me to join you. Our relationship, and the bread we have eaten together, prevent me from declaring war against you. Farewell; I leave you with sorrow."

From this moment our time passed very disagreeably with the Bedouins. We could never quit them, for all the people who went to a distance from the tents were massacred. There were continual attacks on both sides, sudden changes of the encampment for greater security, alarms, reprisals, incessant disputes between Mehanna and his son; but the old man was so kind and so credulous, that Nasser always succeeded in persuading him that he was in the right.

We were told a thousand traits of his simplicity: amongst others, that being at Damascus whilst Yousouf Pacha, the grand vizier of the Porte, was holding his court there on his return from Egypt after the departure of the French,

Mehanna was presented to him, as well as the other grandees; but, being little acquainted with Turkish etiquette, he accosted him without ceremony and with the Bedouin mode of salutation, and placed himself on the divan by his side without being invited. Yousouf, equally unaccustomed to the usages of the Bedouins, and ignorant of the dignity of the little shabby old man who treated him with such familiarity, ordered him to be taken from his presence and beheaded. The slaves took him out, and were preparing to execute the order, when the Pacha of Damascus cried aloud, "Hold! what is it you are doing? If there should fall a hair of his head, with all your power you will never send another caravan to Mecca." The vizier instantly had him brought back, and placed him by his side; he gave him coffee, had him invested with a rich Cachemire turban, a rich gombaz (robe), and a pelisse of honour, and presented him with a thousand piastres. Mehanna, deaf, and besides not understanding Turkish, knew nothing of what was passing; but taking off the fine clothes, he gave them to three of his slaves who accompanied him. The vizier asked him, through the dragoman, if he was not satisfied with the present. Mehanna replied, "Tell the vizier of the sultan, that we Bedouins seek not to distinguish ourselves by fine clothes: I am ill clad, but all the Bedouins know me; they know that I am Mehanna el Zadel, the son of Melkghem." The pacha, not daring to offend him, affected to smile, and to be much pleased.

The summer passed away. By the month of October the tribe was in the vicinity of Aleppo. My heart beat on finding myself so near my home; but, according to our agreement, I could not even send news of myself to my friends. Sheik Ibrahim desired to pass the winter at Damascus — no Bedouin durst conduct us. We obtained with great difficulty an escort as far as a village, two days from Aleppo, called Soghene (the hot). The hospitable inhabitants contended for the pleasure of receiving us. A natural warm bath accounts for the name of the village; and the beauty of its inhabitants may probably be attributable to its warm springs. From thence we reached Palmyra, but with a difficulty for which we were indemnified by the pleasure of seeing Sheik Ragial again. After passing a fortnight with our friends, we went back to Corietain, where Sheik Selim and the curate Moussi welcomed us with genuine kindness; — they were never tired of hearing our accounts of the Bedouins. — Sheik Ibrahim satisfied their friendly concern about our affairs, by saying that our speculation was wonderfully advantageous; that we had gained more than we had expected; whilst in reality, between presents and losses, we only had remaining the goods deposited with Moussi. — We lost thirty days at Corietain in preparing for our departure. Winter was rapidly coming on, and no one durst furnish us with cattle, being convinced we should be plundered on the road. At last, Sheik Ibrahim bought a bad horse, I hired an ass, and in

miserable weather, with a freezing wind, we set off, accompanied by four men on foot, for the village of Dair Antïé. After some hours we arrived at a defile between two mountains, named Beni el Gebelain. At this spot, twenty Bedouin horsemen came upon us. Our guides, far from defending us, hid their guns and remained spectators of our disaster. The Bedouins stripped us, and left us nothing but our shirts. We implored them to kill us rather than expose us to the cold. At last, touched at our condition, they had the generosity to leave each of us a gombaz. As for our beasts, they were too sorry to tempt them. Being hardly able to walk, they would have only uselessly detained them. Night came on, and the cold was excessive, and deprived us of the use of speech. Our eyes were red, our skin blue; at the end of some time I fell to the ground, fainting and frozen. Sheik Ibrahim in despair made gesticulations to the guides, but was unable to speak. One of them, a Syrian Christian, took pity upon me and the grief of Sheik Ibrahim; he threw down his horse, which was also half dead with cold and fatigue, killed it, opened the belly, and placed me without consciousness in the skin, with only my head out. At the end of half an hour, I regained my senses, quite astonished at finding myself alive again, and in so strange a position. Warmth restored my speech; and I earnestly thanked Sheik Ibrahim and the good Arab. I took courage, and found strength to proceed. A little after, our guides cried out, "Here 's the village!"

and we entered the first house. It belonged to a farrier, named Hanna el Bitar. He showed a lively sympathy in our situation, set about covering us both with camel-dung, and gave us a little wine—a few drops at a time: having thus restored our strength and warmth, he withdrew us from our dunghill, put us to bed, and made us take some good soup. After a sleep, which was indispensable, we borrowed two hundred piastres to pay our guides and carry us to Damascus, which we reached the 23rd December 1810.

M. Chabassan, a French physician, the only Frank at Damascus, received us; but as we were to pass the winter here, we afterwards took up our quarters in the Lazarist Convent, which was abandoned.

I will not describe the celebrated city of Sham (Damascus), the Gate of Glory (Bab el Cahbé), as the Turks style it. Our long residence has enabled us to know it minutely; but it has been too often visited by travellers to offer any new interest. I return to my narrative.

One day, being at the bazaar to pass away the time in the Turkish fashion, we saw running towards us a Bedouin, who embraced us, saying, "Do you not recollect your brother Hettall, who ate your bread at Nuarat el Nahaman?" Delighted with meeting him, we took him home, and having regaled him, and asked him many questions, we learned that the affairs of the tribe Hassnnee were in a bad condition, and that the league against them was extending daily. Het-

tall told us that he was of the tribe of Would Ali, whose chief, Douhi, was known to us. This tribe winters in the territory of Sarka and Balka; it reaches from the country of Ismaël to the Dead Sea, and returns to Horan in the spring. He proposed to us to visit it, promising a good sale for our merchandise. Having consented, it was agreed that he should come for us in the month of March.

Sheik Ibrahim having received, through the intervention of M. Chabassan, a group of a thousand tallaris from Aleppo, desired me to make new purchases. When they were completed, I showed them to him, and asked whether anything would remain for us at our return? "My dear son," he replied, "the gratitude of every chief of a tribe brings me more than all my merchandise. —Be under no concern. You also shall receive your return in money and in reputation. You shall be renowned in your time; but I must know all the tribes and their chiefs. I depend upon you to get to the Drayhy, and for that purpose you must absolutely pass for a Bedouin. Let your beard grow, dress like them, and imitate their usages. Ask no explanations — remember our terms." My only reply was, "May God give us strength!"

Twenty times was I on the point of abandoning an enterprise of which I perceived all the dangers without knowing the object. This silence, this blind obedience, became insupportable. However, my wish to come to the issue, and my attachment to M. Lascaris, gave me patience.

At the time agreed, Hettall arrived with three camels and two guides, and we set out the 15th March 1811, one year and twenty-eight days after our first departure from Aleppo. The tribe was at a place called Misarib, three days from Damascus. Nothing remarkable happened on the road. We passed the nights under a starry sky; and on the third day, by sunset, we were in the midst of the tents of Would Ali. The *coup d'œil* was delightful. Every tent was surrounded by horses, camels, goats, and sheep, with the lance of the horseman planted at the entrance: that of the Emir Douhi arose in the centre. He received us with all possible consideration, and made us sup with him. He is a man of understanding, and is equally loved and feared by his people. He commands five thousand tents, and three tribes, which are joined to his; those of Benin Sakhrer, of El Serhaan, and El Sarddié. He had divided his soldiers into companies or divisions, each commanded by one of his kinsmen.

The Bedouins are fond of hearing stories after supper. This is one that the emir told us: it depicts the extreme attachment they have for their horses, and the self-love they manifest with regard to their own qualities.

One of his tribe, named Giabal, possessed a very celebrated mare. Hassad Pacha, then vizier of Damascus, made him on various occasions all sorts of offers to part with it, but in vain, for a Bedouin loves his horse as he does his wife. The pacha then employed threats, but with no better

success. At length, another Bedouin, named Giafar, came to the pacha, and asked what he would give him if he brought him Giabal's mare? "I will fill thy barley sack with gold," replied Hassad, who felt indignant at his want of success. This took place without transpiring; and Giabal fastened his mare at night by the foot with an iron ring, the chain of which passed into his tent, being held by a picket fixed in the ground under the very felt which served him and his wife as a bed. At midnight, Giafar creeps into the tent on all-fours, and insinuating himself between Giabal and his wife, gently pushes first the one, and then the other: the husband thought his wife was pushing, the wife thought the same of the husband; and each made more room. Giafar then, with a knife well sharpened, makes a slit in the felt, takes out the picket, unties the mare, mounts her, and, grasping Giabal's lance, pricks him slightly with it, calling out, "It is I, Giafar, who have taken thy noble mare; I give thee early notice!" and off he goes. Giabal instantly darts from the tent, calls his friends, mounts his brother's mare, and pursues Giafar for four hours. Giabal's brother's mare was of the same blood as his own, though not so good. Outstripping all the other horsemen, he was on the point of overtaking Giafar, when he cried out, "Pinch her right ear, and give her the stirrup." Giafar did so, and flew like lightning. The pursuit was then useless: the distance between them was too great. The other Bedouins reproached Giabal with being

himself the cause of the loss of his mare.* "I would rather," said he, "lose her, than lower her reputation. Would you have me let it be said in the tribe of Would Ali, that any other mare has outrun mine? I have at least the satisfaction of saying that no other could overtake her." He returned with this consolation, and Giafar received the price of his address.

Some one else related that in the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of equal reputation with that belonging to Giabal, and that a Bedouin of another tribe, named Daher, was almost mad with longing to possess her. Having in vain offered all his camels and his riches, he determined to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie up his neck and legs like a lame beggar, and thus equipped to wait for Nabee, the owner of the mare, in a road by which he knew he must pass. When he drew near, he said to him in a feeble voice: "I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food: help me, and God will reward you." The Bedouin offered to take him on his horse, and carry him home; but the rogue replied: "I am not able to rise, I have not strength." The other, full of compassion, dismounted, brought the mare close, and placed him on her with great difficulty. As soon as he found himself in the saddle, Daher gave her a touch with the stirrup,

* Every Bedouin accustoms his horse to some sign when it is to put out all its speed. He employs it only on pressing occasions, and never confides the secret even to his own son.

and went off, saying—"It is I, Daher, who have got her and am carrying her off."

The owner of the mare called out to him to listen: sure that he could not be pursued, he returned, and stopped at a short distance, for Nabee was armed with his lance. He then said to him: "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success: but, I conjure thee, tell no one how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher. "Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with these words, Daher reflected a moment, dismounted from the horse and gave her back to her master, and embraced him. Nabee took him home. They remained together three days, and swore fraternity.

Sheik Ibrahim was enchanted with these stories, which gave him to understand the character and the generosity of the Bedouins. The tribe of Douhi is richer and more rapacious than that of Mehanna; their horses are finer. We stayed with them a fortnight. Sheik Ibrahim gave presents to all the chiefs, and sold some articles to the women, to keep up our character of merchants. We then went to visit the three tributary sheiks of the Emir Douhi.

Sheik Ibrahim told me that he had no other object in staying among the Bedouins than that of giving me an opportunity of studying more closely their language and their customs; that it

was necessary for his own purposes to get to the Drayhy; but that I must avail myself of our roamings amidst the tribes to take exact notes of their names and their numbers, which it was most important to him to know.

Their manner of speech is extremely difficult to acquire, even for an Arab, although in fact it is the same language. I applied myself with success. I also learned, in the course of our long wanderings, the names of all the sheiks and the numbers of all the tribes, a thing which had never been accomplished before: I shall give the list at the end of my journal.

The numerous tribes are often obliged to divide themselves into detachments from two hundred to five hundred tents, and to occupy a large space, in order to procure water and pasturage for their flocks. We went successively through their encampments, until we could find means to transport ourselves to the Drayhy, who was at war with the tribes of the territory of Damascus. We were universally well received.

In one tribe it was a poor widow who showed us hospitality. In order to regale us, she killed her last sheep and borrowed bread. She informed us that her husband and her three sons had been killed in the war against the Wahabees, a formidable tribe in the neighbourhood of Mecca. Expressing our astonishment that she should rob herself on our account:—"He that enters the house of the living," said she, "and does not eat, it is as though he were visiting the dead."

One tribe already considerable had been lately formed in the following manner:—A Bedouin had a very beautiful daughter, whom the chief of his tribe demanded in marriage; but he would not give her, and in order to avoid his solicitations he went away furtively with all his family. The sheik being told of what had happened, some one said: "Serah (he is gone)." "Serhan * (he is a wolf)," replied he; meaning by that, that he was a savage. From that time the tribe of which this Bedouin became chief, has been always called the tribe El Serhan (the wolf). Whenever the Bedouins are courageous and have good horses, they in a short time become powerful.

At last we heard of the arrival of the Drayhy in Mesopotamia. At this period Sheik Ibrahim was obliged to go to Damascus for merchandise and money, which were both equally wanting. We had made acquaintance there with a Bedouin of one of the tribes near the Euphrates, which had preserved a neutrality in the affair of Nasser. This Bedouin, whose name was Gazens el Hamad, had come with others to Damascus to sell butter. He engaged to carry our goods on his camels, and take us to the Drayhy; but alas! we were not destined to reach him so easily. Scarcely were we come to Corietain, to take back our goods left at the depôt, when we received news of a victory gained by Zaher, the son of the Drayhy, over Nasser; a victory which gave renewed violence

* A pun not easy to translate: *Serah* means gone; *Serhan*, wolf.

to the war. All the tribes ranged themselves on one side or the other. That of Salkeh, our guide's tribe, had been attacked by the Drayhy, who was following up his advantages with great inveteracy, and no one dared to cross the desert. M. Lascaris was in despair. He could neither eat nor sleep: in short, exasperated to the highest degree at finding himself stopped in his projects, he even found fault with me. I then said to him, —"It is now time we should understand one another. If you wish to get to the Drayhy for the purpose of trading, it is utter madness, and I decline to follow you. If you have other projects or motives adequate to the exposure of your life, let me know them, and you shall find me ready to sacrifice myself to serve you." "Well then, my dear son!" said he, "I will trust you: know that this commerce is merely a pretence to conceal a mission with which I was charged at Paris. These are my instructions, reduced to ten heads.

1. To set out from Paris to Aleppo.
2. To find a zealous Arab, and to attach him to me as interpreter.
3. To acquire a knowledge of the language.
4. To go to Palmyra.
5. To penetrate amongst the Bedouins.
6. To become acquainted with all the chiefs, and to gain their friendship.
7. To unite them together in the same cause.
8. To induce them to break off all alliance with the Osmanlis.

9. To get acquainted with the whole desert, the halting-places, and where water and pasturage are to be found, as far even as the frontiers of India.

10. To return to Europe, safe and sound, after having accomplished my mission."

"And after that?" said I;—but he imposed silence. "Recollect our conditions," added he; "I will let you know all by degrees. At present let it suffice to know that I must reach the Drayhy, even though it should cost me my life."

This half-confidence vexed me, and prevented sleep in my turn: to find difficulties almost insurmountable, and to perceive but very confusedly the advantages of my devotion, was sufficiently disheartening. However, I took the resolution of persevering to the end, as I was so far engaged, and I dwelt only on the means of success. My beard had sprouted; I was perfectly versed in the language of the Bedouins; I resolved to go alone and on foot to the Drayhy: it was the only possible chance to be attempted. I went to seek my friend Wardi, who had recalled me to life by putting me into his horse's belly, and communicated to him my intention. After having endeavoured to divert me from it, by telling me that the fatigue would be great; that there would be ten painful nights' march; that we must hide ourselves by day, not to be seen on the road; that we should be unable to carry with us what was strictly necessary: seeing that nothing could make me retract, he engaged to go with me as guide, in consideration of a large sum of money.

Having told my resolution to M. Lascaris, he also made many friendly objections on the score of the dangers I should incur; but, in reality, I perceived that he was well pleased with me.

We settled all our matters; I agreed to write to him by the return of my guide, after having arrived at the Drayhy; and the night was far advanced when we threw ourselves on our beds. I was very much agitated; my sleep evinced it, and I soon woke M. Lascaris by my cries. I dreamt that being at the top of a steep rock, at the foot of which flowed a rapid river that I was unable to pass, I had lain down at the brink of the precipice, and that all at once a tree had taken root in my mouth; that it grew, and spread its branches like a green tent, but in growing it tore my throat, and its roots penetrated into my entrails; and I uttered violent cries. Having related my dream to Sheik Ibrahim, he was in great wonder at it, and declared that it was an excellent omen, and prognosticated after many difficulties important results.

It was essential that I should be covered with rags, in order not to excite suspicion or cupidity if we were discovered on the road. This was my costume for the journey: a coarse cotton shirt pieced; a dirty torn gombaz; an old caffié, with a bit of linen, once white, for a turban; a sheepskin cloak with half the wool off, and shoes mended to the weight of four pounds: besides these, a leather belt, from which hung a knife worth two paras, a steel, a little tobacco in an old bag, and

a pipe. I blackened my eyes, and dirtied my face, and then presented myself to Sheik Ibrahim to take my leave. On seeing me, he shed tears:—"May God," said he, "give you strength enough to accomplish your generous design! I shall owe everything to your perseverance. May the Almighty be with you and preserve you from all danger! may he blind the wicked, and bring you back that I may reward you!" I could hardly refrain from tears in my turn. At last, however, the conversation becoming more cheerful, Sheik Ibrahim said smilingly, that if I were to go to Paris in this costume, I should get much money by showing myself.—We supped; and at sunset we departed. I walked without fatigue till midnight: but then my feet began to swell. My shoes hurt me, and I took them off; the thorns of the plant the camels browse on pricked me, and the small stones wounded me. I tried to put on my shoes; and in continual suffering I walked on till morning. A little grotto gave us shelter for the day. I wrapped my feet in a piece of my cloak that I tore off, and slept without having strength to take any nourishment. I was still asleep when my guide called me to depart: my feet were much swollen—my heart failed me—I wished to wait till the following day. My conductor reproached me for my weakness:—"I knew well enough," said he, "that you were too delicate for such a journey. I before told you that it was impossible to stop here: if we pass the night, we must also pass the next day; our provisions will be consumed, and

we shall die of hunger in the desert. We had better give up our undertaking while there is yet time."

These words reanimated me, and we set off. I dragged myself along with difficulty till near midnight, when we came to a plain, in which the sand rose and fell in undulations: here we rested ourselves till day. The first dawn enabled us to perceive at a distance two objects, which we took for camels. My guide, alarmed, dug a hole in the sand, to conceal us; we got in up to the neck, leaving only our heads out. In this painful situation we remained with our eyes fixed on the supposed camels, when, about noon, Wardi exclaimed, "God be praised! they are only ostriches." We got out of our grave with joy, and for the first time since our departure I ate a little cake and drank a drop of water. We remained there till night, awaiting the time to move forward. Being then in the midst of the sands, I suffered less in walking. We passed the next day in sleeping. We were opposite Palmyra, to the south. Daybreak, after the fourth night, overtook us at the bank of a large river called El Rabib, running from south to north; my guide stripped, and carried me on his back to the other side, and then returned for his clothes. I wished to rest myself, but he told me it would not be prudent to stop where the river was fordable. In fact, we had not proceeded half an hour, when we saw five hundred well-mounted Bedouins approaching the river, going from the east to the west. Having found some low bushes, we halted

amongst them till night. The sixth night brought us within some hours of the Euphrates. The seventh day, the great difficulty was over; and if I had not suffered so much in my feet, I could have forgotten all my fatigues at the sight of the sunrise on the banks of that magnificent river. Some hospitable Bedouins, whose occupation it is to take people over from one side to the other, took us into their tents, where for the first time we made a hearty meal. We obtained intelligence respecting the Drayhy: he was at three days' distance between Zaïte and Zauer. He had made peace with the Emir Fahed, imposing tribute on him; they spoke to me of his military talents and his extreme courage, of his intention to annihilate Mehanna and Nasser, and to return to his desert near Bassora and Bagdad. These details were just such as I was wishing: I took my resolution immediately. I asked for a guide to take me to the Drayhy, telling the Bedouins that I was a merchant of Aleppo, having a correspondent at Bagdad, who owed me twenty-five thousand piastres, and who had just become bankrupt: that the war between the Bedouins had intercepted the communications, and I had no other resource than to risk myself alone, and put myself under the protection of the Drayhy to get to Bagdad, where all my fortune was at stake. These kind Bedouins offered vows to Allah that I might recover my money; and Wardi himself took more interest in my journey, when he understood its importance. After having passed the day in examining the tribe

Beni Tay, we departed the next day well escorted; and nothing interesting occurred on our march. We saw the setting sun of the third day gild the five thousand tents of the Drayhy, which covered the plain as far as the eye could reach. Surrounded by camels, horses, and flocks, which concealed the earth, never had I seen such a spectacle of power and wealth. The emir's tent in the centre was a hundred and sixty feet long. He received me very politely, and without any question proposed to me to sup with him. After supper, he said to me: "Whence do you come, and whither are you going?" I replied as I had done to the Bedouins of the Euphrates. "You are welcome, then," said he; "your arrival will cause a thousand benedictions. Please God you will succeed; but, according to our custom, we cannot speak of business till after three days devoted to hospitality and repose." I made the customary thanks, and retired. The next day I despatched Wardi to M. Lascaris.

The Drayhy is a man of fifty, tall, and of a handsome countenance, with a small beard entirely white; his aspect is stern; he is considered as the most able of all the chiefs of tribes; he has two sons, Zaër and Sahdoun: they are married, and dwell in the same tent as himself. His tribe, called El Dualla, is numerous and very rich. Chance favoured me wonderfully from the first day of my arrival. The emir was in want of a secretary; I offered to assist him for the moment, and I soon gained his confidence by the hints and the

information I was able to give him regarding the tribes I had studied. When I spoke to him of my own business, he expressed so much regret at seeing me about to depart, that I feigned to yield to his wishes. He said, "If you will remain with me, you shall be like my son; all that you say shall be done." I availed myself of this confidence, to induce him to pass over the Euphrates, in order to bring him nearer to Sheik Ibrahim: I suggested to him all the influence he might gain over the tribes of the country, by withdrawing them from Nasser: I represented to him all the presents they would be obliged to offer him; the terror with which he would inspire the Osmanlis, and the mischief he would do his enemies by consuming their pasturage. As it was the first time he was quitting the desert of Bagdad to come into Mesopotamia, my advice and my information were a great resource to him, and he followed them. The departure was superb to witness. The horsemen before, on horses of high pedigree; women on howdahs magnificently draped, and on dromedaries, surrounded by negress slaves. Men, loaded with provisions, were running throughout the caravan, calling out: "Who is hungry?" and distributing bread, dates, &c. Every three hours, a halt was made, to take coffee; and at night the tents were raised as if by enchantment. We followed the banks of the Euphrates, whose clear waters gleamed like silver: I myself was mounted on a mare of pure blood; and the whole journey appeared like a triumphal march, presenting a strong contrast

with my former passage over the same country, in my rags and with my tortured feet.

On the fourth day, the Emir Zahed met us with a thousand horse. All sorts of sports ensued on horseback and with lance. At night, the Drayhy, his sons, and myself, went to sup in the tribe of Zahed. The day following, we crossed the river, encamped on the Damascus territory, and kept advancing westward. We then encamped at El Jaffet, in the pachalik of Aleppo. The report of the arrival of the Drayhy was quickly spread, and he received from Mehanna a letter beginning with their respective titles, and continuing thus:

"In the name of God most merciful, health! We have learnt with surprise that you have passed the Euphrates, and are advancing into the provinces left us by our fathers. Do you then think that you alone can devour the pasture of all the birds? Know that we have so many warriors that we are unable to number them. Besides, we shall be supported by the valiant Osmanlis, whom nothing can resist: we counsel you to return by the road by which you came; otherwise all conceivable misfortunes will befall you, and repentance will come too late."

On reading this letter, I saw the Drayhy growing pale with anger; his eyes flashed fire. After a momentary silence, "Katib," said he, in a terrible voice, "take your pen, and write to this dog!"

This was the answer: — "I have read your menaces, which with me do not weigh a grain of mustard. I shall lower your flag, and purify the

earth from you and your renegade of a son, Nasser. As for the territory you claim, the sword shall decide it. Soon will I set forward to exterminate you. Prepare yourself. War is declared."

Then addressing myself to the Drayhy: "I have some advice to give you," said I. "You are a stranger here; you know not which party the tribes of the country will espouse. Mehanna is loved by the Bedouins, and supported by the Turks; you are about to undertake a war, without knowing the number of your enemies. If you experience a single defeat, all will combine against you, and you will not be strong enough to resist. Send then a message to the neighbouring sheiks to tell them that you are come to destroy the tents of Melkghem, in order to free them from the yoke of the Osmanlis; and demand of them to declare themselves. Thus, being aware of your force, you may compare it with theirs, and act in consequence."—"You are truly a man of sage counsel," said the Drayhy, delighted with my suggestion. "I am nothing of myself," I replied: "it is by the favour of my master, if I know anything: it is he who is the man of wisdom and knowledge, and well skilled in affairs: he alone is capable of giving you advice. You would be enchanted with him, if you could know him. I am sure that if you had him with you, and were aided by his sagacity, you would become chief of all the Bedouins of the desert." "I will instantly send a hundred horsemen to bring him," said the Drayhy, with alacrity. "We are still too far off,"

said I; "the journey would be painful; when we get nearer to Corietain I will bring him to you."

I was fearful of some untoward accident to the Sheik Ibrahim; and wished to be near him, to present him myself. I was so attached to him, that I could have sacrificed myself a thousand times to do him service.

But to return to our council of war. The Drayhy gave me a list, to write to ten of the principal sheiks of the tribes. This was his letter:

"I have left my country to come and deliver you from the tyranny of Nasser, who wishes to become your master by the power of the Turks; to change your usages, destroy your manners, and subject you to the Osmanlis. I have declared war against him; tell me frankly if you are for him or for me; and let those who will aid me come and join me.—Health!"

The next day, having despatched ten horsemen with these letters, we advanced into the extensive and beautiful territory of Chaumerie, thirty hours from Hama. After a short absence, our messengers returned. The Emir Douhi, and the Sheik Sellame, answered that they should preserve a neutrality; Sheik Cassem, the kinsman of Mehanna, declared for him; the remaining seven tribes came and encamped around us, their sheiks promising the Drayhy to partake his dangers for life or for death. However, our spies brought intelligence that Mehanna in alarm had sent Nasser to Hama to obtain assistance from the Turks. The Drayhy immediately assembled his army, eight thousand

strong, six thousand horse, and a thousand deloul-mardoufs,—that is to say, a thousand camels, each carrying two men armed with matchlocks,—and began to march on the fourth day; leaving orders for the rest of the tribe to follow the second day after, in order the more to stimulate the courage of his warriors in the battle, by the vicinity of their wives and children. I remained with the latter, and we went to encamp at El Jamié, one hour from the tribe El Hassnnée, and two days from Hama. On the fifth day, the Drayhy announced to us a brilliant victory; and shortly afterwards arrived the camels, sheep, horses, and arms taken from the enemy. The men, who had been obliged to remain at the tents in charge of the baggage, went out to meet the conquerors, and demand their share of the spoil, to which they are entitled; and the army soon appeared in triumph.

The Drayhy had taken Mehanna rather by surprise, during the absence of Nasser; but the tribe of Hassnnée having shouted their war-cry, the combatants proved nearly equal in numbers; the battle lasted till night. Our warriors lost twenty-two men; but they killed twice as many of the enemy, and took possession of their flocks. Zaher also took the mare of Fares, the son of Mehanna, which amongst the Bedouins is reckoned a glorious exploit.

After his defeat, Mehanna crossed the Orontes at the north of Hama, and encamped near Homs, to await the Osmanlis and return with them to take his revenge. In fact, on the fifth day, the

shepherds ran crying that the Turks headed by Nasser were taking possession of the flocks. Immediately our warriors flew in pursuit, and overtook them, when a more terrible battle than the first was fought, during which the enemy drove off a great part of our cattle towards his camp. The advantage remained with our men, who carried off a considerable spoil from the Turks; but the loss of our flocks was considerable. We had to regret the loss of only twelve men, but amongst them was the nephew of the Drayhy, Ali, whose death was universally lamented. His uncle remained three days without eating; and swore by the Almighty God that he would kill Nasser, to revenge the death of Ali.

Attacks were taking place every day; the Osmanlis of Damascus, Homs, and Hama were in a state of consternation, and attempted to collect together the Arabs of Horam and Idumea. Several tribes of the desert arrived, some to reinforce the Drayhy, others Mehanna. No caravan could pass from one city to another; the advantages were almost all on the side of the Drayhy. One day, by a singular coincidence, Fares took from us a hundred and twenty camels that were pasturing two leagues from the tents; while at the same instant Zaher carried off the like number of theirs. This simultaneous movement prevented either the one or the other from being pursued. They also had time to secure their capture. But this war of reprisals of cattle and plunder was about to assume a character of ferocity and ex-

termination. The signal for it was given by the Dallati Turks, under the conduct of Nasser, who, having taken from the tribe of Beni Kraleb two women and a girl, carried them to the village of Zany-el-Abedin. Nasser gave up the women to the soldiers; and assigned to the aga the young girl, who in the middle of the night revenged her honour by poniarding the Turk in his sleep. Her vigorous arm pierced his heart, and left him dead; and then escaping without noise, she rejoined her tribe, and spread indignation and rage among the Bedouins, who swore to die or slay Nasser, and to fill vessels with his blood, to distribute among the tribes as a memorial of their vengeance.

This penalty was not long postponed; an engagement having taken place between a party commanded by Zaher, and another under the orders of Nasser, the two chiefs, whose hatred was mutual, sought each other out, and fought together with fury. The Bedouins remained spectators of the battle between these warriors, equal in valour and skill. The contest was long and terrible: at length their tired horses no longer able promptly to obey the motions of their riders, Nasser received the thrust of Zaher's lance, which pierced him through and through: he fell; his men ran away, or gave up their horses:* Zaher cut the body of Nasser to pieces, put it in a couffe (wicker basket), and sent it to Mehanna's camp by a prisoner, whose nose he cut off. He

* When a Bedouin voluntarily gives up his horse to his adversary, he may neither kill him nor make him prisoner.

then returned to his tribe, exulting in his revenge.

Mehanna sent to ask aid of the Bedouins of Chamma, of Neggde, and of the Wahabees: they promised to come to his support the following year, the time being then come for their return to the East. As we were encamped very near Corietain, I proposed to go and fetch Sheik Ibrahim. The Drayhy accepted my offer with eagerness, and gave me a strong escort. I cannot describe the happiness I felt at again seeing M. Lascaris, who received me with great warmth of heart;—as for me, I embraced him as my father, for I had never known mine, who died in my early infancy. I spent the night in relating to him all that had passed. The next day, taking leave of our friends the curate Moussi and Sheik Selim, I took away Sheik Ibrahim, who was received with the highest distinction by the Drayhy. A grand feast of camel's flesh was prepared, which I found less disagreeable than the first time, for I was beginning to be accustomed to the food of the Bedouins. The camels intended for killing are as white as snow, and are never either worked or fatigued; the meat is red and very fat. The female gives great abundance of milk; the Bedouins drink it continually, and give the rest to their horses of pedigree, which greatly strengthens them: in this way they consume all the milk, as it is not suited to make into butter. We came at last to think the taste preferable to that of goats' or sheep's milk.

An attack of the Wahabees a short time after the arrival of M. Lascaris cost the Drayhy some horsemen and much cattle. The next day Sheik Ibrahim took me aside and said, "I am pleased with the Drayhy; he is just the man I want; but it is indispensable that he should become the chief of all the Bedouins from Aleppo to the frontiers of India. It is to you I look to arrange the matter, by friendship, by threats, or by artifice; this must be effected." "You are imposing a difficult undertaking," I replied. "Every tribe has its chief; they are enemies of dependence, and never have they submitted to any yoke. I fear, if you should engage in any such project, that something disastrous will happen to you." "Still it must absolutely be done," replied M. Lascaris; "exert all your capacity; without that we shall not succeed."

I reflected a long time upon the best means of setting about the business. The first point was to inspire the Bedouins with a high idea of Sheik Ibrahim; and to effect this, as they are superstitious and credulous to excess, we got up a few chemical experiments with phosphorus and fulminating powder, hoping to astonish them. Accordingly, at night, when the chiefs of the tribe were met together under the tent of the Drayhy, Sheik Ibrahim, with a majestic air and admirable dexterity, produced effects that struck them with surprise and amazement. From that moment he appeared to them a sorcerer, a magician, or rather a divinity.

The next day the Drayhy called me and said, "Oh, Abdalla! your master is a god!" "No," replied I, "but rather a prophet; what you witnessed yesterday is nothing compared to the power he has acquired by his profound science; he is the remarkable man of the age. Learn that, if he would, he is capable of making you king of all the Bedouins: he discerned that the comet which appeared some time ago was your star, that is, is superior to that of the other Arabs, and that if you will follow his advice in every point, you will become all-powerful." This idea pleased him extremely. The desire of command and of glory sprang up with violence in his breast; and, by a coincidence truly extraordinary, I had divined the object of his superstition, for he exclaimed, "Oh, Abdalla, I see that you speak truth, and that your master is really a prophet. I had a dream some time ago, in which some fire, separating from a comet, fell upon my tent and consumed it, and I took this fire in my hand and it did not burn me. That comet surely was my star." He then called his wife, and begged her to relate herself the dream as he had told it her on awaking. I availed myself of the circumstance to confirm still more effectually the superiority of Sheik Ibrahim, and the Drayhy promised me to follow all his advice for the future. M. Lascaris, delighted at this fortunate commencement, selected from his goods a handsome present, to give to the Drayhy, who accepted it with the greatest pleasure, and perceived in it a proof that it was

not to enrich ourselves that we were endeavouring to counsel him. From that time he made us eat with his wife and daughters-in-law, in the interior of their tent, instead of eating with strangers in the rabha. His wife, a descendant of a great family, and sister of a minister of Ebn Sihoud, is named Sugar: she enjoys a high reputation for courage and generosity.

Whilst we were establishing our influence over the Drayhy, a minor enemy was working in the shade to destroy our hopes and ruin us. There is in every tribe a pedlar, who sells to the women various articles he brings from Damascus. The one belonging to our tribe, whose name was Absi, filled besides the office of scribe to the Drayhy; but ever since our arrival he had lost both his office and his custom. He naturally felt a great antipathy for us, and sought every possible means to calumniate us before the Bedouins, beginning with the women, whom he persuaded that we were magicians; that we wanted to carry off their daughters into a far country, and throw a spell round the women that they might have no more children; that thus the race of the Bedouins would become extinct, and that Frank conquerors would come and take possession of the country. We soon felt the effects of his calumnies, without knowing their cause. The girls fled at our approach; the women called us opprobrious names; the elderly ones even threatened us. Amongst an ignorant and credulous people, where the women possess great influence, such a danger

might have become serious. At last we found out these intrigues of Absi, and acquainted the Drayhy with them, who would have put him to death on the spot. We had great difficulty in getting him only dismissed from the tribe, which in fact only gave him further opportunity to extend his malice. A village called Mohadan, hitherto tributary to Mehanna, had become so to the Drayhy since his victories. This chief having demanded a thousand piastres that were due to him, the inhabitants, at the instigation of Absi, maltreated the emir's messenger, who punished them by carrying off their flocks. Absi persuaded the village chiefs to come with him to Damascus, and declare to the Capidji Bashi that two Frank spies had gained the confidence of the Drayhy, had made him commit all kinds of injustice, and were endeavouring to make him withdraw the Bedouins from their alliance with the Osmanlis. This denunciation was made before the Vizier Solyman Pacha, who sent a chokedar to the Drayhy, with a threatening letter, concluding with ordering him to deliver up the two infidels to his officer, that they might be led in chains to Damascus, where their public execution would operate as an example.

The Drayhy, enraged at the insolence of this letter, said to the Mussulman officer, "By Him who has raised the heavens, and lowered the earth, if thou wert not beneath my tent, I would cut off thy head, and tie it to my horse's tail; and thus should he bear my answer to your vizier. As

to the two strangers who are with me, I shall never deliver them up while I live. If he wants them, let him come and take them by the power of his sword!"

I then took the Drayhy aside, and entreated him to compose himself, and leave it to me to settle the affair.

I knew that M. Lascaris was intimately connected with Solyman Pacha, and that a letter from him would produce an effect that the Drayhy little expected. M. Lascaris, whilst with the French expedition in Egypt, had married a Georgian, brought with the women of Murad Bey, who proved to be cousin to Solyman Pacha. Subsequently he had occasion to go to Acre; his wife made known her relationship to the pacha, and was loaded by him with kindness and presents, as well as her husband.

M. Lascaris therefore wrote to Solyman Pacha, informing him that the pretended spies were no other than himself and his dragoman, Fatalla Sayeghir; that all that had been said against the Drayhy was false; that it was, on the contrary, for the interest of the Porte to cultivate his friendship, and to favour his preponderance over the other Bedouins. The chokedar, who was trembling for his life, hastened to bear the letter to Damascus, and returned in two days with a most friendly answer to Sheik Ibrahim, and another for the Drayhy, of which these are the contents. After many compliments to the emir, he adds: "We have received a letter from our

dear friend, the great Sheik Ibrahim, which destroys the calumnies of your enemies, and gives most satisfactory testimony regarding you. Your wisdom is made known to us. Henceforward we authorise you to command in the desert, according to your good pleasure. From us you shall receive only acts of friendship. We rate you above your equals: we commend to you our well-beloved Sheik Ibrahim, and Abdalla. Their satisfaction will increase our regard for you, &c." The Drayhy and the other chiefs were greatly astonished at the great credit of Sheik Ibrahim with the pacha. This incident crowned their consideration towards us.

I have said that the Drayhy was surnamed the Exterminater of the Turks; I inquired the origin of this epithet. This is what Sheik Abdalla told me. The Drayhy having once plundered a caravan that was going from Damascus to Bagdad, the pacha was extremely enraged; but not daring openly to avenge himself, dissembled, according to the practice of the Turks, and induced him by fair promises to come to Bagdad. The Drayhy, frank and loyal, suspected no treachery, and went to the pacha with his ordinary train of ten horsemen. He was immediately seized, bound, thrown into a dungeon, and threatened with the loss of his head, if he did not pay for his ransom a thousand purses (a million piastres), five thousand sheep, twenty mares of the kahillan breed, and twenty dromedaries. The Drayhy, leaving his son as hostage, went to raise this enormous ran-

som; and as soon as he had discharged it, he resolved on taking his revenge. The caravans and the villages were plundered; and Bagdad was itself blockaded. The pacha, having collected his troops, came out with an army of thirty thousand men and some pieces of cannon against the Drayhy, who, supported by the allied tribes, gave him battle, which lasted three days; but finding that he was gaining no decisive advantage, retired silently in the night, turned the pacha's army, and placing himself between it and Bagdad, attacked it unexpectedly on several points at the same time. Surprised by night, and on the quarter which was without defence, a panic seized the enemy's camp. The confusion became general among the Osmanlis; and the Drayhy made a great slaughter of them, remaining master of an immense booty. The pacha escaped alone and with difficulty, and shut himself up in Bagdad. This exploit spread such terror among the inhabitants, that even after the peace, his name continued an object of dread. Abdalla recounted many other achievements of the Drayhy, and ended with saying that he loved grandeur and difficulties, and wished to subject all to his dominion.

These were precisely the qualities that Sheik Ibrahim desired to find in him: he therefore devoted himself more and more to the project of making him master of all the other tribes; but the Wahabees were formidable adversaries, who a few days afterwards fell upon the tribe Would Ali, and spread themselves over the desert to force

the Bedouins to pay them a tenth. Alarmed at the approach of these terrible warriors, many tribes were about to submit, when Sheik Ibrahim persuaded the Drayhy that it was for his own honour to take the field, and declare himself protector of the oppressed.

Encouraged by his example, all the tribes, with the exception of that of El Hassnnée, and Beni Sakhrer, made alliance with him to resist the Wahabees. The Drayhy marched with an army of five thousand horse, and two thousand mardouffs. We were ten days without receiving any intelligence. The anxiety in the camp was excessive; symptoms of dissatisfaction against us were becoming apparent, for being the instigators of the perilous expedition; our lives might possibly have paid the penalty of our temerity, if the uncertainty had lasted much longer. On the next day, at noon, a horseman arrived at full speed, waving his white belt at the end of his lance, and shouting aloud, "God has given us the victory!" Sheik Ibrahim gave magnificent presents to the bearer of this good news, which relieved the tribe from serious alarm, and ourselves from no small peril. Shouting and dancing round lighted fires, cattle slain, and preparations for a festival to welcome the warriors, set the camp in an unusual agitation; and all this active arrangement executed by the women, presented a most original spectacle. At night, all the camp went forth to meet the victorious army, the dust they raised being seen in the distance. As soon as we met, the cries were

redoubled. Jousting, racing, firing, and all possible demonstrations of joy, accompanied us back to the camp. After our repast we obtained a recital of the exploits of the warriors.

The Wahabees were commanded by a doughty negro, a half-savage, whose name was Abu-Nocta. When he prepares for battle, he takes off his turban and boots, draws up his sleeves to his shoulders, and leaves his body almost naked, which is of prodigious size and muscular strength. His head and chin, never being shaved, are overshadowed by a bushy head of hair and black beard, which cover his entire face, his eyes gleaming beneath the shade. His whole body, too, is hairy, and affords a sight as strange as it is frightful. The Drayhy came up to him three days from Palmyra, at a spot called Heroualma. The battle was most obstinate on both sides, but ended in the flight of Abu-Nocta, who removed to the country of Neggde, leaving two hundred slain on the field of battle. The Drayhy searched out among the spoils all that had been taken from the tribe Would-Ali, and restored it. This act of generosity still further attached to him the affection of the other tribes, who were coming daily to put themselves under his protection. The report of this victory gained over the terrible Abu-Nocta was disseminated everywhere. Solyman Pacha sent the conqueror a pelisse of honour, and a magnificent sabre, with his congratulations. Soon after this exploit we encamped on the frontiers of Horan.

One day, a Turkish mollah arrived at the

Drayhy's; he wore the large green turban that distinguishes the descendants of Mahomet, a white flowing robe, his eyes blackened, and an enormous beard; he wore also several rows of chaplets, and an inkstand in the form of a dagger at his belt. He rode on an ass, and carried in his hand an arrow. He was come to instil his fanaticism into the Bedouins, and excite in them a great zeal for the religion of the Prophet, in order to attach them to the cause of the Turks. The Bedouins are of great simplicity of character, and remarkable for their frankness. They do not understand differences of religion, and do not willingly allow them to be spoken of. They are deists; they invoke the protection of God in all the events of life, and refer to him their success or their failures with humble resignation; but they have no ceremonies or obligatory ritual, and make no distinction between the sects of Omar and of Ali, which divide the East. They never inquired what was our religion. We told them that we were Christians; their answer was, "All men are equal in the sight of God, and are his creatures; we have no right to inquire what is the creed of other men." This discretion on their part was much more favourable to our projects than the fanaticism of the Turks; so that the arrival of the mollah gave some anxiety to Sheik Ibrahim, who went to the tent of the Drayhy, where he found the conference already begun, or rather the preaching, to which the chiefs were listening with a dissatisfied air. As they all arose at our entrance to salute us, the mollah

inquired who we were, and having learnt that we were Christians:—"It is forbidden," said he, "by the laws of God, to rise before infidels; you will be cursed for holding intercourse with them; your wives will be illegitimate, and your children bastards. Such is the decree of our lord, Mahomet, whose name be for ever venerated!"

The Drayhy, without waiting for the end of his speech, got up in a rage, seized him by the beard, threw him down, and drew his sabre; Sheik Ibrahim sprang forward, withheld his arm, and conjured him to moderate his anger: at length, the emir consented to cut off his beard instead of his head, and drove him away with ignominy.

The Drayhy having attacked the tribe of Beni-Sakhrer, the only one which still opposed him, beat it completely.

However, as the autumn was now come, we commenced our return towards the east. As we approached Homs, the governor sent the Drayhy forty camels loaded with corn, ten machlas, and a pelisse of honour. Sheik Ibrahim addressed me in private, and said, "We are going into the desert; we have exhausted all our stock; what must we do?" "Give me your orders," I replied; "I will go secretly to Aleppo, and get what we want, and I will engage not to make myself known to my family." It was agreed that I should rejoin the tribe at Zour; and I went to Aleppo. I took up my station in a khan but little frequented, and remote from all my acquaintances. I sent a stranger to the correspondent of M. Lascaris to get five

hundred tallaris. The precaution was unnecessary, for with my long beard, my costume, and my Bedouin accent, I ran no risk of being known; I proved this sufficiently on purchasing some goods at the bazaar. I met many of my friends there, and amused myself with behaving rudely to them. But to these moments of careless gaiety, painful ones succeeded; I passed and repassed continually before the door of my house, hoping to get a glimpse of my brother or my poor mother. My desire of seeing her above all was so great that I was twenty times on the point of breaking my word; but the conviction that she would not again allow me to return to M. Lascaris restored my courage, and after six days I was obliged to tear myself away from Aleppo, without obtaining any news of my relatives.

I overtook the tribe on the banks of the Euphrates opposite Daival-Chahar, where there are still some fine ruins of an ancient city. I found the Bedouins engaged, before crossing the river, in selling cattle, or changing them for goods with the pedlars from Aleppo. They have no idea of the value of fictitious money; they will not receive gold in payment, recognising nothing but silver tallaris. They would rather pay too much, or not receive enough in exchange, than admit of fractions. The merchants, aware of this foible, dexterously profit by it. Besides the exchanges, the tribe sold to the amount of twenty-five thousand tallaris; and every man put his money into his sack of flour, that it might not sound on loading and unloading.

A tragical accident happened at the passage of the Euphrates. A woman and two children, mounted on a camel, were carried down by the current before it was possible to give them any assistance. We found Mesopotamia covered with the tribes of Bagdad and Bassora. Their chiefs came daily to congratulate the Drayhy on his victory, and to make acquaintance with us, for the renown of Sheik Ibrahim had reached them. They felt indebted to him for having counselled the war against the Wahabees, whose rapacity and exactions were become intolerable. Their king, Ebn-Sihoud, was accustomed to send a mezakie to count the flocks of each individual, and to take the tenth, always choosing the best: he then had the tents taken down, from that of the sheik to that of the poorest wretch, to find his money, of which they also exacted a tenth. He was still more odious to the Bedouins, because, in his extreme fanaticism, he exacted ablutions and prayers five times a day, and punished with death those who refused to submit. When he forced a tribe to make war for him, instead of sharing the gains and the losses, he kept all the plunder, and only left his allies to bewail their dead. And thus, by degrees, the Bedouins were becoming the slaves of the Wahabees, for want of a chief capable of making head against Ebn-Sihoud.

We encamped at a spot called Nain-el-Raz, three days from the Euphrates. Here the Emir Fares el Harba, the chief of the tribe El Harba, of the territory of Bassora, came to make an

offensive and defensive alliance with the Drayhy. When the chiefs have to discuss any important affair, they quit the camp and hold their conference at a distance; this is called *dahra*,—secret assembly. Sheik Ibrahim having been called to the dahra, showed some mistrust of Fares, fearing that he was a spy of the Wahabees. The Drayhy said to him, "You judge of the Bedouins by the Osmanlis: know that the characters of the two people are directly opposed—treason is unknown among us." After this declaration, all the sheiks present at the council mutually pledged their word. Sheik Ibrahim took advantage of this disposition to propose to them to conclude a treaty in writing, to be signed and sealed by all those who would successively enter into the alliance against Ebn-Sihoud. This was a great step in the interest of Sheik Ibrahim, and I drew up the treaty in the following terms:—

"In the name of the God of mercy, who by his might will help us against traitors. We praise him for all his goodness, and return thanks to him for having given us to distinguish good from evil—to love liberty and to hate slavery; we acknowledge that he is the only and Almighty God, alone to be adored.

"We declare that we are confederated by our own free will without any constraint, that we are all sound in body and mind, and that we have unanimously resolved to follow the advice of the Sheik Ibrahim and Abdalla el Katib, for the interest of

our prosperity, of our glory, and of our liberty. The articles of our treaty are :—

" 1st. To separate ourselves from the Ósmanlis.

" 2nd. To wage a war of extirpation against the Wahabees.

" 3rd. Never to speak upon the subject of religion.

" 4th. To obey the orders of our brother, the great Drayhy, Ebn Chahllan.

" 5th. To oblige each sheik to answer for his tribe and to keep this engagement secret.

" 6th. To combine against those tribes who should not subscribe to it.

" 7th. To march to the assistance of those who sign the present treaty, and to combine against their enemies.

" 8th. To punish with death those who should break this alliance.

" 9th. To listen to no calumnies against Sheik Ibrahim and Abdalla.

" We the undersigned accept all the articles of this treaty ; we will maintain them in the name of God and of his Prophets Mahomet and Ali ; declaring by these presents that we are determined to live and die in this holy alliance."

" Dated, signed, and sealed, the 12th of November, 1811."

All who were present approved and signed it.

Some time afterwards, being encamped in the large and fine plain of El Rané, the Drayhy sent couriers to the other tribes, to invite them to

sign this treaty. Several chiefs set their seals to it, and those who had no seal fixed on it the impression of their finger. Among these chiefs I noticed a young man who from the age of fifteen had governed the tribe of El Ollama, which bears a character very superior to those of the other Bedouins. They cultivate poetry, are well informed, and in general very eloquent. This young sheik thus related the origin of his tribe:—

A Bedouin of Bagdad was held in high reputation for sagacity. A man one day came to him, saying:—"My wife disappeared four days ago; I have sought her ever since in vain: I have three weeping children, and I am in despair; assist me with your advice." Aliaony consoled the unfortunate man, recommended him to stay with his children, and promised him to seek his wife for him, and bring her back dead or alive. In collecting all sorts of intelligence upon the subject, he learnt that the woman was remarkably beautiful; he himself had a libertine son, who had also been some days absent: a ray of light broke upon his mind—he mounted his dromedary and searched the desert. He perceived from afar an assemblage of eagles, hastened towards them, and found at the entrance of a grotto the dead body of a woman. Examining the spot, he discovered the track of a camel, and part of the trimming of a wallet: he brought away this dumb witness and retraced his steps. On returning to his tent, he found his son arrived: his torn wallet wanted the fatal trimming. Overwhelmed

by his father's reproaches, the young man confessed his crime: Aliaony cut off his head, sent for the husband, and said to him:—"My son killed your wife—I have punished him and revenged you; I have a daughter, and give her to you in marriage." This trait of barbarous justice enhanced the reputation of Aliaony: he was elected chief of his tribe, which from his name assumed that of El Ollama, signifying wise,—an appellation which the tribe has always justified.

As we approached Bagdad, our treaty daily received a number of additional signatures.

After quitting El Rané, we encamped at Ain el Oussada, near the river El Cabour. During our sojourn there, a courier despatched by the Drayhy to the Sheik Giandal, chief of the tribe of Wualdi, having been very ill received, returned, bearing an offensive message to the Drayhy. His sons were desirous of taking immediate vengeance. Sheik Ibrahim opposed them, representing that it was always time enough to make war, and that it was right first to try persuasion. I proposed to the emir to go myself with explanations to Giandal. At first he refused the offer, saying:—"Why should you take the trouble of going to him? Let him come himself, or my sabre shall compel him." He yielded, however, at length to my arguments, and I set out escorted by two Bedouins. Giandal received me with anger, and learning who I was, said to me:—"If I had met you anywhere but under my tent, you should never have eaten bread again: be thankful to our

customs, which forbid my killing you."—"Words do not kill," said I; "I am your friend, and have your good at heart. I am come to ask a private interview with you. If what I have to say to you does not satisfy you, I shall return by the way that I came." Seeing my *sang-froid*, he stood up, called his eldest son, conducted me beyond the tents, where we sat down upon the ground, and I thus opened the conference :—

"Which do you prefer, slavery or liberty ?"

"Liberty, undoubtedly !"

"Union or discord ?"—"Union !"

"Greatness or abasement ?"—Greatness !"—

"Poverty or riches ?"—"Riches !"

"Good or evil ?"—"Good !"

"All these advantages we are desirous of securing to you: we wish to release you from slavery to the Wahabees, and from the tyranny of the Osmanlis, by a general confederation which shall make us powerful and free. "Why do you refuse to join us ?" He answered: "What you say is plausible, but we shall never be strong enough to resist Ebn Sihoud !"—"Ebn Sihoud is a man like yourself; he is moreover a tyrant, and God does not favour oppressors: it is not numbers, but intelligence which gives the superiority; power does not rest in the sabre which strikes, but in the will which directs it." The conference lasted some time longer; but in the end I convinced him, and persuaded him to accompany me to the Drayhy, who was highly satisfied with the issue of my negotiation.

We next encamped near the mountains of Sangiar, which are inhabited by the worshippers of an evil spirit. The principal tribe of the country, commanded by Hammond el Tammer, is fixed near the river Sagiour, and does not wander like the others. Hammond refused at first to enter into the alliance. I had a long correspondence with him on this subject, and having at length persuaded him to join us, great rejoicings took place on both sides. Hammond invited the Drayhy to visit him, and received him magnificently. Five camels and thirty sheep were slaughtered for the entertainment, which was served on the ground without the tents. Large dishes of tinned copper, resembling silver, were borne each by four men, containing a mountain of rice six feet high, surmounted by an entire sheep or the quarter of a camel. In other dishes not so large, was a roast sheep or a camel's ham; and a multitude of little dishes, filled with dates and other dried fruits, were distributed in the intervals. Their bread is excellent. They bring their corn from Diabekir, and their rice from Marhach and Mallatia. When we were seated, or rather squatted, round this feast, we could not distinguish the persons opposite to us. The Bedouins of this tribe dress much more richly than the others: the women are very pretty; they wear silk dresses, many bracelets and earrings of gold and silver, and a golden ring in the nose.

After some days passed in festivities, we continued our journey and approached a river, or rather an arm of the Euphrates, which connects

it with the Tigris. Here we were joined by a courier, who in five days had travelled on a dromedary a distance which takes thirty at the pace of a caravan. He came from the district of Neggde, sent by a friendly sheik to warn the Drayhy of the rage into which his projects and alliances had thrown Ebn Sihoud. He despaired of seeing him ever able to make head against the storm, and strongly recommended him to make peace with the Wahabees. I wrote, in the name of the Drayhy, that he felt no more concern about Ebn Sihoud than he should about a grain of mustard; placing his confidence in God, the sole giver of victory. Then, by a diplomatic *ruse*, I gave him to understand that the armies of the Grand Signior would support the Drayhy, who was desirous, above all things, of opening the road to the caravans and delivering Mecca from the power of the Wahabees. The next day we crossed the great arm of the river in boats, and encamped at the other side, in the vicinity of the tribe of El C[illegible] rarah, celebrated for its courage, and also for its ignorance and obstinacy.

We had foreseen the extreme difficulty of gaining it over, not only on account of these faults, but because of the friendship which existed between its chief Abedd, and Abdalla, the principal minister of King Ebn Sihoud. Accordingly he refused to join the alliance; and in this state of things, the Drayhy, supposing all negotiation useless, declared that the sabre must decide between them. The following day Sahen was sent, with

five hundred cavalry, to attack Abedd. He returned in three days, having taken one hundred and forty camels, and two mares of great value: eight men only were killed, but a great number wounded on both sides. I witnessed on this occasion a very extraordinary cure. A young man, a relation of Sahen, was brought back, having his skull broken by a stroke of the djerid, seven sabre wounds in the body, and a lance still fixed in his side. The extraction of the lance was immediately set about, and it was brought out from the opposite side: during the operation the patient turned to me and said—"Do not distress yourself about me, Abdalla, I shall not die;" and extending his hand, he took my pipe and began smoking as tranquilly as if the seven gaping wounds had been in another body.

In about twenty days he was completely cured, and was on horseback as before. The only medicine they gave him was camel's milk mixed with fresh butter, and his only food was dates dressed in butter. Every third day his wounds were washed in camel's urine. I doubt if a European surgeon, with all his apparatus, would have made so complete a cure in so short a time.

The war became daily more serious: Abedd collected his allies to surround us, which obliged us to encamp upon the sands of Caffera, where there is no water. The women were obliged to fetch it daily from the river, in leathern budgets carried by camels. The great quantity necessary for watering the cattle rendered this a very heavy

labour. On the third day the terrified drivers came to announce that eight hundred camels had been carried off by Abedd's followers, while they were leading them to the river. The Drayhy, to revenge this outrage, gave orders to strike the tents and to make a rapid advance on the tribe of Cherarah, which he resolved to attack with his whole force. We marched a day and night without halting, and pitched ten thousand tents at about half a league from the camp of Abedd. A general and murderous battle seemed inevitable; but I determined to hazard a last effort to prevent it if possible.

The Bedouins hold women in great respect, and consult them on all their plans. In the tribe of El Cherarah their influence is even more extensive than elsewhere; there the women hold the actual command. They have generally much more sense than their husbands; and Arquia, wife of the Sheik Abedd, in particular passes for a very superior woman. I determined to go to her, to take her some presents of earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and other trifles, and to endeavour thereby to bribe her to our interests. Having secretly made all the necessary inquiries to direct my proceedings, I introduced myself to her in the absence of her husband, who was holding a council of war with one of his allies. By dint of compliments and presents, I led her to enter herself on the subject of the war,—the real purpose of my visit, though I did not choose to confess it. I took the opportunity of explaining to her the advantages of an

alliance with the Drayhy, solely as a subject of conversation, and by no means as authorised to consult with her upon it: I told her that my visit was solely induced by a natural curiosity to see so celebrated a woman, who governed warriors redoubtable for their courage, but in need of her superior understanding rightly to direct their brutal force. During this conversation her husband returned to the camp, was informed of my arrival, and sent orders to Arquia ignominiously to dismiss the spy she had with her; that as the rites of hospitality would withhold his arm from taking vengeance upon the threshold of his own tent, he should not enter it till the traitor was gone. Arquia haughtily replied, that I was her guest, and that she should not suffer the law to be laid down to her. I got up to take leave of her, asking pardon for the embarrassment I had caused; but she seemed to make a point of convincing me that I had not gratuitously attributed to her an influence which she did not possess, for she detained me by force while she went to confer with her husband. She soon returned, accompanied by Abedd, who treated me very politely, and requested me to explain the intentions of the Drayhy. I gained his entire confidence, by the assistance of his wife, and, before the end of the day, he himself solicited permission to accompany me to the Drayhy; which I opposed, telling him that I should not dare to present him to the emir without notice, because he was so highly irritated against him; but that I would plead his cause and send him an

immediate answer. I left them at least as desirous of joining the confederacy as I had been to persuade them to do so.

By the invitation of the Drayhy, Abedd went a few days afterwards to set his seal to the treaty, and to exchange the camels which had been reciprocally taken during the war. This difficult affair thus terminated in so satisfactory a manner, we left the sands to pass eight days in the district of Atteria, at three hours' distance from the Tigris, near the ruins of the castle El Attera, where the pasturage is abundant. Having here refreshed the cattle, we continued our route eastwards.

We one day met a Bedouin, mounted on a fine black dromedary: the sheiks saluted him with an air of concern, and inquired what had been the issue of his unfortunate adventure of the preceding year. I asked his history, and found the recital sufficiently interesting to give it a place in my journal. Aloian (this was the name of the Bedouin), while hunting the gazelle, arrived at a spot where broken lances, bloody sabres, and unburied corpses indicated a recent battle. A plaintive sound, which scarcely reached his ear, attracted him to a pile of dead bodies, in the midst of which a young Arab still breathed. Aloian hastened to his assistance, placed him upon his dromedary, led him to his tent, and by his paternal cares restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress (the wounded man) began to talk of his departure; but Aloian said to him:—"If we must absolutely separate, I will conduct you to

your tribe, and there take leave of you with regret; but if you will remain with me, you shall be my brother, my mother shall be your mother, and my wife your sister: consider my proposal, and give it a deliberate answer."—"Oh! my benefactor," replied Faress, "where shall I find such relations as you offer me? But for you, I should not now be living; my flesh would have been devoured by birds of prey, and my bones by the beasts of the desert: since you are willing to keep me, I will live with you and serve you to the end of my life." A motive less pure than he dared to avow had prompted Faress's decision: love for Hafza, the wife of Aloian, who had been his nurse, was beginning to agitate his bosom, and was returned. Aloian, who entertained no suspicion, one day charged Faress to escort his mother, his wife, and two children to a new encampment, while he went hunting. Faress could not resist this fatal opportunity: he laded a camel with the tent, placed the mother and two children upon it, and sent them forward, saying that he would follow with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked back in vain: Hafza did not appear; Faress had carried her away upon an extremely swift mare to his tribe. In the evening Aloian arrived, fatigued with the chase, and searched in vain for his tent among those of his tribe. The old mother had been unable to pitch it without assistance, and he found her seated upon the earth with the two children. "Where is Hafza?" said he.—"I have neither seen Hafza nor Faress," replied she: "I

have been expecting them since the morning." Then, for the first time, he suspected the truth; and having assisted his mother to fix the tent, he mounted his black dromedary and rode two days till he came up to the tribe of Faress. At the entrance of the camp he stopped to speak to an old woman who was alone. "Why do you not go to the sheik?" said she; "there is a feast in the tribe to-day: Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been wounded on a field of battle and wept for dead, is returned, bringing with him a beautiful woman; this evening their wedding is to be celebrated." Aloian dissembled, and waited for the night: then, while all the camp slept, he introduced himself into the tent of Faress, separated his head from his body by a stroke of his sabre, and having carried the corpse out of the encampment, returned upon his steps, found his wife asleep, and woke her, saying,—"It is Aloian who calls thee; follow me." She rose in terror and said,—"Save thyself, imprudent man! Faress and his brothers will kill thee."—"Traitress!" replied he, "what have I done to be thus treated? Have I ever contradicted or reproached thee? Hast thou forgotten all the cares I have lavished upon thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, rise, call upon God and follow me: accursed be the devil who has tempted you to commit this folly!" But Hafza, far from being moved by this mildness of Aloian, exclaimed, "Go hence! or I shall give the alarm and call Faress to kill thee." Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by remon-

strance, he seized her, stopped her mouth, and in spite of her resistance placed her on a dromedary, which never paused till they were out of hearing of the camp. Then placing her *en croupe* behind him, he more leisurely continued his route. At day-break the corpse of Faress and the disappearance of his wife set the whole camp in a tumult. His father and brothers followed and overtook Aloian, who defended himself with heroic courage. Hafza, breaking off her bonds, joined the assailants and threw stones at him, one of which struck him on the head and made him stagger. Aloian, however, though covered with wounds, conquered his adversaries: he killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, saying it would be disgraceful to him to kill an old man; he restored him his mare, and advised him to return home; then, seizing his wife anew, he pursued his route and reached his tribe without having exchanged a word with her. He immediately assembled all her relations, and placing Hafza in the midst of them, said to her,—"Relate, thyself, all that has passed: I refer my cause to the judgment of thy father and brother." Hafza told the tale truly, and her father, full of indignation, raised his sabre and laid her at his feet.

Having proceeded stage by stage to within four hours of Bagdad, M. Lascaris secretly repaired thither to see the French consul, M. Adrien de Correncé, and negotiate with him for a large sum of money.

The next day, after crossing the Tigris at Ma-

chad, we established ourselves near the river El Cahaun, and learned there that a sanguinary war was raging between the Bedouins, who took part for or against our alliance. Sheik Ibrahim persuaded the Drayhy not to lose time, but to form a junction with our allies as expeditiously as possible. We consequently advanced, and encamped near many little springs, at twenty hours' distance from Bagdad; and the next day crossed a great chain of mountains: we then took the necessary precaution of filling our water budgets, having a march of twelve hours to make over burning sands, where neither water nor herbage is to be found. On reaching the frontiers of Persia we met a messenger of the tribe of El Achgaha, bearing a letter from the chief Dehass, who demanded the assistance of *the Father of Heroes—the chief of the most redoubtable warriors—the powerful Drayhy*, against enemies who number fifteen thousand tents. We were then at six days' journey from this tribe; but the Drayhy having given orders to quicken the march, we accomplished this distance in three times twenty-four hours, without halting even to eat. The greatest fatigue of this forced march fell upon the women, who were obliged to make the bread and milk the camels, without delaying the caravan.

The organization of this ambulatory kitchen was very curious. At certain regulated distances women were placed, who were employed without relaxation. The first, mounted on a camel laden with wheat, had a handmill before her. The corn

once ground, she passed the meal to her neighbour, whose business it was to knead it with water, carried in budgets suspended on the sides of her camel. The dough was then handed to a third woman, who baked it in the form of cakes on a chafing-dish, with charcoal and straw. These cakes she distributed to the division of warriors, whose food she was charged to provide, and who came every minute to demand their portion.

Other women walked beside the camels to milk them into *cahahs*,—wooden pails, containing four litres: these were passed from hand to hand to slake the thirst of the troops. The camels ate as they marched, from bags hung round their necks; and when their riders wished to sleep, they lay at their length on the camels, their feet secured in the sacks to protect them from falling. The slow and measured step of the camels invites to sleep, and I have never slept better than on this march. The wife of the Emir Faress was delivered in her howdah of a son, who received the name of Harma, from the place we were passing when he came into the world: it is at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. We were soon after joined by three tribes: El Harba, El Suallema, and El Abdalla. We reckoned seven thousand tents when Dehass joined us. This imposing succour reassured him: we gave him a magnificent supper, after which he affixed his seal to our treaty.

The enemy was still at the distance of a day's journey. Our men and horses being in great need of repose, the Drayhy commanded a two days' rest;

but the assailants did not allow us the desired truce. As soon as the report of our approach reached them, they began their march, and the next day thirty thousand men were encamped an hour from us. The Drayhy immediately advanced his army to the banks of the river, fearing that our supply of water might be intercepted; and we took up a position near the village of El Hutta.

The next day, the Drayhy sent a letter to the chiefs of the five tribes who were come to attack us: Douockhry, chief of El Fedhay; Saker Ebn Hamed, chief of El Modianu; Mohdi Ebn Hud, of El Sabha; Bargiass, of Mouayega; and Amer Ebn Noggies, chief of Mehayeda. This attempt was wholly unsuccessful: the answer was a declaration of war, the style of which clearly proved that our intentions had been misrepresented, and that the chiefs acted under foreign influence.

Sheik Ibrahim proposed to send me to them with presents, to endeavour to come to an explanation. My embassies had hitherto succeeded so well, that I accepted this with pleasure, and set out with a single guide: but scarcely had we reached the tent of Mohdi, who lay nearest to us, when their advanced guard came upon us like wild beasts, robbed us of our presents and our clothes, put irons on our feet, and left us naked on the burning sands. In vain I entreated permission to explain; I was threatened with instant death if I persisted in remonstrating. Some moments afterwards, I saw the perfidious Absi advancing to me: I then understood the cause of the

inconceivable treatment of which I had been the victim; he had been travelling from tribe to tribe to raise enemies against us. I was so enraged at the sight of him, that my fallen courage revived, and I determined to die bravely if I could not live to take vengeance. He approached, and, spitting in my face, cried, "Dog of an infidel! in what manner do you choose that I should separate your soul from your body?"—"My soul," I replied, "is not in your power; my days are numbered by the great God? if they are to end now, it signifies little in what manner; but if I am still to live, you have no power to kill me." He then withdrew to excite the Bedouins against me afresh, and men, women, and children came to overwhelm me with outrages: some spit in my face, others threw sand in my eyes; several pricked me with their djerids. I was kept twenty-four hours without eating or drinking, and suffering a martyrdom it is impossible to describe. Towards the evening of the second day, a young man, named Jabour, came to me, and drove away the children who were tormenting me. I had already remarked him; for, of all those I had seen during this day, he alone had not insulted me. He offered to bring me bread and water at nightfall. "Hunger and thirst," I replied, thanking him, "are of little consequence; but if you could assist me to escape hence, I would reward you generously." He promised to attempt it, and in the middle of the night brought me the key of my fetters, which he had had the address to procure while the chiefs

were at supper. He opened them without noise; and without taking time to throw on my clothes, we ran back to my tribe. All were asleep in the camp, except the four negroes who kept guard at the entrance of Drayhy's tent: they uttered a cry on seeing me, and in great haste woke their master, who came with Sheik Ibrahim: they embraced me with tears, and handsomely rewarded my liberator. The Drayhy expressed the most lively grief at the treatment I had experienced, and the greatest indignation at this violation of the rights of nations. He immediately gave orders for battle, and at sunrise we perceived that the enemy had done the same. On the first day, there was no marked advantage on either side. Auad, chief of the tribe Suallema, lost his mare, for which he had refused twenty-five thousand piastres. All the Bedouins participated in his affliction, and the Drayhy gave him one of his best horses, very inferior however to the superb animal he had lost. The next day the battle was renewed with increased fury, and our loss was more considerable than that of the enemy. We were obliged to act with extreme caution, having only fifteen thousand troops to oppose to him. Forty of our men fell into their hands, while we made only fifteen prisoners; but amongst these was Hamed, son of the chief Saker. The captives on both sides were put in irons.

To these two days of fighting succeeded a tacit truce of three, during which the two armies continued to face each other without any demonstration

of hostility. On the third day, the chief Saker, with a single attendant, came to our camp. He was uneasy for his son, a valiant young man, adored by his father and by all the Bedouins of his tribe; and he came to ransom him. Hamed had been very well treated by us; I had myself bound up his wounds. The Drayhy received Saker with great distinction. The latter, after the customary civilities, spoke of the war—expressed his astonishment at the Drayhy's ardour against the Wahabees, and said that he could not credit so much disinterestedness, under which some secret motives or personal views must needs be couched. "You cannot take it ill," added he, "that I do not engage with you without knowing your object. Take me into your confidence, and I will second you to the utmost of my power." We replied, that we were not in the habit of admitting to our secrets those of whose friendship we had no assurance; but that if he chose to sign our treaty, we should have no concealments from him. He then asked to be made acquainted with this engagement, and after having listened to a lecture of the different articles, with which he seemed to be very well content, he assured us that things had been very differently represented to him, and repeated the calumnies that Absi had spread concerning us. He ended by affixing his seal to the treaty, and afterwards pressed us to explain the object we were aiming at. Sheik Ibrahim told him that our intention was to open a passage from the coasts of Syria to the frontiers of India, to an

army of a hundred thousand men, under a powerful conqueror, who would relieve the Bedouins from the yoke of the Turks, restore to them the sovereignty of the country, and enable them to obtain possession of the treasures of India. He affirmed that there was nothing to be lost, but everything to gain, in the execution of this project, the success of which depended upon the union of forces and the harmony of inclinations. He promised that their camels should be paid at a high price for the transport of the provisions for this great army, and made him look to the commerce of these vast countries as likely to become a source of inexhaustible riches to them.

Saker entered fully into our views; but it was still necessary to explain to him that the Wahabee* might counteract our plans; that his religious fanaticism would naturally be opposed to the passage of a Christian army; that his spirit of domination, which had already made him master of Yemen, Mecca and Medina, would extend his pretensions to Syria, where the Turks could not offer him any serious resistance: that, on the other hand, a great maritime power, enemy to the one we favoured, would infallibly make an alliance with him, and would send forces by sea to cut us off from the road of the desert. After much debate, in which Saker showed both judgment and sagacity, he entirely acquiesced in our arguments, and promised to use all his influence with the other

* Ebn Sihoud, King of the Wahabees, is often called by this name.

tribes. It was agreed that he should be chief of the Bedouins of the country we were then in, as the Drayhy was of those of Syria and Mesopotamia: he engaged between this time and the same period in the next year to unite the different tribes under his orders, while we should pursue our route; and promised that at our return all should be made easy to us. We separated, enchanted with each other, after loading his son with presents and liberating all the other prisoners. Saker, on his part, sent back our forty men; and the next day wrote us word that Mohdi and Douackhry no longer opposed our projects, and that they were about to remove to hold a conference with Bargiass, at three hours' distance. In fact, they broke up their camp, and we did the same; for the assemblage of so large a number of men and cattle had covered the earth with filth, and rendered our continuance in the place quite intolerable.

We encamped at six hours' distance, at Maytal el Ebbed, where we rested eight days. Saker came there to us, and it was agreed that he alone should undertake to raise the Bedouins of these districts, while we should return into Syria, lest, by too long abandoning our first conquest, our enemies should take advantage of our absence to embroil our affairs and detach the tribes from our alliance.

Besides, the spring was already advanced, and it behoved us to hasten thither, lest the pasturages of Syria and Mesopotamia should be occupied by others. We deferred then, till the year following,

the project of pushing our recognisance as far as the frontiers of India. By that period, Saker would have had time to prepare the tribes of his neighbourhood to second us; "for," said he, "the tree is uprooted by one of its branches."

Some days' march brought us back to Mesopotamia. In two more we crossed the Euphrates near Mansour and the desert called El Hamad. We encamped in a place where water is only to be had by digging deep holes, and is at last only fit for the beasts; man cannot drink of it. The place is called Halib el Dow, because milk is here the only beverage.

We went from thence to El Sarha, a district abundantly supplied with water and herbage, and here expected to be indemnified for our privations; but a particular circumstance speedily dashed our hopes. The soil is covered with an herb called *Kraffour*, which the camels eat with avidity, and which has the property of inebriating them to the point of madness. They run to the right and left, breaking everything they encounter, overthrowing the tents, and pursuing the men.

During four-and-twenty hours no one could get any rest; the Bedouins were constantly employed in mastering the camels and in calming their fury. I should have preferred actual war to this continual struggle with animals whose prodigious strength, and delirious exaltation presented incalculable dangers. But it appears that

the triumph of skill over force has great charms for these children of nature; for, when I went to the Drayhy to deplore the state of fever in which this novel revolution held us, he only laughed, and assured me it was one of the greatest amusements of the Bedouins. While we were talking, a camel of the largest size made straight towards us, with his head erect, and kicking up the dust with his great feet. The Drayhy, seizing one of the stakes of his tent, waited for the furious animal, and struck him a violent blow on the head. The weapon broke, and the camel turned away to exercise his ravages elsewhere. A dispute then arose, as to which was the strongest, the camel or the sheik. The latter averred, that if his club had resisted, he should have cleft the skull of his adversary; the attendants maintained the superiority of the animal, who had broken the obstacle opposed to him; and my decision, that their strength was equal, because it was a drawn battle, excited the mirth of the whole audience.

The next day we broke up our camp, and were overtaken on the road by a messenger from Saker, who sent us an account of the ill success of his negotiation with Bargiass. Our enemy Absi, who was high in favour with the latter chief, had exasperated him against us; had persuaded him to join Mehanna, and then to form an alliance with the Wahabees, who were to send an army for our destruction. The Drayhy answered, that this was no cause for uneasiness—that God was stronger

than they were, and could with ease give the victory to the good cause. After this incident we continued our journey.

We next learned that the tribe El Calfa was encamped at Zualma. The Drayhy considered it important to secure the co-operation of this powerful and courageous tribe. Its sheik, Giassem, was an old friend of the Drayhy; but he could neither read nor write, and it therefore became dangerous to address a letter to him, which would be read by a Turk, and might be essentially injurious to our affairs, as experience had taught us in the instance of the scribe Absi. Again, then, the negotiation was committed to me; and I was sent to him, with an escort of six men mounted on dromedaries. We arrived, after a journey of three days, at the spot indicated, and were greatly disconcerted to find that the tribe had removed their camp, leaving no trace of the road they had taken. We passed the night without eating or drinking, and deliberated the following day on what we were to do. The affair of most immediate necessity was to find water; for it is well known that thirst is more insupportable than hunger, and we might also reasonably expect at the same time to meet both with the springs and the tribe. We wandered three entire days without finding either water or food. My palate was so perfectly dry, that I could neither move my tongue nor articulate a sound; I had exhausted all the artificial means of mitigating thirst, as keeping pebbles and balls of lead in my mouth; my face

was become black, and my strength was forsaking me, when suddenly my companions cried out, "Gioub el Ghamin!" (the name of a well in the desert,) and darted forward. These men, inured to fatigue, sustained privations in a manner inconceivable to me, and were far from imagining to what a deplorable condition I was reduced. On seeing them run from me, the irritation of my nerves, excited by fatigue, made me despair of reaching the well, where I fancied they would not leave a single drop of water for me; and I threw myself on the ground weeping. Seeing me thus overcome, they returned, and encouraged me to make an effort to follow them. We arrived at length at the well, and one of them leaning over the parapet, drew his sabre, declaring he would cut off the head of the first man who dared approach. "Be governed by my experience," said he, "or you will all perish." The authoritative tone he assumed had its effect upon us, and we all obeyed in silence. He called us one by one, beginning with me, and made us first lean over the margin of the well to inhale some of its moisture. Then drawing a small quantity of water, he wetted our lips with his fingers; by degrees he allowed us to drink a few drops, then a small cup full; and having pursued this rational treatment for three hours, he said, "You may now drink without risk; but if you had not listened to me, you would have been all dead men; for drinking without precaution, after long privation, is certain destruction." We passed the night on this spot,

drinking continually, as much for nourishment as to slake our thirst, which, notwithstanding this indulgence, seemed insatiable. In the morning we climbed an eminence that we might see farther round us; alas! nothing but the boundless desert met our view. At length, however, one of the Bedouins thought he descried an object in the distance, and soon asserted that it was an howdah covered with scarlet cloth, and borne by a camel of great size. His companions saw nothing, but having no better guide to follow, we turned our steps in the direction indicated; and, in fact, soon afterwards we found ourselves approaching a great tribe, and distinctly saw the howdah which had served us for a pharos: happily it proved to be the tribe we were in quest of.

Giassem received us kindly, and did his best to remedy our fatigue. I satisfactorily accomplished the object of my mission to him, and he dictated a letter to the Drayhy, in which he undertook to place his men and goods under his orders, saying that the alliance between them ought to be of the closest kind, on account of their long-standing friendship. I set out on my return provided with this important document, but, on the other hand, much interested in the news he had imparted to me of the arrival of a princess, daughter of the King of England, in Syria, where she was displaying the luxuries of royalty, and had been received with all sorts of honours by the Turks. She had made magnificent presents to Mehanna el Fadel, and had been escorted by him to Palmyra,

where she had profusely distributed her largesses, and had made a formidable party among the Bedouins, who had proclaimed her queen.* Sheik Ibrahim, to whom I carried this intelligence, was greatly disturbed by it, believing it to be an intrigue to ruin our plans.

The Drayhy, perceiving our misgivings, reassured us by declaring that if they sowed sacks of gold from Hama to the gates of India, they would be unable to detach a single tribe from the solemn engagement which had been contracted.

"The word of a Bedouin is sacred," he added; "follow up your projects without uneasiness. For my part, my campaign is planned. I am going to the Horan to watch the proceedings of Ebn Sihoud, whom alone we have cause to fear. I shall then return, and encamp in the environs of Homs."

Sheik Ibrahim, having no longer either money or merchandise, determined to send me immediately to Corietain, whence I should despatch a messenger to Aleppo to procure a supply of cash. I went joyfully, as the expedition gave me a prospect of visiting my friends and reposing some time amongst them. My first day's journey was performed without accident; but on the following day, about four o'clock, at a spot named Cankoum, I fell into the midst of what I believed to be a friendly tribe, but which proved to be that of Bargiass. It was now too late to recede; I

* This imaginary princess was no other than Lady Hester Stanhope.

therefore made for the tent of the sheik, preceded by my negro Fodda: but scarcely had I set foot on the ground, when he was massacred before my eyes, and I saw the same weapons which had despatched him raised upon me. The shock was so great, that I have no recollection of what followed, except that I cried out, "Stop! I claim the protection of the daughter of Hedal!" and fainted. When I reopened my eyes, I found myself lying on a couch in a tent, surrounded by a score of females, who were endeavouring to recall me to life: some were holding burnt hair, vinegar, and onions to my nostrils; while others bathed me in water, and introduced melted butter between my dry and contracted lips. As soon as I had perfectly recovered my consciousness, the wife of Bargiass took me by the hand, saying:

"Fear nothing, Abdalla: you are in the tent of the daughter of Hedal, and no one has a right to injure you."

Bargiass presenting himself shortly afterwards at the entrance of the tent, to make his peace, as he said, with me,—"By the head of my father," cried she, "you shall not cross my threshold till Abdalla is entirely cured!"

I remained three days under Bargiass's tent, tended in the most affectionate manner by his wife, who was negotiating meanwhile a reconciliation between her husband and me; but I felt so rancorous a resentment at his brutality that I found it difficult to pardon him: at length, however, I consented to bury the past in oblivion, on condition

of his signing the treaty with the Drayhy. We then embraced and entered into an oath of fraternity. Bargiass presented me with a negro, saying, "I have sacrificed your silver, but in return I give you a jewel;" a play of words upon the names of the two negroes, *Fodda*, silver, and *Gianhar*, jewel. He afterwards gave an entertainment in honour of our reconciliation. In the midst of the feast a courier arrived at full speed from the Drayhy, bringing to Bargiass a declaration of exterminating war, and full of the most opprobrious epithets, "Oh! thou traitor," he wrote, "who violatest the sacred law of the Bedouins! thou wretch for ever infamous, who massacrest thy guests! thou Ottoman under a black skin! know that all the blood of thy tribe would not suffice to compensate for that of my dear Abdalla! Prepare thyself for battle, for my courser will rest no more till I have destroyed the last of thy race!" I hastened my departure, to prevent any collision, and to comfort Sheik Ibrahim and the Drayhy. I cannot describe the joy and astonishment which my presence caused; and so miraculous did my return appear, that they could scarcely credit the evidence of their eyes, till I had related all my adventures.

The next morning I again took the road to Corietain, where I waited for twenty days the return of the messenger I had sent to Aleppo,—a respite which I found very seasonable both for repose and for the repair of my tattered wardrobe; but necessity protracted my stay beyond my inclination, for news was spread that the Wahabees

had invaded the desert of Damascus and ravaged several villages, massacring men and children without exception, and pillaging the women, whom alone they spared. The Sheik of Corietain, too weak to offer the smallest resistance, caused the gates of the town to be closed, forbade any egress from it, and tremblingly awaited the issue. We soon learned that the enemy having attacked Palmyra, the inhabitants had retired within the precincts of the temple, and there successfully defended themselves; and that the Wahabees, unable to force their position, had contented themselves with killing the camel-drivers and carrying off their camels. From thence they proceeded to ransack the village of Arack, and had dispersed themselves throughout the environs. This sinister intelligence alarmed me for the fate of my messenger, who however arrived safe and sound with Sheik Ibrahim's money. He had taken refuge for a short time at Saddad, the inhabitants of which having paid a pretty heavy contribution, had for the moment nothing more to fear. Profiting by this circumstance, I laid aside my Bedouin habiliments, and dressing myself as a Christian of Saddad, made my way to that village, where I obtained news of the Drayhy, who was encamped with the tribe of Bargiass at Ghandah el Cham. I rejoined him the first possible opportunity, and learned with chagrin that a formidable coalition had been effected between Mehanna el Fadel and the tribe established at Samarcand; and that by their intrigues with the governors of Hems and Hama, some Turks and

Bedouins had been drawn into the alliance against us. In this critical conjuncture I bethought myself of our friend the Pacha Soliman, and persuaded Sheik Ibrahim to visit Damascus for the purpose of consulting with him. We set out at once, and alighted at the house of his prime minister, Hagim, from whom we learned the name of the supposed English princess: he informed us that it was through the influence of Lady Stanhope's presents that Mehanna had acquired so powerful a party amongst the Turks. These details confirmed our suspicions that England, aware of our projects, was subsidizing the Wahabees on one hand, while on the other she endeavoured, through the intervention of Lady Stanhope, to unite the Bedouins of Syria with the Turks. An Englishman, whom we met at the house of M. Chabassan, assuming the name of Sheik Ibrahim, added strength to these conjectures: he endeavoured to extract something from us, but we were too much upon our guard. Having obtained what we wished from Soliman Pacha, we hastened to rejoin our tribe.

The Drayhy's courage was not diminished; he assured us he could make head against a much stronger array. The firman granted us by Soliman Pacha required the governors of Hems and Hama to hold in respect his faithful friend and well-beloved son, the Drayhy Ebn Challan, who ought to be obeyed, being supreme chief of the Desert of Damascus; and that any alliance in opposition to him was contrary to the will of the Porte. Furnished with this document, we advanced towards

Hama; and some days afterwards Sheik Ibrahim received an invitation from Lady Hester Stanhope to pay her a visit in company with his wife, Madame Lascaris, who was still at Acre; an invitation that annoyed him the more, as he had for three years avoided sending any intelligence to his wife, in order to conceal from the world the place of his residence and his intimacy with the Bedouins. It was necessary, however, to send an answer to Lady Stanhope; he therefore wrote that he would do himself the honour of visiting her as early as circumstances would permit, and despatched at the same time a courier to his wife, desiring her to decline the invitation. But it was too late; Madame Lascaris, anxious to ascertain the existence of her husband, had instantly obeyed Lady Stanhope's summons to Hama, in hopes of gaining some traces of him from that lady: M. Lascaris thus found himself under the necessity of rejoining her.

Meanwhile Mehanna advanced nearer and nearer, fancying himself certain of co-operation from the Osmanlis; but the Drayhy, judging the time arrived for producing the pacha's firman, sent it to Hems and Hama by the hands of his son Saher, who was received with the greatest honours. After inspecting the order of which he was the bearer, the two governors placed their troops at his disposal, declaring Mehanna a traitor for calling in the Wahabees, the most inexorable enemies of the Turks.

Lady Hester Stanhope sent an invitation to

Saher, and overwhelmed him with presents for himself, his wife, and mother; gave a saddle and boots to every horseman of his suite, and announced her intention of shortly visiting his tribe. M. Lascaris' visit ended less agreeably: Lady Stanhope having vainly endeavoured, by questions ingeniously contrived, to draw from him some explanation of his connexion with the Bedouins, finally assumed a tone of authority which afforded M. Lascaris a pretext for a rupture. He sent his wife back to Acre, and quitted Lady Stanhope at open variance with her.

Mehanna made his dispositions for commencing the struggle; but finding the Drayhy by no means intimidated by his approach, he judged it prudent to secure a reinforcement of Osmanlis, and sent his son Fares to Hems, to claim the governor's promised assistance; who, however, instead of investing him with the command of a body of troops, had him loaded with irons and thrown into prison; and the dismayed Mehanna, at this afflicting intelligence, beheld himself precipitated in a moment from the supreme command, to the sad and humiliating necessity, not only of submission to the Drayhy, but of even soliciting his protection against the Turks. The unfortunate old man, overwhelmed by so unexpected a reverse, was obliged to implore the mediation of Assaf Sheik of Saddad, who promised him to negotiate a peace; and actually accompanied him with a hundred horsemen within a short distance of our camp. There leaving Mehanna with his escort, he advanced alone

to the tent of the Drayhy, who received him very cordially, but refused at first to accept the submission of Mehanna, till we interposed in his behalf. Sheik Ibrahim represented the hospitality with which he had received us on our arrival in the desert, and Saher, twice kissing his father's hand, united his solicitations to ours. The Drayhy yielding at last, the principal men of the tribe marched forward to meet Mehanna,—an attention due to his years and rank. As soon as he alighted, the Drayhy assigned him the seat of honour in the corner of the tent, and ordered coffee to be brought. Mehanna hereupon rose: "I will drink none of thy coffee," said he, "till we shall be completely reconciled, and have buried the seven stones." At these words the Drayhy also rose; they drew and mutually presented their sabres to be kissed; after which they embraced, and the example was followed by their attendants. Mehanna with his lance made an opening in the ground, in the centre of the tent, about a foot in depth; and choosing seven small stones, he said to the Drayhy, "In the name of the God of peace, for your guarantee and mine, we thus for ever bury our discord." As the stones were cast into the hole, the two sheiks threw earth over them, and trod it down with their feet; the women signalizing the ceremony with deafening shouts of joy: at its termination the chiefs resumed their seats, and coffee was served.* From that moment it was no

* The ceremony is called the *hásnat*.

longer allowable to revert to the past, or to mention war. I was assured that a reconciliation, to be according to rule, ought always to be solemnized in this form. After a plentiful repast, I read aloud the treaty, to which Mehanna and four other chiefs of tribes affixed their seals.*

Their united forces amounted to seven thousand six hundred tents; and, what was far more important still, the Drayhy became by this alliance chief of all the Bedouins of Syria, where he had no longer a single enemy. Saher went to Hems to solicit the deliverance of Fares, whom he brought back, attired in a pelisse of honour, to take part in the general rejoicing; after which the tribes dispersed, and occupied with their several stations the whole country from the Horan to Aleppo.

We now only waited the end of the summer to return towards the east, in order to conclude the negotiations we had commenced the preceding year with the tribes of Bagdad and Bussora; and this interval of calm and leisure was filled up with preparations for a marriage between Giarah, son of Fares, chief of the tribe El Harba, and Sabha, daughter of Bargiass, the most beautiful maiden of the desert. I was peculiarly interested in the affair, having known the bride during my residence with her mother. Fares begged the Drayhy to accompany him to Bargiass to make his proposals; and

* These chiefs were, Zarack Ebn Fahrer, chief of the tribe El Gioullan; Giarah Ebn Meghiel, chief of the tribe El Giahma; Ghaleb Ebn Ramdoun, chief of the tribe El Ballahiss; and Fares Ebn Nedged, chief of the tribe El Maslekher.

the chiefs of the tribe, in their richest attire, were in attendance. We reached the tent of Bargiass without any one being sent to meet us; Bargiass did not even rise to receive us: such is the usual form on such occasions; the smallest sign of forwardness would be considered unbecoming.

After a few moments' silence the Drayhy spoke; —"Why," said he, "do you receive us so indifferently? If you are resolved to offer us no refreshment, we will return home." During this time Sabha, withdrawn within that part of the tent reserved for the women, observed her suitor through the opening of the curtain; for custom exacts that the lady should signify her satisfaction at the appearance of her lover, before any negotiation is entered upon; and if, after the secret survey I have just mentioned, she gives her mother to understand that the intended bridegroom does not please her, the matter rests there. On this occasion, however, a young and handsome man, of a proud and noble presence, presented himself, and Sabha gave the requisite token of satisfaction to her mother, who then responded to the Drayhy's inquiry,—"You are all welcome! Not only will we heartily afford you refreshment, but we will grant all that you can desire."—"We come," returned the Drayhy, "to demand your daughter in marriage for the son of our friend: what do you require for her dowry?"—"A hundred nakas,"* replied Bargiass, "five horses of the race of Nedgde, five hundred sheep, three negroes, and

* Female camels of the most beautiful species.

three negresses to attend upon Sabha; and for the *trousseau*, a saddle embroidered with gold, a robe of damask silk, ten bracelets of amber and coral, and yellow boots." The Drayhy made some remonstrances on the exorbitance of the demand, saying, "Thou art minded to realize the Arab proverb: 'If thou wouldst not marry thy daughter, increase her price.' Be more reasonable if thou desirest the conclusion of this marriage."

The dowry was finally settled at fifty nakas, two horses, two hundred sheep, one negro, and one negress. The *trousseau* remained as dictated by Bargiass; saddles and yellow boots for the mother and some other members of the family were even added above his demand. Having written these articles, I read them aloud. Then the assistants at the ceremony recited the prayer *Faliha*—the Pater Noster of the Mussulmans, which confers its sanction on the contract,—and camel's milk was handed round, as lemonade had been at a town in Syria. After this refreshment the young people mounted their horses and amused themselves with the djerid,* and other games. Giarah, desirous to ingratiate himself with his bride, was particularly distinguished, and she remarked with pleasure his agility and grace. We separated at nightfall, and preparations for the nuptials now employed the thoughts of all.

By the evening of the third day, the dowry, or rather the price of Sabha, was ready, and a nume-

* An equestrian exercise with sticks, called djerids, which are lanced like javelins.

rous procession moved with it in the following order:—A horseman led the van, with a white flag pendant from the point of his lance, and crying, "I bear the spotless honour of Bargiass." After him followed the camels, decorated with garlands of flowers and foliage, attended by their drivers; then the negro on horseback, richly clothed, and surrounded by men on foot singing popular airs. Behind them marched a troop of warriors, armed with muskets, which they frequently discharged. A woman followed, sprinkling with incense a large vessel of fire which she carried. Then the milch-ewes, under the guidance of their shepherds, who were singing like Chibouk, the brother of Antar, two thousand years earlier; for the manners of the Bedouins never change. After these came the negress, mounted upon a horse and environed by two hundred women on foot, constituting not the least noisy of the groups; for the joyous shouts and nuptial songs of the Arab women are shrill beyond expression. The procession was closed by the camel which bore the *trousseau*, and formed a splendid spectacle. The embroidered housings were spread out on all sides and covered the animal; the yellow boots hung from his sides, and the jewels, arranged in festoons, completed his trappings. A child of one of the most distinguished families, mounted on this camel, repeated with a loud voice, "May we be ever victorious! May the fire of our enemies be extinguished for ever!" Other children accompanied him, crying, "Amen!" For my part, I ran from one side

to the other, to enjoy the whole spectacle to the utmost.

This time Bargiass came out to meet us, attended by the horsemen and women of his tribe: the cries and chants then became truly deafening; and the horses galloping about on all sides, soon enveloped us in a whirlwind of dust.

When the presents were all displayed and ranged in order around the tent of Bargiass, coffee was made in a monstrous cauldron, and every one took some, while waiting for the feast.

Ten camels, thirty sheep, and a prodigious quantity of rice formed the staple of the meal; after which a second cauldron of coffee was emptied. The dowry accepted, the ceremony was concluded by a repetition of the prayer; and it was agreed that Giarah should come at the expiration of three days to fetch his bride. Before my departure, I visited the women in their apartments, to introduce Sheik Ibrahim to a more intimate acquaintance with Bargiass's wife, and to reiterate my thanks for her care of me. She replied by expressing her readiness to increase my obligations by bestowing her niece on me in marriage; but Sheik Ibrahim deferred taking advantage of her favourable intentions towards me till the following year.

On the eve of the day fixed for the wedding, a rumour arose that a formidable army of Wahabees had appeared in the desert: couriers flew from tribe to tribe, exhorting them to unite three or four in a company, that the enemy might find them prepared on all points to receive them;

and the espousals had nearly been consummated by a mortal combat, instead of the sham fight which is customary on such occasions.

The Drayhy and the other chiefs set out very early in the morning with a thousand horsemen and five hundred women to achieve the conquest of the beautiful Sabha. At a short distance from the camp, the procession halted: the women and old men alighted and awaited the issue of a combat between the young people who came to carry off the betrothed, and those of her tribe who opposed their design. These contests have sometimes fatal results; but the bridegroom is not permitted to take part in them, lest his life should be exposed to hazard from the machinations of his rivals. On this occasion the combatants came off with about a score of wounds; and victory, as was reasonable, decided for our party, who carried off the bride in triumph and consigned her to the women of our tribe. Sabha's train was composed of a score of maidens with three well-laden camels; the first carrying her howdah covered with scarlet cloth, trimmed with fringes and tufts of various-coloured worsted, and adorned with ostrich-feathers: the interior was decorated by festoons of shells and strings of coloured glass, forming a sort of frames to small mirrors, which, placed at intervals, reflected the scene on all sides; and furnished with silken cushions for the reception of the bride. The tent formed the burden of the second camel, and the carpets and kitchen utensils that of the third. The queen of the festival being

placed in her howdah, surrounded by the wives of the chiefs mounted on their camels, and by other women on foot, the procession commenced its retrograde march. Horsemen prancing in the van announced its progress to the tribes we might meet, who were expected to greet us by throwing incense and killing sheep under the feet of the bride's camels. It is not possible to convey a very exact idea of this scene, nor of that which lasted during the whole day and night; nor to describe the dances, the songs, the bonfires, the banquets, the tumult, and the cries of all sorts, which her arrival occasioned. Eight tribes were entertained by the hospitality of Fares. Two thousand pounds of rice, twenty camels, and fifty sheep, furnished out the feast; and in the middle of the night the cry was still, "Let him who is hungry come and eat." So great was my reputation among them, that Giarah begged a talisman from me to insure the happiness of this union: I accordingly wrote his cypher and that of his spouse in European characters; placed the charm solemnly in his hands; and no one doubted the efficacy of it, when they observed the satisfaction of the new-married couple.

Some days afterwards, hearing that the Wahabees, ten thousand strong, were besieging Palmyra, the Drayhy gave orders for marching against them. We encountered them at El Dauh, and exchanged some musket-shots till nightfall, but without coming to a pitched battle. I had here leisure to appreciate the advantage of the *mar-*

doūffs, in these wars of the desert, in which it is always necessary to carry about the commissariat of the army, and often for a considerable time. These camels, mounted each by two soldiers, are like moving fortresses, provisioned with everything necessary for the nourishment and defence of their riders. A budget of water, a sack of flour and another of dried dates, a jar of sheep's butter, and the munitions of war, are formed into a sort of square tower on the animal's back. The men, conveniently placed on each side on seats composed of cordage, thus carry with them everything of which their temperate habits have need. When they are hungry, they knead a little of the meal with butter, and eat it in that state without baking; a few dates and a small quantity of water completing their moderate repast: nor do they quit their post to sleep, but throw themselves across the camel in the manner I have already described. The next day's engagement was more serious. Our Bedouins fought with more inveterate obstinacy than their adversaries, because their women and children were in their rear, while the Wahabees, far from home, and with no other object than pillage, were little disposed to risk their lives in the cause. Night separated the combatants, but with the earliest dawn the battle recommenced: at length, towards evening, victory declared in our favour; the enemy having lost sixty men killed, took to flight and left us in possession of the field of battle, besides twenty-two prisoners, forty beautiful mares, and sixty camels. This victory still

enhanced the reputation of the Drayhy, and filled Sheik Ibrahim with joy; in the exuberance of which he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, our affairs prosper!"

Having no longer any enemies to fear in the Syrian desert, Sheik Ibrahim parted company for a time from the Drayhy, and went to Hems to purchase merchandise and write to Europe. During our stay in that place he left me perfectly at liberty to seek amusement, and to recover from all my fatigues;, and I made daily excursions into the country in company with some of my young friends, doubly enjoying this life of pleasure from its contrast with that which I had led amongst the Bedouins. But, alas! my joy was to be of short duration, and was soon converted into bitter anguish. A messenger, who had been to Aleppo to fetch remittances for M. Lascaris, brought me a letter from my mother, couched in terms of the deepest affliction, and announcing the death of my elder brother by the plague. Grief made her writing almost incoherent. She had been ignorant of my destiny for nearly the last three years, and conjured me, if still in existence, to go to her.

This dreadful intelligence deprived me of the use of my senses, and for three days I was unconscious where I was, and refused all nourishment. Thanks to the attentive care of M. Lascaris, I gradually recovered my recollection; but all that I could obtain from him was permission to write to my poor mother. Neither was I allowed to despatch my letter till the eve of our departure,

for fear she should come herself to seek me. But I pass over the detail of my personal feelings, in which the reader can have no interest, to return to our travels.

The Drayhy having advertised us that he would shortly set out for the east, we hastened to join him, with three camels, two mares, and four guides, whom he had placed at our disposal. The day of our departure from Hems, I felt so extraordinary a weight upon my heart that I was tempted to regard it as a fatal presentiment. It struck me that I was advancing to a premature death. I made the best use, however, of my reasoning powers, and at length persuaded myself that the oppression I experienced resulted from the dejection into which my mother's afflicting letter had plunged me. We set out on a journey of twenty hours, and though wearied by travelling the whole day, were persuaded by our guides not to halt till we had completed it. Nothing particular occurred till midnight; when growing drowsy from fatigue and the monotonous movement of the march, we were alarmed by a sudden cry from the advanced guide—"Rouse yourselves, and look well about you, for we are on the brink of a tremendous precipice!" The road was but a foot in breadth; on the right was a perpendicular mountain, and on the left the precipice called Wadi el Hail. I woke in surprise, rubbed my eyes, and reseized the bridle, which I had allowed to hang loosely over the neck of my mare. But this precaution, which ought to have

saved me, was the very thing that had nearly caused my death; for the animal having stumbled against a stone, fear made me draw the reins too hastily. She reared, and in coming down lost her footing, stepped only on vacancy, and rolled over with her rider to the bottom of the precipice. What passed after that moment of agony I know only from Sheik Ibrahim, who has since told me, that he dismounted in terror, and endeavoured to distinguish the nature of the gulf in which I had disappeared; but the night was too dark,—the noise of my fall was the only notice he had of it, and he could discern nothing but an abyss beneath his feet. He then betook himself to weeping, and conjuring the guides to go down the precipice. But this they declared impossible in the darkness, assuring him moreover, that it would be useless trouble, since I must not only be certainly dead, but dashed to pieces against the points of the rocks. Whereupon he announced his resolution not to stir from the spot till the daylight should enable him to make his researches, and promised a hundred tallarins to whoever should recover my body, however mutilated it might be, as he could not, he said, consent to leave it a prey to wild beasts. He then sat down on the edge of the gulf, waiting in mournful despair for the first glimmerings of daylight.

No sooner were they perceptible, than the four men descended the abyss with much difficulty, and found me, insensible, suspended by my sash,

my head downwards. The mare lay dead a few toises below, at the extremity of the ravine. I had ten wounds on my head, the flesh torn from my left arm, my ribs broken, and my legs scratched to the bone. I was deposited, without any sign of life, at the feet of Sheik Ibrahim, who threw himself upon me in tears. But having a little knowledge of medicine, and carrying always some valuable remedies about with him, he did not long abandon himself to a useless grief. Having satisfied himself, by the application of volatiles to the nostrils, that I was not absolutely dead, he placed me carefully on a camel, and retraced his steps as far as the village of El Habedin. During this short journey my body swelled prodigiously, without giving any other sign of life. The village sheik having placed me on a mattress, sent to Hems for a surgeon. For nine whole hours I remained perfectly insensible; and at the end of that time opened my eyes without the smallest perception of the objects around me, or recollection of what had befallen me. I felt as if under the influence of a dream, but without being sensible of pain. In this state I lay for four-and-twenty hours, and recovered from my lethargy only to suffer such indescribable agonies that I fancied it would have been better a hundredfold to have remained at the bottom of the precipice.

Sheik Ibrahim never quitted me for an instant, and offered the highest rewards to the surgeon in case he should succeed in saving me. The latter

was zealous, but by no means skilful; and no amendment appearing at the expiration of thirty days, gangrene was apprehended. The Drayhy had visited me immediately on being informed of my accident; and he also wept over me, and offered rich presents to stimulate the surgeon's efforts: but at the highest point of his sensibility he could not suppress his regret for the loss of his mare Abaige, who was of pure blood, and worth ten thousand piastres. Nevertheless, he was in real distress, as was'Ibrahim; for they not only feared my loss, but foresaw in it the miscarriage of all their operations. I endeavoured to encourage them, telling them that I did not believe myself dying. But it was too true, that though, I should be spared, there was no probability of my being for a long while in a condition to travel.

The Drayhy was obliged to take leave of us to pursue his migration eastwards; and Sheik Ibrahim was in despair at seeing me grow daily worse. Hearing at length that a more skilful surgeon resided at El Dair Attiá, he sent for him. The surgeon refused to come, requiring that the patient should be taken to him. I was therefore put upon a sort of litter in the best manner that could be contrived, and carried to him, at the hazard of expiring on the road. The new surgeon entirely changed the dressing of my wounds, and washed them with warm wine. Three months I stayed with him, suffering martyrdom, and a thousand times regretting the death I had escaped. I was then transported to the village of Nabek,

where for three months longer I kept my bed. From that period I may date the actual commencement of my recovery, though it was retarded by frequent relapses. Upon the sight of a horse, for example, I fainted, and continued for a month in a state of extreme nervousness, which at length, and by degrees, I conquered: but I am bound to confess that to this moment the presence of that animal causes me a shudder; and I made a resolution never again to mount a horse, except in a case of absolute necessity.

My illness cost Sheik Ibrahim five hundred tallarins. But how shall I estimate his attentions, his paternal care! I am assuredly indebted to him for my life.

During my convalescence he learnt that our friend the Pacha of Damascus had been replaced by another, Soliman Selim. This news greatly disconcerted us, as it appeared indicative of the loss of our credit with the Turks.

Ten months had elapsed — a second spring was come, and we were expecting with impatience the arrival of the Bedouins, our allies, when, to our great joy, a courier announced their approach. We forwarded him in haste to the Drayhy, who liberally rewarded him for the good news he brought of my recovery, which produced universal joy in the camp, where I had long been supposed dead. We waited some days longer, till the tribe advanced nearer; and in the interval a singular story came to my knowledge, which I think

worthy of insertion, as an illustration of Arab manners.

A merchant of Anatolia, escorted by fifty men, was leading ten thousand sheep to be sold at Damascus. On the road he made acquaintance with three Arabs, with one of whom he formed a close intimacy, and at parting was desired to swear fraternity with him. The merchant could not discover in what respect he, who was the proprietor of ten thousand sheep, and was escorted by fifty soldiers, could be benefited by having a brother amongst the poor Bedouins; but the Bedouin, whose name was Chatti, was so importunate, that, to satisfy him, he consented to give him two piastres and a handful of tobacco as pledges of fraternity. Chatti divided the two piastres between his companions, saying, "Be you witnesses that this man is become my brother." They then separated, and the merchant thought no more of the matter, till, at a place called Ain el Alak, a party of Bedouins, superior in number to his escort, attacked and routed them, took possession of his sheep, and stripped him to his shirt; in which pitiable condition he arrived at Damascus, imprecating curses upon the Bedouins, and especially upon his pretended brother Chatti, whom he accused of betraying and selling him.

Meanwhile the news of so rich a capture was quickly spread in the desert, and reached the ears of Chatti, who, having with some difficulty found his two witnesses, brought them before

Soultan el Brrak, chief of the tribe of El Ammour, to whom he declared that he was brother to the merchant who had just been robbed, and called upon the chief to enable him to fulfil the duties of fraternity, by restoring the property. Soultan, having taken the depositions of the two witnesses, was obliged to accompany Chatti to El Nahimen, the sheik of the tribe which had carried off the sheep, and to reclaim them in conformity with their laws. The sheik was under the necessity of restoring them; and Chatti, having first ascertained that none were missing, took the road to Damascus, with the flocks and their shepherds.

Leaving them outside the town, he entered it in search of his brother, whom he found seated in a melancholy mood in front of a coffee-room of the bazaar. He went straight to him with a joyful air; but the other turned angrily away, and Chatti had great difficulty in obtaining a hearing, and still greater in persuading him to believe that his sheep were waiting for him outside the walls. He apprehended a new snare, and would not for a long while consent to follow the Bedouin. Convinced at last by the sight of his sheep, he threw himself on Chatti's neck, and after giving full expression to his gratitude, vainly exerted himself to induce him to accept a recompense proportioned to such a service. The Bedouin could only be persuaded to receive a pair of boots and a *cafia* (handkerchief), not worth above a tallarin at the

utmost, and, after partaking of his brother's bread, returned to his tribe.

Our first interview with the Drayhy was truly affecting. He came himself, with the principal members of his tribe, to seek us at the village of Nabek, and took us back in a sort of triumph to the camp. By the way he gave us the history of the wars he had waged in the territory of Samarcand, and his good fortune in vanquishing four of the principal tribes,* and afterwards inducing them to sign the treaty. It was important to have detached these tribes in time from their alliance with the Wahabees, to whom they were formerly tributary; for it was reported that our enemies were preparing a formidable army, and flattered themselves with obtaining the supremacy of all Syria. Soon afterwards we heard that the army was on its march, spreading terror and devastation everywhere on its passage.

The Pacha of Damascus despatched orders to the governors of Hems and Hama, to keep guard day and night, and to hold their troops in readiness for battle; while the inhabitants fled towards the coast, to escape the sanguinary Wahabees, whose name alone sufficed to drive them from their homes.

The Drayhy was invited by the pacha to a con-

* The tribe El Krassa, whose chief was Zahaman Ebn Houad; the tribe El Mahlac, with its chief Ebn Habed; the tribe El Meraikhrat, its chief Roudan Ebn Abed; and the tribe El Zeker, its chief Matlac Ebn Fayhan.

ference with him at Damascus; but fearing some treason, he excused himself under pretence of the impossibility of deserting his post at so critical a moment. He even requested from him some auxiliary troops, hoping by their assistance to be able to keep the enemy in check.

While waiting for the expected reinforcement, the Drayhy caused a solemn declaration of war to be made, according to the custom of the Bedouins on very particular occasions, in the following form:—A white female camel was selected, and blackened all over with soot and oil; reins made of black hair were then put over her, and she was mounted by a young maiden dressed in black, with her face and hands also blackened. Ten men led her from tribe to tribe, and on reaching each she proclaimed aloud three times,—"Succour! succour! succour! Which of you will make this camel white? she is a relic from the tent of the Drayhy menacing ruin. Fly, fly, noble and generous defenders! The Wahabees are coming! they will carry away your allies and your brothers: all you who hear me, address your prayers to the prophets Mahomet and Ali, the first and the last!"

Saying which, she distributed amongst the tribe handfuls of black hair, and letters from the Drayhy, indicating the place of rendezvous on the banks of the Orontes. Our camp was in a short time augmented by the coalition of thirty tribes, assembled in the same plain, and so thickly encamped that the ropes of our tents touched. The Pacha of Damascus sent ten thousand men to

Hama, commanded by his nephew Ibrahim Pacha, there to wait for other troops which the Pachas of Acre and Aleppo were to furnish. Scarcely had they met, when the arrival of the Wahabees at Palmyra was announced by the inhabitants, who fled to take refuge in Hama. Ibrahim Pacha wrote to the Drayhy, who repaired to him, and they arranged together their plan of defence. The Drayhy, who took me with him as his counsellor, acquainted me with the stipulations agreed upon;, when I pointed out to him the danger of uniting Bedouins and Turks in the same camp, the latter having no means of distinguishing in the confusion of battle their friends from their enemies. The Bedouins themselves, indeed, recognize each other in the heat of the fight only by their war-cries, each tribe incessantly repeating its own,—" Khrail el allia Doualli,—Khrail el bionda Hassny,—Khrail el hamra Daffiry," &c.;—Khrail signifying horsemen; allia, bionda, hamra, indicating the colour of their favourite mare; Doualli, Hassny, Daffiry, are the names of the tribes. This war-cry, therefore, is equivalent to the words, *horsemen of the red mare of Daffir*, &c. Others invoke their sister, or some other beauty; hence the Drayhy's war-cry is, Ana Akhron Rabda,—I the brother of Rabda; that of Mehanna,—I the brother of Fodda: both have sisters renowned for their beauty. The Bedouins pride themselves greatly in their war-cries, and would consider that man a coward who should hesitate to pronounce it in the moment of danger. The Drayhy saw the force of my argument, and

persuaded Ibrahim Pacha, though with difficulty, to consent to a division of their forces.

The next day we returned to the camp, followed by the Mussulman army, composed of Dalatis, Albanese, Mogrebins, Houaras, and Arabs; in all, fifteen thousand men. They had with them some pieces of ordnance, a few mortars and bombs, and pitched their tents half an hour's march from ours: the pride of their bearing, the variety and richness of their costumes, and their banners, altogether formed a magnificent spectacle; but, in spite of their fine appearance, the Bedouins jested upon them, and asserted that they would be the first to fly.

In the afternoon of the second day a broad cloud was observable towards the desert, spreading itself like a thick fog as far as the eye could reach: by degrees the cloud cleared up, and the enemy's army appeared in view.

This time they brought their wives, their children, and their camels, and established their camp, composed of fifty tribes, forming seventy-five thousand tents, at an hour's march from ours. About each tent, camels and a great number of sheep were tied; presenting, together with the horses and warriors, a formidable mass to the eye. Ibrahim Pacha was in consternation, and sent in great haste in search of the Drayhy, who, having succeeded in reanimating his courage a little, returned to the camp, to order the necessary entrenchments. For this purpose all the camels were assembled, bound together by their knees, and placed in double files in front of the tents;

and, to complete the rampart, a trench was dug behind them. The enemy on his part did the same, and the Drayhy ordered the hatfé to be prepared. This singular ceremony consists in selecting the most beautiful amongst the Bedouin girls, to be placed in a houdah, richly ornamented, borne by a tall white camel. The choice of the maiden who is destined to occupy this honourable but perilous post is very important, for the success of the battle depends almost entirely upon her. Placed opposite to the enemy, and surrounded by the bravest warriors, it is her duty to excite them to the combat: the principal action always takes place around her, and prodigies of valour defend her. All would be lost should the hatfé fall into the enemy's hands; and, to avoid so irreparable a misfortune, half the army must always be stationed about her. Warriors succeed each other on this point, where the battle is always hottest, and each comes to gather enthusiasm from her looks. A girl named Arkia, uniting in an eminent degree courage, eloquence, and beauty, was chosen for our hatfé. The enemy also prepared his, and the battle soon afterwards commenced. The Wahabees divided their army into two corps: the first and most considerable, commanded by Abdalla el Hedal, the general-in-chief, was opposed to us; the second, under the command of Abou Nocta, to the Turks. Both the character of the latter, and their mode of fighting, are totally different from those of the Bedouins, who, prudent and cool-headed, begin the action

calmly, but growing gradually animated, become at last furious and irresistible. The Turk, on the contrary, proud and arrogant, rushes impetuously upon the enemy, and fancies he has only to appear and conquer: his whole energy is thus expended on the first shock.

The Pacha Ibrahim, seeing the Wahabees attack coldly, deemed himself sufficiently strong to disperse their entire army without assistance; but, before the end of the day, he had learned by dear-bought experience to respect his enemy, and was forced to permit his troops to fall back, leaving us to sustain the whole weight of the action.

Sunset suspended the engagement, but not till both parties had suffered a severe loss.

The next morning brought us a reinforcement, in the tribe of El Hadidi, four thousand strong, all mounted on asses, and armed with muskets. We numbered our forces, which amounted to eighty thousand men; but the Wahabees had a hundred and fifty thousand, and this day's battle terminated in their favour. Our defeat, exaggerated, as always happens in similar cases, was reported at Hama, and filled the inhabitants with dismay; but two days afterwards their fears for us were removed, and for three weeks we were alternately discomfited and successful. The actions became daily more sanguinary; and on the fifteenth day of this trying campaign, a new enemy, more formidable than the Wahabees, arose in the shape of famine. The town of Hama, which alone could furnish subsistence to either army, was exhausted,

or concealed its resources. The Turks took to flight; our allies dispersed, to avoid perishing with hunger; the camels, forming the rampart of our camp, began to devour one another. Amidst such frightful calamities, the courage of Arkia never for an instant wavered. The bravest of our warriors were slain by her side; but she ceased not to encourage them, and to excite and applaud their efforts. She animated the old by extolling their valour and experience; the young, by the promise of marrying him who should bring her the head of Abdalla el Hedal. Keeping my station near her houdah, I saw all the warriors present themselves to her for some words of encouragement, and then rush to the combat, excited to enthusiasm by her eloquence. I confess I preferred hearing these compliments to receiving them myself, for they were almost uniformly the forerunners of death.

I one day saw a fine young man, one of our bravest soldiers, present himself before the houdah: "Arkia," said he, "O thou fairest amongst the fair, allow me a sight of thy face, for I go to fight for thee!" Arkia, unveiling, replied: "Behold, O thou most valiant! Thou knowest my price; it is the head of Abdalla!" The young man brandished his spear, put spurs to his courser, and rushed into the midst of the enemy. In less than two hours he sank covered with wounds. "Heaven preserve you!" said I to Arkia, "this brave man is killed."—"He is not the only one who has never returned," she sorrowfully replied.

At this moment a warrior made his appearance, armed from head to foot; even his boots were defended with steel, and his horse covered with a coat of mail, (the Wahabees reckoned twenty such warriors amongst them; we had twelve.) He advanced towards our camp, challenging the Drayhy to single combat: this has been the custom amongst the Bedouins from time immemorial; he who is thus defied, cannot without forfeiting his honour refuse to fight. The Drayhy, hearing his name, prepared to answer to the challenge: but his kinsmen joined with us to prevent it. His life was of too much importance to be thus risked; for the loss of it would have entailed the total ruin of our cause, and the destruction of the two allied armies. Persuasion becoming useless, we were obliged to have recourse to coercion. We bound him with cords hand and foot to stakes driven into the ground in the middle of his tent: the most influential chiefs supported him, and entreated him to calm himself, urging the imprudence of risking the welfare of the army for the purpose of answering the insolent bravado of a savage Wahabee. Meanwhile, the latter incessantly exclaimed: "Let the Drayhy come forth! this shall be his last day; I am waiting to terminate his career." The Drayhy, who heard him, becoming more and more furious, foamed with rage and roared like a lion; his blood-shot eyes almost starting from his head, while he fought with terrible strength to disencumber himself of his bonds. This tumult attracted a considerable multitude around the tent, when sud-

denly a Bedouin, making his way through the crowd, presented himself before the Drayhy. His sole clothing was a shirt bound round his loins with a leathern girdle, and a turban on his head; he was mounted upon a bay horse, and armed only with a spear; and thus singularly equipped, he came to ask, in the following metrical style, permission to fight the Wahabee instead of the sheik: "This day, I, Tehaisson, have become master of the horse Hadidi: it has long been the object of my ambition; I wished to receive upon his back the praises due to my valour. I am about to fight and to vanquish the Wahabee, for the beautiful eyes of my betrothed, and to render myself worthy of his daughter who was always conqueror." So saying, he rushed to combat the hostile warrior. No one imagined that he could for one half-hour resist his formidable antagonist, whose armour rendered him invulnerable; but if the blows he dealt were thus robbed of their murderous power, he avoided with wonderful dexterity those that were aimed at himself during the two hours that the struggle lasted. Meanwhile, all was suspense; the deepest interest was manifested on both sides. At length our champion turned round, and apparently took to flight. All hope was now lost; the enemy was about to proclaim his triumph. The Wahabee pursued, and, with a hand strengthened by the assurance of success, flung his lance; but Tehaisson, foreseeing the blow, stooped even to his saddle-bow, and the weapon flew whizzing above his head; then, suddenly returning, he

thrust his spear into the throat of his adversary; taking advantage of the moment when the latter, being obliged to curb his horse hastily before him, was in the act of raising his head. This movement leaving a space between the helmet and the cuirass, the spear passed through from side to side, and killed him on the spot: but his armour supporting him in the saddle, he was carried by his horse into the midst of his followers; and Tehaisson returned in triumph to the tent of the Drayhy, where he was enthusiastically received. All the chiefs embraced him, loading him with eulogies and presents; and Sheik Ibrahim was not backward in testifying his gratitude.

Meanwhile, the war and the famine continued to rage: even in the Drayhy's tent we were two days without food; on the third, he received a considerable supply of rice, which Mola Ismaël, chief of the Dallatis, sent him as a present. Instead of husbanding it as a last resource, he ordered that the whole should be dressed, and invited all present to sup with him. His son Saher would not sit down to table; but, being importuned by his father, he requested that his portion might be given to him, and carried it to his mare, declaring that he had rather suffer himself, than see her die for want of food.

We had now arrived at the thirty-seventh day from the commencement of the war: on the thirty-eighth, the battle was terrible. The camp of the Osmanlis was taken and pillaged: the pacha had scarcely time to escape to Hama, whither he was

pursued by the Wahabee, who there besieged him.

The defeat of the Turks was the more fatal to us, as it left the second corps of the hostile army, commanded by the famous Negro Abou Nocta, at liberty to unite with Abdalla, and make a combined attack upon us. The following day witnessed the commencement of a frightful struggle, which lasted eight days without intermission. The combatants were so intermingled together, that it was impossible to distinguish one party from another. They fought with the sabre man to man; the entire plain was deluged with blood, the colour of the ground being totally invisible: never perhaps was such a battle fought. The inhabitants of Hama, fully persuaded that we were utterly exterminated, no longer sent us those occasional supplies of provisions which, coming at our utmost need, had hitherto preserved us from starvation. At length the Drayhy, finding his misfortunes accumulate, assembled his chiefs, and addressed them thus: "My friends, it now becomes necessary that we should make a last effort. To-morrow we must either conquer or die. To-morrow, by God's permission, I will destroy the enemy's camp: to-morrow we will feast upon its spoils." This harangue was received with a smile of incredulity; until one, more daring than the rest, replied: "Give but the word, and we will obey."—"This night," he continued, "you must noiselessly transplant your tents, your wives, and your children, to the other side of the Orontes. The whole must have

disappeared before sunrise, without the cognisance of the enemy. Then, having no longer any care to trouble us, we will make a desperate attack upon them, and will exterminate them, or perish ourselves in the attempt: but God will be on our side, and we shall conquer." Every one hastened to execute the commands thus given, with incredible order, celerity, and silence. The next day, the efficient warriors alone remained. The Drayhy divided them into four corps, ordering a simultaneous attack upon the four sides of the enemy's camp. The troops, in desperation, threw themselves upon their prey like hungry lions; and the impetuous but well-concerted onset was attended with all the success which could have been wished. Confusion and disorder spreading rapidly amongst their unexpectedly enclosed ranks, the Wahabees took to flight, abandoning their women and children, their tents and their baggage. The Drayhy, without allowing his men time to seize upon the booty, obliged them to pursue the fugitives to Palmyra, and gave them no respite until they had accomplished the total dispersion of the enemy.

No sooner had victory declared itself in our favour, than I departed with Sheik Ibrahim to announce the joyful intelligence at Hama; but nobody there would give credit to it, and the inhabitants would fain have treated ourselves as fugitives. They exhibited the utmost perturbation: some climbed the heights, whence they could perceive nothing but clouds of dust; others prepared their mules for flight towards the coast. The defeat of the Wa-

habees being, however, speedily confirmed, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy succeeded to this terrible alarm. A Tartar was despatched to Damascus, and brought back with him forty loads of wheat, twenty-five thousand piastres, and a sabre and a robe of honour for the Drayhy, who made his triumphal entry into Hama, escorted by all the chiefs of the allied tribes. He was received by the governor, the agas, the pacha, and all his court, in the most splendid manner.

After four days of rejoicings we quitted Hama, to rejoin our tribes, and conduct them to the east before the approach of winter. The Drayhy was personally attended by a company of twelve; the others, in groups of five or six, dispersed themselves in the desert of Damascus. Our first stay was at Tall el Dehab, in the territory of Aleppo, where we encountered four tribes who had taken no part in the war. The chiefs came forward to meet the Drayhy, penetrated with respect for his recent exploits, and soliciting the favour of being admitted to sign the treaty of alliance with us.* From thence we marched without interruption to join our friend, the Emir Faher, who received us with the most lively demonstrations of joy. In company with his, and several other tribes, proceeding like ourselves to Mesopotamia, we crossed

* Fares Ebn Aggib, chief of the tribe El Bechakez, with five hundred tents; Cassan Ebn Unkban, chief of the tribe El Chiamssi, one thousand tents; Selame Ebn Nahssan, chief of the tribe El Fuaher, six hundred tents; Mehanna el Saneh, chief of the tribe El Salba, eight hundred tents.

the Euphrates, some establishing themselves in the neighbourhood of Hamad, others in the desert of Bussora.

On the road we received a letter from Fares el Harba, announcing that six considerable tribes, who had fought on the side of the Wahabees against us, were encamped in the Hebassia, near Machadali, and were well disposed to enter into alliance with us; and that if the Drayhy would send me to him furnished with full powers to treat, he believed himself certain of success. I lost not a moment in availing myself of this invitation, and, after a journey of six hours, reached him without accident. Fares el Harba immediately broke up his camp, and conducted me to the distance of a day's journey from the tribes.* I then wrote in his name to the Emir Douackhry, chief of the tribe El Fedhan, exhorting him to make an alliance with the Drayhy, and promising oblivion of the past. Douackhry came in person to Fares el Harba, and we were soon agreed; but he disclaimed answering for more than his own tribe, considering that it would be extremely difficult to succeed with the others. He proposed, however, that I should accompany him back, when he would assemble the chiefs of all the tribes, and exert his utmost influence with them.

* The tribe of El Fedhan, composed of five thousand tents; that of El Sabha, four thousand tents; El Fekaka, one thousand five hundred; El Messahid, three thousand five hundred; El Salca, three thousand; finally, that of Benni Dehabb, five thousand.

I accepted the invitation, and departed with him; but when arrived in the centre of what ought to have been an encampment, I was painfully affected to behold hordes of Arabs crouching on the ground under the full blaze of the sun: having lost their tents and baggage in the battle, their only bed was the bare ground, their only canopy the sky. A few rags suspended here and there upon pikes did indeed afford a semblance of shade to these unfortunate beings, who, having stripped themselves of their only garments to furnish this slender shelter from the fervent heat of the sun, were exposed to the sting of insects, and to the thorny points of the plants on which their camels browse. Many were wholly destitute of any defence either from the heat of day or the cold of night, at that autumnal season, when the contrasts of temperature are most fatal.

Never had I conceived an idea of wretchedness so complete; the sad spectacle oppressed my heart and drew tears from my eyes, and it was some time before I could recover from the agitation it occasioned me.

The next day Douackhry assembled the chiefs and old men to the number of five hundred. Alone in the midst of them, I despaired of making myself heard, and especially of being able to unite them in one counsel. Independent in their character and manners, and irritated by misfortune, they all mooted different opinions; and if neither hoped to make his own prevail, at least each made it a point of honour to maintain it

obstinately, leaving all the others at liberty to do the like. Some proposed removing to the Nedgde country, others to retire to Samarcand: these vociferated imprecations against Abdalla, chief of the Wahabee army; those denounced the Drayhy as the author of all their misfortunes. Amid the conflict of voices, I armed myself with patience, and endeavoured to conciliate all parties. I began by shaking their confidence in the Wahabees; showing them that Abdalla must necessarily have become their enemy, since they had abandoned him on the last day of the battle, and that he was now seeking vengeance upon them: That in going to Nedgde they voluntarily threw themselves under the domination of Ebn Sihoud, who would extort from them oppressive contributions, and compel them to bear the whole burden of a disastrous war: that having once deserted his cause, and effected their withdrawal from his power, they should not follow the example of the foolish bird, who no sooner escapes the sportsman's shot than he falls into the fowler's net. At last, the fable of the bundle of sticks occurred to my mind; and thinking so simple a demonstration would make an impression on their unsophisticated minds, I determined to make a practical application of it before their eyes. Having exhorted them to be united, and by their union to resist all oppression, I took from the hands of the sheiks about thirty djerids, and presented one to the Emir Fares, requesting he would break it, which he effected with ease. I then presented him

with two, and afterwards with three, all of which he broke in the same manner, for he was a man of great muscular strength. I then placed in his hand the whole bundle, which he could neither break nor bend. "Machala," said I, "thy strength is not sufficient;" and I then passed the united spears to another, who succeeded no better. A general murmur now arose in the assembly: "Who could split such a mass?" cried they unanimously. "I take you at your word," said I; and in the most energetic language I could command, I applied the apologue to their reasoning faculties,—adding, that so powerfully had I been affected by their destitute condition, without clothing or shelter, that I pledged myself to solicit from the Drayhy the restitution of their baggage and tents, and that I was sufficiently acquainted with his magnanimity to answer for the success of my application, if they entered heartily into the alliance, of which I had just proved the advantages. Upon this they all exclaimed with one voice: "Thou hast conquered, Abdalla; we are thine in life and in death!" and all ran forward to embrace me. It was then determined that they should give the Drayhy the rendezvous in the plain of Halla, to affix their seal to the treaty.

Recrossing the Euphrates the next morning, I rejoined our tribe on the fifth day, and found my friends uneasy at my protracted absence; but the report of my fortunate negotiation filled them with joy. I have already so frequently detailed

meetings, feasts, and rejoicings of every kind, that I shall not repeat the same narrative by describing those which took place on this occasion.

The Emir Douackhry buried the seven stones, and thus consummated the alliance; and after dinner I witnessed for the first time the ceremony of swearing fidelity over bread and salt. The Drayhy then declared that he was ready to fulfil the engagement I had contracted in his name, by restoring the booty taken from the six tribes who had just united their cause with his. But the generous will was insufficient—the means of its execution were still to be provided. In the pillage of the Wahabee and allied camp, the plunder of fifty tribes was confounded, and to identify the property of each was no easy matter. It was decided that the women alone were competent to the task; and it would be impossible to form an idea of the exertion and fatigue of the five days employed by them in recognising the cattle, tents, and baggage of the various tribes. Every camel and sheep has two cyphers stamped with a hot iron on the leg, those of the tribe and the proprietor. But when, as it often happens, the cyphers are similar, or half effaced, the difficulty of identifying them is extreme; and under the exhausting task of reconciling such various pretensions, and deciding such harassing controversies, which it required something more than generosity to endure with patience, I was sometimes tempted

to repent my momentary impulse of compassion and my imprudent promise.

At this time a great caravan from Bagdad to Aleppo passed, and was plundered by the Fedans and Sabhas. It was very richly laden with indigo, coffee, spices, Persian carpets, Cashmires, pearls, and other valuable articles, which we estimated at ten millions of piastres. No sooner was the capture known, than merchants flocked to the desert, some from a great distance, to purchase these treasures, from the Arabs, who sold, bartered, or rather gave them away almost for nothing. For instance, they exchanged a measure of spices against an equal measure of dates; a Cashmire shawl, worth a thousand francs, against a black saddle-cloth; a chest of indigo for a linen dress; entire pieces of India muslin for a pair of boots. A merchant from Moussoul bought, for a shirt, a saddle-cloth, and a pair of boots, goods worth fifteen thousand piastres; and a diamond ring was sold for a roll of tobacco. I might have made my fortune on the occasion, but M. Lascaris prohibited my either purchasing, or receiving anything as a gift, and I scrupulously obeyed. Every day tribes arrived from the Nedgde country, deserting the Wahabees to join us; some attracted by the Drayhy's extraordinary reputation, others driven by dissensions with King Ebn Sihoud. One circumstance of that nature brought us five tribes in a body. The emir of the tribe Beny Tay had a very beautiful daughter, named

Camara (the Moon); Fehrab, son of the chief of a neighbouring tribe, and a relative of the Wahabee, became enamoured of her, and contrived to gain her affection; but the girl's father discovering their passion, forbade her speaking to the prince, and himself refused to receive him or listen to his proposals, designing Camara for her cousin Tamer; for it is a custom amongst the Bedouins, which reminds one of those transmitted to us by the Bible, for the nearest kinsman to be preferred to all other suitors when a maiden's marriage is in question.

Camara, however, neither swayed by the usages of her people, nor intimidated by her father's menaces, positively refused to espouse her cousin; and her attachment acquiring strength in proportion to the obstacles opposed to it, she lost no opportunity of corresponding with her lover. The latter, seeing no hope of obtaining her parent's consent, resolved to run away with her, and opened the proposition to her through an old woman whom he had gained. She gave her consent; and he introduced himself into the tribe Beny Tay in the disguise of a mendicant, and arranged with her the hour and circumstances of the elopement. In the middle of the night the maiden stole fearfully out of her father's tent, to the prince, who was waiting for her at the entrance of the camp. He placed her behind him on his mare, and dashed across the plain; but the celerity of their flight could not conceal them from the jealous eye of Tamer: enamoured of his cousin, and determined

to maintain his right, he had long watched the proceedings of his rival, and every night mounted guard near Camara's tent. At the moment the lovers escaped, he was making his circuit; but immediately perceiving them, he galloped in pursuit. Fehrab's mare, endowed by nature with all the fleetness of the Nedgdian race, and stimulated to greater exertions by her master's impatience, urged her course to its highest speed; but, pressed by a double burden, she could at length no longer give her wonted aid to her master—she fell; and Fehrab, seeing himself on the point of being overtaken by Tamer, lifted his beloved from the horse, and prepared for her defence. The combat was terrible, and its sequel tragical. Tamer was victor, slew Fehrab, and seized his cousin; but, exhausted by fatigue, and now in full security, he fell asleep for a moment by her side. Camara, who had watched the influence of slumber stealing over his senses, snatched up his sabre, stained with the blood of her lover, and cut off the head of her ravisher; then precipitating herself upon the point of his lance, pierced her own heart. The three dead bodies alone were found by those who went in search of them.

A murderous war between the two tribes was the consequence of this melancholy event; — that of Fehrab, supported by the Wahabees, forced Beny Tay to a retreat; and the latter, with four other tribes,* its allies, came to solicit protection

* The tribe of Beny Tay, composed of 4000 tents; that of El Hamarnid, 1500 tents; of El Daffir, 2500 tents; of El Hegiager, 800 tents; and lastly, that of El Khresahel, 3000 tents.

from the Drayhy, whose power was henceforth unrivalled. Five hundred thousand Bedouins, allied in our cause, formed but one camp, and overspread Mesopotamia like a cloud of locusts.

While we remained in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, our allies pillaged another caravan coming from Aleppo, laden with productions of European manufacture; cloths, velvets, satins, amber, coral, &c.; and although the Drayhy took no part in these spoliations, he was too well versed in Bedouin habits to think of offering any opposition. The Pacha of Bagdad demanded satisfaction, but obtained none; and perceiving that to enforce justice would require an army of at least fifteen thousand men, he renounced his claim, happy to continue in friendship with the Bedouins at any sacrifice.

Sheik Ibrahim now saw his hopes realized beyond even his most sanguine anticipations; but as long as anything remained to be done, he would allow himself no repose: crossing the Tigris, therefore, at Abou el Ali, we continued our march, and entered Persia. Here, also, the reputation of the Drayhy had preceded him, and the tribes of the country came continually to fraternize with us; but in our vast plan of operations, these partial alliances were insignificant,—we required the co-operation of the great prince, chief of all the Persian tribes, the Emir Sahid el Bokhrani, whose command extends to the frontiers of India. The family of this prince has for many years reigned over the errant tribes of Persia, and claims

its descent from the kings Beni el Abass, who conquered Spain, and whose descendants still call themselves the Bokhrani. We learned that he was in a very distant province. The Drayhy having convoked all the chiefs to a general council, it was decided to traverse Persia, keeping as near as possible to the sea-coast, notwithstanding the probable scarcity of water, in order to avoid the mountains which intersect the interior of this country, and to find pasturage. In the itinerary of a tribe, a plentiful supply of grass is more important than water; the latter may be transported, but nothing can remedy a deficiency of food for the cattle, on which the very existence of the tribe itself depends.

This march occupied fifty-one days. During the whole time we encountered no obstacle on the part of the inhabitants, but were often seriously incommoded by the scarcity of water. On one of these occasions, Sheik Ibrahim, having observed the nature of the soil and the freshness of the grass, advised the Drayhy to dig for water. The Bedouins of the country treated the attempt as madness, saying that no water had ever been known in those parts, and that it was necessary to send for it to a distance of six hours. But the Drayhy persevered: "Sheik Ibrahim is a prophet," said he, "and must be obeyed."

Holes were accordingly dug in several places, and at the depth of four feet excellent water was found. Seeing this happy result, the Bedouins by acclamation proclaimed Sheik Ibrahim a true

prophet, his discovery a miracle, and, in the excess of their gratitude, had well nigh adored him as a god.

After journeying several days among the mountains and valleys of the Karman, we reached the deep and rapid river Karassan; and having crossed it, proceeded in the direction of the coast, where the road was less difficult. We made acquaintance with the Bedouins of the Agiam Estan, who received us in a very friendly manner; and on the forty-second day after entering Persia, we arrived at El Hendouan, where one of their greatest tribes was encamped, commanded by Hebiek el Mahdan. We hoped that our long pilgrimage was drawing towards its close; but the sheik informed us that we were still distant nine long days' journeys from Merah Fames, the present residence of the Emir Sahid, on the frontiers of India. He offered us guides to conduct us thither, and described the points where it would be necessary to lay in a provision of water; without which information, we should have been exposed to great danger in this last expedition.

We despatched couriers before us, to give notice to the grand prince of our approach, and of our pacific intentions. On the ninth day he came to meet us, at the head of a formidable army. It did not at first appear very clear whether this demonstration of strength was to do us honour or to intimidate us. The Drayhy began to repent of having ventured so far from his allies. However, he showed no symptom of fear, but placing the

women and the baggage behind the troops, he advanced with the choicest of his cavalry, accompanied by his friend the Sheik Saker,—the same to whom in the preceding year he had delegated the command of the desert of Bassora, and who had negotiated all our alliances there during our stay in Syria.

The prince soon satisfied them respecting his intentions; for, detaching himself from this numerous host, he advanced with a small train of horsemen to the middle of the plain which separated the two armies; the Drayhy did the same; and the two chiefs, on meeting, alighted and embraced with every expression of cordiality.

If I had not so frequently described the hospitality of the desert, I should have much to say on the reception we experienced from the Emir Sahid, and the three days' festivities with which he welcomed us: but, to avoid repetitions, I shall pass over this scene, only remarking, that the Bedouins of Persia, more pacific than those of Arabia, entered readily into our views, and fully understood the importance of the commercial intercourse we were desirous of establishing with India. This was all that it was needful to explain to them of the nature of our enterprise. The emir promised us the co-operation of all the tribes of Persia under his dominion, and offered his influence with those of India, who hold him in high consideration, on account of the antiquity of his race, and of his personal reputation for wisdom and generosity. He entered into a distinct treaty

with us, which was drawn up in the following terms:—

"In the name of the clement and merciful God, I, Sahid, son of Bader, son of Abdalla, son of Barakat, son of Ali, son of Bokhrani, of blessed memory: I hereby make a declaration of having given my sacred word to the powerful Drayhy Ebn Chahllan, to Sheik Ibrahim, and to Abdalla el Kratib. I declare myself their faithful ally; I accept all the conditions which are specified in the general treaty now in their hands. I engage to assist and support them in all their projects, and to keep their secrets inviolably. Their enemies shall be my enemies; their friends, my friends. I invoke the great Ali, the first of men, and the well-beloved of God, to bear witness to my word.

"Health."

(Signed and sealed.)

We remained six days encamped with the tribe of Sahid, and had thus an opportunity of observing the difference between the customs of these Bedouins and those of our provinces. The Persians are milder, more sober, and more patient; but less brave, less generous, and less respectful to the women: they have more religious prejudices, and follow the precepts of the sect of Ali. Besides the lance, the gun, and the sabre, they use the battle-axe.

Prince Sahid sent to the Drayhy two beautiful Persian mares, led by two negroes: the latter, in return, made him a present of a black mare of great value, of the race of Nedgdie, named Hou-

ban Neggir, and added some ornaments for his wives.

We were encamped not far from Menouna, the last town of Persia, twenty leagues from the frontiers of India, on the banks of a river which the Bedouins call El Gitan.

On the seventh day we took leave of Sahid, and recommenced our march, in order to reach Syria again before the heats of summer set in. We marched rapidly, and without precautions, till one day, while we were passing through the province of Karman, our beasts were carried off; and the next day we were ourselves attacked by a powerful tribe, commanded by the Emir Redaini, an imperious man, and jealous of his authority, who constitutes himself the guardian of the caliphate of Persia. These Bedouins, very superior in number, were as much our inferiors in courage and tactics: our troops were vastly better commanded. Our position was, however, extremely critical—we were lost if the enemy gained the smallest advantage; for all the Bedouins of the Karman would at once have surrounded us, and hemmed us in as with a net, from which there would have been no possibility of escaping. The necessity, then, of inspiring them with respect by a decisive victory, which should at once cure them of any inclination to try their strength with us for the future, was imperative; and the Drayhy made the most skilful and best combined dispositions for ensuring the triumph of courage over numbers: he displayed all the resources of his

military genius and long experience, and himself performed prodigies of valour,—he had never commanded more calmly, nor fought more impetuously: accordingly, the enemy was obliged to retreat, leaving us at full liberty to pursue our homeward journey. The Drayhy, however, considering that it would not be prudent to leave behind him a hostile though beaten tribe, slackened his march, and sent a courier to the Emir Sahid, to give him intelligence of what had passed. The messenger returned in a few days, bringing a very friendly letter to the Drayhy, enclosing a second, addressed in the following terms to Redaini:

"In the name of God the supreme: Be homage and respectful prayers ever addressed to the greatest, the most powerful, the most honourable, the wisest, and the handsomest of prophets! the bravest of the brave, the greatest of the great, the caliph of caliphs, the master of the sabre and of the red ruby, the converter of souls, the Iman Ali. This letter is from Sahid el Bokhrani, the grandee of the two seas and of the two Persias, to his brother the Emir Redaini, the son of Kronkiar. We give you to know that our brother the Emir Drayhy Ebn Chahllan, of the country of Bagdad and Damascus, is come from far to visit us and form an alliance with us. He has marched on our land and eaten of our bread; we have granted him our friendship, and moreover have entered into particular engagements with him, from which great good and general tranquillity

will result. We desire that you do the same: take care that you do not fail in this point, or you will lose our esteem, and act in opposition to the will of God, and of the glorious Iman Ali."

Here followed many citations from their holy books, the Giaffer el Giameh, and the customary salutations.

We sent this letter to the Emir Redaini, who thereupon came to us, accompanied by five hundred horsemen, all richly dressed in gold brocades: their arms were mounted in chased silver, and the Damascus blades of their sabres exquisitely worked. Some amicable explanations having passed, Redaini copied with his own hand the particular treaty of the Emir Sahid, and signed it: he then took coffee, but refused to dine with us, the fanatics of the sect of Ali being prohibited from eating either with Christians or Turks. To ratify his contract, however, he swore upon bread and salt, and then embraced the Drayhy with great protestations of fraternity. His tribe, called El Mehaziz, numbers ten thousand tents. After taking leave of him, we continued our journey by forced marches, advancing fifteen leagues a day without halting. On reaching Bagdad, Sheik Ibrahim went into the city to take up money; but the season requiring expedition, we lost as little time as possible. In Mesopotamia we got news of the Wahabees. Ebn Sihoud had given a very ill reception to his general, Hedal, after his defeat, and had sworn to send a more powerful army than the former, under his son, to

take vengeance upon the Drayhy, and exterminate the Bedouins of Syria; but after having obtained more correct information respecting the resources and personal reputation of the Drayhy, he changed his tone, and resolved to make an effort towards concluding an alliance with him. Foreign events also gave an air of probability to these rumours; for the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, was preparing an expedition to invade Arabia Petrea, and to take possession of the riches of Mecca, which, for the present, were in the hands of Ebn Sihoud. Either of these prospects was agreeable to our projects, which would have been equally forwarded, whether his proposed alliance took effect, or whether he was weakened by a foreign power.—We were continually meeting on our route tribes which had not yet signed the treaty, but which eagerly took advantage of the opportunity of doing so.* On arriving in Syria, we received a courier from the King of the Wahabees, who brought us a little bit of paper, about three fingers in breadth, and twice as long. They affect to use these diminutive missives in contrast to the Turks, who write their firmans upon large sheets of paper. The Arabian character takes so little room, that in this small space was written

* At Maktal El Abed, we met two tribes, that of Berkaje, commanded by Sahdoum Ebn Wuali, 1300 tents strong, and that of Mahimen, commanded by Fahed Ebn Salche, of 300 tents. Crossing the Euphrates before Haiff, we concluded an alliance with Alayan Ebn Nadjed, chief of the tribe of Bouharba, which reckoned 500 tents.

a very long and sufficiently imperious letter. It commenced with a sort of confession of faith, or declaration, that God is one, universal, and without equal; then came all the titles of the king whom God has invested with his sabre to maintain his unity against the idolaters (the Christians) who affirm the contrary. And it continued thus:—

"We, Abdalla, son of Abdel Aziz, son of Abdel Wahabs, son of Sihoud: We give you to know, O son of Challan, (may the only adorable God direct you in the right way!) that if you believe in God, you must obey his slave Abdallah, to whom he has delegated his power, and come and see us without fear. You shall be our well-beloved son; we will pardon the past, and treat you as one of ourselves. But beware of obstinacy and resistance to our call; for he who listens to us is reckoned in the number of the inhabitants of paradise.

"Health.

"Signed,

"El Manhoud Menalla Ebn Sihoud Abdalla."

On the reception of this letter we held a great council of war; and after having deliberately weighed all the perils of the journey against the advantages of the alliance of Ebn Sihoud, the Drayhy determined to comply with this authoritative invitation. Sheik Ibrahim having asked me if I felt my courage equal to undertaking a visit to this fanatic, I replied:

"I am well aware that my risk is greater than that of others, on account of his hatred of all Christians; but I put my confidence in God. I must die once, and having already made a sacrifice of my life, I am willing to undertake any task likely to promote the entire execution of the enterprise upon which I have entered."

A desire of seeing this extraordinary man and his curious country also excited my courage, and having earnestly recommended my poor mother to the protection of M. Lascaris, if I should die in this expedition, I set out with the Drayhy, his second son Sahdoun, his nephew, his cousin, two of the principal chiefs, and five negroes, all mounted on dromedaries. During his father's absence, Saher was to command the tribe, and conduct it to Horran, to meet the Drayhy, who proposed returning by the Hegiaz. We made our first halt among the Bedouins Beny Toulab, whose sole wealth consists in a few asses, and who live by hunting gazelles and ostriches. They wear the skins of gazelles coarsely sewed together, forming long robes with very large sleeves; and the fur being outside, their appearance much resembles that of wild beasts: I have never seen anything so savage as their aspect. They showed us an ostrich hunt, in which I was greatly interested. The female ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, and takes up her station at some distance, looking fixedly upon them: she covers them as it were with her eyes, which she never turns from

the nest. She remains thus immoveable for half the day, until the male comes to relieve her. She then goes in search of food whilst her mate keeps guard in his turn. The hunter, when he has discovered the eggs, constructs a sort of shed with stones to conceal himself, and waits behind it for the favourable moment. When the female is left alone, and the male at a sufficient distance to prevent his taking alarm at the report, he draws his trigger, runs to pick up the unfortunate bird who has received her mortal wound, wipes away the blood, and replaces her in her former position near the eggs; the male, on his return, approaches fearlessly to assume his office of guard, when the hunter, who has remained in ambuscade, shoots him also, and thus bears away a double prize. If the male has had any cause of alarm, he runs with velocity to a distance; and if pursued, defends himself by flinging stones behind him with extraordinary force, to the extent of a musket-shot: — it is moreover prudent to keep at a distance from him when in a state of irritation, for his elevated stature and vigorous strength would render a close encounter very perilous, especially to the hunter's eyes. When the season of the ostrich chase is over, the Bedouins carry the feathers to Damascus, or even as far as Bagdad, for sale.

These hunters, when about to marry, pledge half the profits of the ensuing year's chase to the father of the intended bride, as her dowry. They hold the memory of Antar in high veneration,

and proclaim themselves his descendants: but how far the pretension is admissible, I know not. They recite, however, numerous fragments of his poem.

After taking leave of them, we still proceeded at the rapid pace of our dromedaries, and encamped on the borders of a very extensive lake, called Raam Beni Hellal, which receives its waters from a mountain which we had skirted.

The next day, having reached the middle of a dry and barren desert, we discovered a little oasis, formed by the shrub called jerfa, and had arrived within a few paces of it, when our dromedaries suddenly stopped short, which we at first attributed to their inclination for resting in a spot where the appearance of vegetation announced the probable presence of water; but it was soon evident that their repugnance arose from instinctive terror, manifested by all its outward tokens: neither caresses nor menaces could induce them to stir. My curiosity being excited to the highest degree, I alighted to investigate the cause of their alarm: but I had no sooner entered the thicket, than I involuntarily recoiled, for the ground was strewed with the skins of serpents of all sizes and species. There were thousands of them; some of the thickness of a ship's cable, others as small as needles. We hurried from the spot, offering up thanksgivings to God that the skins alone of these venomous reptiles had fallen in our way. No shelter appearing as night closed in, we were obliged to pass it in the open desert: but the horrible spectacle of the thicket was too forcibly

impressed upon my imagination to permit me to close my eyes; I expected every moment to see an enormous serpent glide under the covering of my tent, and rear its menacing head beside my pillow.

The following day we overtook a considerable tribe of Wahabees coming from Samarcand: we carefully concealed our pipes from them,—for Ebn Sihoud severely prohibits smoking, and punishes any infraction of his laws with death. The Emir Medjioun hospitably entertained us, but could not suppress his surprise at our hardihood in thus placing ourselves at the mercy of the Wahabee, whose ferocious character he depicted to us in the most frightful terms. He did not dissemble that we ran great hazard; Ebn Sihoud's deceitful promises, which he lavishes without scruple, being no guarantee against the most infamous treachery. The Drayhy himself, full of loyalty, had advanced on the faith of the king's invitation, his imagination never suggesting the possibility of a breach of promise, and began now to repent his too credulous confidence; but pride prevented his retreating, and we prosecuted our journey. We soon reached the Nedgde, a country intersected with mountains and valleys, studded with nomade camps, and abounding in towns and villages, the former of which appear to be very ancient, and attest a former population much richer and more numerous than that by which they are now occupied. The villages are peopled with Bedouin husbandmen; and the soil produces corn, table

vegetables, and dates in abundance. We were told by the inhabitants, that the aborigines had abandoned their country to establish themselves in Africa, under the conduct of one of their princes, named Beni Hetal.

We everywhere experienced a warm-hearted hospitality, but heard interminable complaints of the tyranny of Ebn Sihoud, under whose dominion these people seem to be retained by fear alone.

At length after fourteen days' journey, at the pace of our dromedaries, which may be reckoned at triple the distance traversed by a caravan in the same space of time, we arrived in the capital of the Wahabees. The city is surrounded and concealed by a wood of palms, called the Palm-trees of Darkisch, which serves it as a rampart, and is so thickly planted as scarcely to admit the passage of a horseman between the trunks of the trees. Having made our way through these, we came to a second barrier, composed of little hillocks of date-stones, resembling a bank of small pebbles, and behind it the town-wall, along which we rode to the entrance-gate, and, passing through it, soon reached the king's palace, a large edifice of two stories, built of white hewn stones.

Ebn Sihoud, on being informed of our arrival, ordered us to be ushered into an elegant and well-furnished apartment, where a plentiful repast was set before us. This beginning seemed to augur well, and we congratulated ourselves upon not having yielded to the suspicions which had been

suggested to us. The same night, having suitably attired ourselves, we were presented to the king; whom we found to be about forty-five years of age, with a harsh countenance, a bronzed complexion, and a very black beard. He was dressed in a robe fastened round the loins by a white sash, a striped turban of red and white on his head, and a black embroidered mantle thrown over his left shoulder, holding in his right hand the sceptre of the King of Mahlab, the ensign of his authority. He was seated, surrounded by the grandees of his court, at the extremity of a large audience-chamber, richly furnished with mats, carpets, and cushions. The draperies, as well as the king's habiliments, were of cotton or the wool of Yemen,—silk being prohibited in his dominions, together with everything that would recall the luxury or customs of the Turks. I had leisure for making my observations; for when Ebn Sihoud had answered concisely and in a chilling tone to the Drayhy's compliments, we seated ourselves, and waited in silence till he should propose a subject of conversation. The Drayhy, however, observing that after half an hour had elapsed he neither ordered coffee nor cleared his brow, opened the conference himself by thus addressing him:—

"I see, O son of Sihoud, that our reception from you is not such as we had a right to expect. We have travelled through your territories, and are come under your roof, upon your own invitation: if you have anything to allege against us, speak—conceal nothing from us."

Ebn Sihoud, casting a fiery glance at him, replied:

"Yes, truly, I have many things to allege against you: your crimes are unpardonable! You have revolted against me; you have refused to obey me, and you have devastated the tribe of Sachrer, in Galilee, knowing that it belonged to me.

"You have corrupted the Bedouins, and confederated them against me, and against my authority.

"You have destroyed my armies, pillaged my camps, and supported my mortal enemies, those idolaters, those profaners, those rascals, those debauchees, the Turks."

Growing more and more exasperated as he spoke, and accumulating invective upon invective, his rage at last exceeded all bounds, and he concluded by commanding us to leave his presence and await his pleasure.

I saw the Drayhy's eyes kindle, his nostrils swell, and I dreaded every instant an explosion of impotent wrath, which could only have served to drive the king to extremities; but, reflecting that he was entirely defenceless, he refrained himself, rose with dignity, and slowly retired to meditate what course he should pursue. All men trembled before the fury of Ebn Sihoud, and none dared to oppose his will. For two days and nights we remained in our apartment, hearing and seeing nothing. No one cared to approach us; even those who on our first arrival appeared most forward in our service, either shunned us, or laughed

at our easy credulity in the good faith of a man whose perfidious and sanguinary character was so well known. We expected momentarily to see the tyrant's satellites appear to massacre us, and sought in vain for some means of extricating ourselves from his grasp. On the third day, the Drayhy, declaring he preferred death to suspense, sent for one of the ministers of the Wahabee, named Abou el Sallem, and commissioned him to deliver this message to his master.

"What you propose to do, do quickly; I shall not reproach you—I shall blame myself alone for surrendering myself into your hands."

El Sallem obeyed, but returned not; and our only answer was the sight of twenty-five armed negroes, who ranged themselves before our door. We were then decidedly prisoners!—how I deprecated the foolish curiosity which had so gratuitously drawn me into peril! The Drayhy had no fear of death; but constraint was insupportable to him,—he walked to and fro with rapid strides, like a lion before the bars of his cage, and at last broke out:—

"I am determined to make an end of the matter; I will speak to Ebn Sihoud and reproach him with his perfidy; I see that mildness and patience are unavailing, and I am resolved to die with dignity."

Again he summoned El Sallem; and the moment he appeared, "Return to your master," said he, "and inform him that by the faith of the Bedouins I demand the right of speaking to

him: there will still be time to follow his own pleasure after he has heard me."

The Wahabee granted an audience, and El Sallem introduced us. Arrived in his presence, the king left us standing, and made no return to our customary salutations.

"What do you want?" said he roughly.

The Drayhy, drawing himself up with dignity, replied:

"I am come to see you, O son of Sihoud, on the faith of your promises, and with a suite of only ten men: I command thousands of warriors. We are defenceless in your hands, you are in the centre of your power:—you may crush us like ashes; but know, that from the frontier of India, to the frontier of Nedgde, in Persia, in Bussora, in Mesopotamia, Hemad, the two Syrias, Galilee, and Horan, every man who wears the caftan will demand my blood at your hands, and will take vengeance for my death. If you are, as you pretend, the King of the Bedouins, how can you stoop to treachery? that is the vile practice of the Turks. Treachery is not for the strong, but for the weak or the cowardly. You who boast of your armies, and claim to hold your authority from God himself, if you would not tarnish your glory, restore me to my country, and openly contend with me by force of arms; for, by abusing my confidence, you will dishonour yourself, render yourself an object of universal contempt, and occasion the ruin of your kingdom. I have said: now take your pleasure,—but you will one day re-

pent it. I am only one among thousands; my death will not diminish my tribe, will not extinguish the race of Cholan. My son Sahen will supply my place: he remains to lead my Bedouins, and to avenge my blood. Be warned then, and open your eyes to the truth."

During this harangue, the king stroked his beard, and gradually calmed himself. After a moment's silence:

"Go in peace," said he; "nothing but good will happen to you."

We then retired, but were still guarded.

This successful beginning encouraged the courtiers, who had heard with terror the daring words of the Drayhy, and were astonished at the tyrant's endurance of them. They began again to gather round us, and Abou el Sallem invited us to dinner. But I did not feel very confident on my own score; I thought indeed Ebn Sihoud might not venture upon extremities with the Drayhy, but feared lest he might ascribe his wrongs to my counsels, and sacrifice me, an obscure giaour, to his resentment. These apprehensions I imparted to the Drayhy, who reassured me, swearing that no attempt should reach me but over his corpse, and that I should first pass out through the gates of Darkisch.

The next day Ebn Sihoud sent for us, received us very graciously, and had coffee served to us. Presently he began to question the Drayhy about the persons who accompanied him. My turn is now coming, thought I, and my heart palpitated

a little. I recovered myself, however; and when the Drayhy had named me, the king, turning towards me, said:

"You then are Abdalla the Christian?"

And on my answering in the affirmative,

"I see," continued he, "that your actions are much greater than your stature."

"A musket-ball," I replied, "is small, yet it kills great men."

He smiled.

"I find it very difficult," he resumed, "to credit all that I hear of you: I would have you answer me frankly; what is the object of the alliance which you have been labouring so many years to accomplish?"

"Its object is very simple," answered I. "We are desirous to unite all the Bedouins of Syria under the command of the Drayhy, to resist the Turks; you may perceive that we are by these means forming an impenetrable barrier between you and your enemies."

"Very well," said he; "but that being your object, why did you endeavour to destroy my armies before Hama?"

"Because," I replied, "you were an obstacle to our projects. It was not for you, but for the Drayhy, that we were labouring. His power once established in Syria, Mesopotamia, and to the confines of Persia, we were willing to enter into alliance with you, and become by that means invulnerable in the possession of our entire liberty. Children of the same nation, we have but one

cause to defend: for this purpose we came here to cement an indissoluble union with you. You received us in an offensive manner, and the Drayhy on his part has reproached you in offensive terms; but our intentions were sincere, and we have proved them so by confiding ourselves unarmed to your good faith."

The king's countenance cleared up more and more as I spoke; and when I had ceased, he said,

"I am satisfied."

Then, turning to his slaves, he ordered *three* cups of coffee. I internally thanked God for inspiring me with words that proved so successful. The rest of the visit passed off well, and we retired well satisfied. In the evening we were invited by one of the ministers to a grand supper, and confidentially entertained with the cruelties of his master, and the universal execration in which he was held. His immense treasures were also a topic of discussion: those he had acquired by the pillage of Mecca are incalculable. From the earliest period of the Hegira, Mussulman princes, the caliphs, the sultans, and the kings of Persia, send annually to the tomb of the Prophet considerable presents in jewels, lamps, and candelabras of gold, precious stones, &c. besides the offerings from the commonalty of the faithful. The throne alone, the gift of a Persian king, composed of massive gold, inlaid with pearls and diamonds, was of inestimable value. Every prince on his accession sends a crown of gold, enriched with precious stones, to be suspended from the roofs of the

chapel, and they were innumerable when Ebn Sihoud plundered it: one diamond alone, as large as a walnut, was considered invaluable. When we consider all that the lapse of centuries had accumulated on that one point, it is not surprising that the king should have carried away forty camels laden with jewellery, besides articles of massive gold and silver. Taking into calculation these inexhaustible treasures, and the tithes which he raises annually from his allies, I think he may be regarded as the richest monarch upon earth; especially as his expenses are very trifling, — as he rigorously prohibits luxury, and as in time of war each tribe furnishes subsistence for its armies, and bears all its own charges and losses, for which no compensation is ever recovered.

So delighted was I with the recovery of my liberty, that I spent all the next day in walking about and visiting every part of Darkisch and its environs. The town, built of white stone, contains seven thousand inhabitants, almost all kinsmen, ministers, or generals of Ebn Sihoud. No artizans are found there. The only trades exercised in the town are those of armourers and farriers, and few persons are engaged even in them. Nothing is to be purchased, not even food, for which every one depends on his own means,— that is to say, upon an estate or garden, producing corn, vegetables and fruits, and affording nourishment to a few fowls. Their numerous herds browse in the plain; and every Wednesday the inhabitants of Yemen and Mecca assemble to ex-

change their merchandise for cattle; a species of fair, which forms the sole commerce of the country. The women appear unveiled, but throw their black mantles over their faces,—a very disgraceful custom: they are generally ugly and excessively dark-complexioned. The gardens, situated in a charming valley near the town, on the opposite side to that by which we had entered, produce the finest fruits in the world,—bananas, oranges, pomegranates, figs, apples, melons, &c. intermixed with barley and maize, — and are carefully watered.

The next morning, the king again summoned us to him, received us very graciously, and questioned me closely respecting the various European sovereigns, especially Napoleon, for whom he testified great admiration. Nothing delighted him so much as the recital of the emperor's conquests; and happily my frequent intercourse with M. Lascaris had furnished me with many details to entertain him with. At the account of every battle, he would exclaim—

"Surely this man is an emissary of God: I am persuaded he must be in intimate communion with his Creator, since he is thus singularly favoured."

His affability towards me having gradually but rapidly increased, he suddenly changed the subject of conversation, and said at last,

"Abdalla, I desire to hear the truth from you: what is the basis of Christianity?"

Aware of the Wahabee's prejudices, I trembled at this question; but mentally praying for divine inspiration,

"The basis of all religion, O son of Sihoud!" I said, "is belief in God. The Christians deem, as you do, that there is one only God, the Creator of the universe; who punishes the wicked, pardons the penitent, and recompenses the good: that He alone is great, merciful, and almighty."

"Very well," said he; "but how do you pray?"

I repeated the *Pater-noster*: he made his secretary write at my dictation, read and re-read it, and placed it inside his vest; then, pursuing his interrogatory, asked me to which side we turned to pray.

"We pray on all sides," answered I, "for God is everywhere."

"That opinion I entirely approve," said he: "but you must have precepts as well as prayers."

I repeated the ten commandments given by God to his prophet Moses, which he appeared to know, and continued his inquiries.

"And Jesus Christ,—in what light do you consider him?"

"As the Incarnate Word of God."

"But he was crucified?"

"As the Divine Word, he could not die; but as man, he suffered for the sins of the wicked."

"That is marvellous. And the sacred book which God inspired through Jesus Christ, is it revered among you?—do you exactly conform to its doctrine?"

"We preserve it with the greatest reverence, and in all things obey its injunctions."

"The Turks," said he, "have made a god of

their prophet, and pray over his tomb like idolaters. Cursed be those who ascribe to the Creator an equal! may the sabre exterminate them!"

His invectives against the Turks increasing in vehemence, he proceeded to censure the use of the pipe, of wine, and of unclean meats; while I was too happy in having adroitly extricated myself from the discussion of dangerous questions, to presume to contradict him on insignificant points, and allowed him to believe me a despiser of that villanous herb, as he called tobacco; which drew a smile from the Drayhy, who was well aware that the present prohibition of it was the greatest possible privation to me, and that I availed myself of every opportunity which promised impunity to withdraw my beloved pipe from its concealment: that day, in particular, my longing for it was extreme, having talked much and drunk very strong Mocha coffee.

The king appeared delighted with our conversation, and said to me,—"I see that we may always learn something. I have hitherto believed the Christians to be the most superstitious of men; but I am now convinced that they approach much nearer to the true religion than the Turks."

Ebn Sihoud is on the whole a well-informed and very eloquent man, but fanatical in his religious opinions: he has a legitimate wife and a concubine; two sons, both married, and a daughter still young. He eats nothing but what is prepared by his wives, for fear of being poisoned. The guard of his palace is committed to a troop

of a thousand well-armed negroes. He can raise within his territories fifteen hundred thousand Bedouins capable of bearing arms. When he intends to nominate the governor of a province, he invites the person on whom his choice has fallen to dinner, and after the repast they unite in ablutions and prayer; after which the king, arming him with a sabre, says to him,—

"I have elected you, by command of God, to govern these slaves: be humane and just; gather punctually the tithe, and cut off the heads of Turks and infidels who say that God has an equal;—let none such establish themselves within your jurisdiction. May the Lord give victory to those who believe in his unity!"

He then delivers to him a small writing, enjoining the inhabitants to obey the governor in all things, under the severest penalties.

The next day we visited the king's stables; and I think it would be impossible for an amateur of horses to have a more gratifying sight. The first objects of attention were twenty-four white mares, ranged in single file, all of incomparable beauty, and so exactly alike that it was not possible to distinguish the one from the other: their hair, brilliant as silver, dazzled my eyes. A hundred and twenty others, of various coats, but equally elegant in form, occupied another building; and even I, notwithstanding my antipathy to horses since the accident which had so nearly cost my life, could not help admiring the beautiful tenants of these stables.

We supped that evening with Hedal, the gene-

ral-in-chief, who was reconciled with the Drayhy; and the famous Abou Nocta, who was of the party, was extremely polite to him. For several days we met in secret conclave, treating with Ebn Sihoud; but the details of the negotiation would be superfluous. It is sufficient to say, that an alliance was concluded between him and the Drayhy to their mutual satisfaction, and the king declared *that their two bodies would be henceforth directed by one soul.* The treaty being ratified, he invited us for the first time to eat with him, and tasted each dish before it was offered to us. As he had never seen any one eat otherwise than with their fingers, I carved a spoon and fork out of a piece of wood, spread my handkerchief for a napkin, and ate my dinner after the European fashion, which highly diverted him.

"Thanks be to God!" said he, "every nation believes its customs the best possible, and each is therefore content with its condition."

Our departure being fixed for the following day, the king sent us as a present seven of his most beautiful mares, their bridles held by as many black slaves mounted on camels; and when each of us had made his choice, we were presented with sabres, the blades of which were very handsome, but the scabbards quite unornamented. To our servants also he gave more ordinary sabres, saddle-cloths, and a hundred tallarins each.

We took leave of Ebn Sihoud with the customary ceremonies, and were accompanied beyond the walls by all the officers of his court. Arrived

at the gates, the Drayhy stopped, and turning to me, invited me to pass first, wishing, he told me, with a smile, to keep his promise. And I confess, that all the civilities we had latterly received, had not so far effaced from my mind the impression of the suspense and anguish we had previously experienced, but that I rejoiced to find myself beyond the barriers.

We took the road to Heggias, resting every night with one of the tribes which overspread the desert. The fifth day, after passing the night under the tents of El Henadi, we rose with the sun, and went out to saddle our dromedaries; but found them, to our great amazement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the Bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoom, which would not long delay its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible two or three hours beforehand of the approach of this terrific scourge of the desert, and turning its face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand; and neither force nor want can move it from its position, either to eat or drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should be for several days.

Learning the danger which threatened us, we shared the general terror, and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their heads

covered and their ears stopped; they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine and subtle sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stopping up every crevice with extreme caution; and having provided themselves with water placed within reach, throw themselves on the ground, covering their heads with a mantle, and stir no more till the desolating hurricane has passed.

That morning all was tumult in the camp; every one endeavouring to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Nedgde mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind were succeeded by clouds of red and burning sands, whirling round with fierce impetuosity, and overthrowing or burying under their drifted mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch, the flesh swells as if a hot iron had been passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness was boiling, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually sunk for the following six: another hour, and we must all have been suffocated. When at length we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us: five children, two women, and a man were extended dead on the still burning sand; and several Bedouins had their faces blackened and entirely calcined, as if by the action of an ardent furnace.

When any one is struck on the head by the simoom, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. We thanked the Lord that we had not ourselves been surprised by this terrible scourge in the midst of the desert, but had been preserved from so frightful a death.

When the weather permitted us to leave the camp of Henadi, twelve hours' march brought us back to our tribe. I embraced Sheik Ibrahim with true filial love, and several days elapsed in the mutual recital of our adventures. When I had perfectly recovered my fatigues, M. Lascaris said to me:

"My dear son, we have no longer any business here. Thanks be to God, all is accomplished! and my enterprise has succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes: we must now return to give an account of our mission."

We quitted our friends in the hope of soon seeing them at the head of the expedition to which we had opened and smoothed the way. Passing through Damascus, Aleppo, and Caramania, we reached Constantinople in the month of April, after ninety days' travelling, frequently across tracts of snow. In the course of that fatiguing journey I lost my handsome Nedgdian mare, the gift of Ebn Sihoud, which I had calculated on selling for at least thirty thousand piastres: but this was only the forerunner of the misfortunes which awaited us. Constantinople was ravaged by the plague; and General Andreossi lodged us

at Keghat-Kani, where we spent three months in quarantine, and, during that time, were informed of the fatal catastrophe of Moscow and the retreat of the French army upon Paris. M. Lascaris was in despair, and for two months his plan of proceeding was quite undecided. At length, determining to return into Syria, and there wait the issue of events, we embarked on board a vessel freighted with corn; but a violent storm drove us to Chios, where we again encountered the plague. M. de Bourville, the French consul, procured us a lodging, in which we remained for two months closely shut up; and there, our property having become a prey to the tempest, while contagion cut us off from all external communication, we were nearly without clothing, and exposed to the greatest privations.

Communications were at length restored; and M. Lascaris having received a letter from our consul-general at Smyrna, inviting him to a conference there with the Generals Lallemand and Savary, determined to comply, and allowed me meanwhile to visit my poor mother, whom I had not seen for six years.

My travels no longer offering anything of interest to the public, I shall pass over the interval which elapsed between my separation from M. Lascaris and my return to Syria, and hasten to the melancholy conclusion.

While staying at Latakia with my mother, and daily expecting the arrival of a ship that might transport me to Egypt, where I had been ordered

by M. Lascaris to rejoin him, I saw a French brig of war enter the port, and hastened to inquire for letters. Alas! those letters brought me the afflicting intelligence of the decease of my benefactor at Cairo. My grief baffled description: I entertained a filial affection for M. Lascaris; besides which, all my future prospects had expired with him. M. Drovetti, French consul in Alexandria, wrote to desire I would come to him as soon as possible; but it was forty days before I could find an opportunity of embarking, and when I reached Alexandria, M. Drovetti had set out for Upper Egypt; thither I followed, and overtook him at Asscout. He informed me that M. Lascaris having entered Egypt with an English passport, Mr. Salt, the English consul, had taken possession of all his effects. He persuaded me, therefore, to apply to that gentleman for payment of my stipend of five hundred tallarins per annum, which was nearly six years in arrear; and especially recommended me to insist strongly on the restitution of M. Lascaris's manuscript journal, a document of vast importance.

I immediately returned to Cairo; but Mr. Salt received me very coldly, and told me that M. Lascaris having died under English protection, he had transmitted his property and papers to England. All my attempts were therefore futile; and after a long detention at Cairo, in the vain hope of obtaining either payment of my arrears or the papers of my patron, Mr. Salt at last menaced me with procuring my arrest by the Egyptian authorities; and to the protection of M. Drovetti alone

I owe my escape from this new peril. Weary of so profitless a struggle, I returned to Latakia and my family, more unhappy and less rich than I had at first quitted it on my expedition to Aleppo.

END OF FATALLA SAYEGHIR'S STORY.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

It was my intention to have added here a few translations, for the purpose of giving the reader some idea of modern Arabian poetry; but I understand that an able hand, and one more practised than mine, is already employed on the task. A volume, entitled *A Miscellany of French and Oriental Literature*, by J. Augoub, will appear in a few days.* I was acquainted with the author, a young poet of the highest promise, prematurely snatched from his family and his fame. He was born in Egypt, and had been educated in France. The original fragments which he has left behind, and doubtless also these translations, breathe the deep and ardent colouring of his native skies, combined with the purity of French taste. These works, published by his widow, are the only legacy he has bequeathed to his family and his country.

I have inserted in these volumes a few fragments extracted from the publication here announced, assured that they will but stimulate the reader's desire for a further acquaintance with them.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

15th April 1835.

* Published by Abel Ledoux.

MAOULS,

OR,

POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE MODERN ARABS.

Extracted from a Collection entitled

"A MISCELLANY OF FRENCH AND ORIENTAL LITERATURE."

BY J. AGOUB.

Now that thy stature, like the young shoot of a palm, is slender and graceful, grant me thy caresses. O my best beloved, let us make use of time as it flies! Close not against love the avenue to thy favour. Believe me, beauty is evanescent; its empire has never yet been prolonged for a mortal.

They have compared thee to the queen of the nightly firmament; but how greatly do they err in their language! Has the moon those beautiful black eyes, with their sparkling pupils? The rushes bend and sway before the gentlest breath of the zephyr; thou, who resemblest them by thy slight figure — thou seest all men bend before thee!

If the torment of my heart causes happiness to thine, torment me; for my happiness is bound up in thine,—if, indeed, thine is not far dearer to me than my own. If thou wishest to take my life—if the sacrifice of it is necessary to thee—take it, O thou who alone art my life, and incense not thyself against me!

What harm would it be, young beauty, if thou

shouldest treat me with more justice? Thou wouldest cure my grievous malady by a remedy which would relieve me from the necessity of having recourse to the Canon of Avicene.* Whenever I contemplate thy beautiful eyebrows, I recognise in them the graceful contour of the houn;† and thy voice is sweeter to my ear than the sound of the harp and the cithern.‡

When my best-beloved passed by, the branch of the neighbouring willow was jealous of her delicate figure; the rose bent her head for shame when she saw the bright colour of her cheek; and I exclaimed,—O thou who beyond recovery hast captivated my soul, the glance of thine eye has opened a wound in my bosom which will not be cured to the end of my life!

I love, I love an adolescent, and my passion burns like a flame at the bottom of my heart. When love glided into my bosom, scarcely did the tender down shade the cheek of my lover. Oh, I love! and it is for thee, my well-beloved, that my tears flow; and I swear by Him who created love, that my heart has never known tenderness but for thee! I offer to thee my first flame.

When the night deepens its shadows, it is to imitate the blackness of thy curling locks; when the day shines in its purest splendour, it is to recall to mind the dazzling brightness of thy countenance: the exhalations of the aloes are less sweet

* The celebrated treatise on medicine by Ebn Sina.

† This Arabic letter is of a bent form.

‡ A stringed instrument.

than the perfume of thy breath; and the lover, enamoured of thy charms, shall pass his life in recounting thy praises.

My best-beloved comes forth, but her countenance is veiled; yet at sight of her all minds are bewildered. The slender branch in the Valley of Camels becomes jealous of her flexible and attractive form. Suddenly she raises her hand and removes the curious veil which concealed her, and the inhabitants of the land utter cries of surprise. Is it a flash of lightning, say they, which illuminates our dwellings? or have the Arabs lighted fires in the desert? *

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

During eighteen months of travelling, vicissitudes, and leisure, a man reflects even involuntarily. The innumerable facts which pass under his eye enlighten him even unconsciously to himself. The different aspects under which human circumstances present themselves before him give them a new association and illustration. In history, in philosophy, in religion, he reasons upon what he has seen and heard,—instinctive truths form in his mind,—and upon examination he finds himself in many respects a new man. The world has spoken to him, and he has understood it; and if it were otherwise, what advantage would the traveller derive from the difficulties, the perils, the wearying separations he encounters,—his long absence from

his friends and his country? Travels would be but a brilliant deception. But they are in fact the education of the mind by nature and men. A man, however, does not part from himself in his travels; the thoughts which employed his age and his country when he quitted the paternal roof follow and occupy him on his route. Politics having been the business of the day in Europe and in France when I took my departure, my thoughts have been much turned to politics in the East. In political order, as well as in history, philosophy, and religion, ideas more true, more expansive, and more accurate, have resulted from my examination of facts and places. My mind has made some decisive inferences, and here they are. It is the only page of those notes of a traveller which I am inclined to offer to Europe, and I do so because it contains a truth useful at the passing hour, — a truth which must be seized while it is ripe and manifest, and which may be made fruitful hereafter. If it is understood and acted upon, it will save Europe and Asia,—it will multiply and ameliorate the human race, and produce an epoch in its laborious and progressive existence. If it is misunderstood and neglected as an impracticable dream on account of some slight difficulties in its execution, the good and evil passions of Europe will explode on herself, and Asia will remain, what she now is, a dead and sterile branch of humanity. In two words, then:

Human ideas have brought Europe to one of those great organical crises, but very few of which

are preserved in the archives of history; epochs where a worn-out civilization yields to another—where the past no longer maintains its hold upon us, and where the future presents itself in masses, shrouded in all the uncertainties, all the obscurity, which attend unknown effects; epochs terrible when they are not fruitful—climacteric maladies of the human mind, which benumb it for centuries, or vivify it for a new and long existence. The French Revolution has been the tocsin of the world. Many of its phases are accomplished; but it is not yet ended,—nothing ends in the slow, intestine, eternal movements of the moral life of mankind. There is a halting-time; but during those very halts the thoughts ripen, and the strength grows which is to be the foundation of future action. In the march of societies, the change of object is but a new starting-point. The French Revolution, which will in time be called the European Revolution, because ideas find their level like water, is not only a political revolution, a transfer of power, one dynasty set in the place of another, or a republic in that of a monarchy; all that is only an accident, symptom, instrument, medium. The work is so much the more serious and important, as it may be accomplished under all the forms of political power; and one may be a royalist or a republican, attached to one dynasty or another, a partisan of this or that constitutional combination, without being less sincerely or less effectually a revolutionist. One may prefer one instrument to another for removing the world and

changing its place; and that is all the difference. But the idea of revolution—that is to say, of change and amelioration—does not the less enlighten the mind and warm the heart. Where amongst us is the man of thought, of heart and reason, of religion and hope, who, laying his hand upon his heart, and examining it before God and in presence of society, dropping to pieces in consequence of the anomalous and antiquated nature of the materials that compose it, does not answer to himself, I am a revolutionist? The time draws into its wake, as well those who resist it, as those who give it their good wishes and take the lead in its march. So rapid and invincible is the current, that those who row the most vigorously, and think to turn the tide or neutralise the descent of the stream, find themselves insensibly carried far beyond the horizon on which they had fixed their eyes and their hearts, and in an hour of reflection measure with astonishment the length of way they have passed. It is now nearly half a century since this revolution, already ripe in ideas, broke out into action. At first it was only a battle, then a ruin; the dust of this struggle and this ruin obscured everything for a long time—no one knew for what, on what ground, or under what banner he was fighting. Each drew, as in the night, upon his friends or his brothers; reaction followed upon action; excesses stained every banner; one withdrew in horror from a cause which crime pretended to serve, but which it destroyed, as it does all things: the mind passed from one excess

to another, and could understand nothing of the tumultuous movements, the vicissitudes of the battle; for it was a battle,—that is to say, confusion and disorder, triumph and rout, enthusiasm and discouragement. At length we begin to comprehend the providential plan of this great action between ideas and men. The dust is laid, and the horizon is cleared up. We see the positions which have been carried and lost, — the opinions which have fallen in the battle, those which have been mortally wounded, those which survive, and those which triumph or are to triumph; we understand the past, — we understand the age, — we catch a glimpse of the future. This is a grand and rare moment for the human mind. It is conscious of its own powers, and of the great work it is performing; it has almost acquired an insight into futurity. When a revolution is fully understood, it is achieved: its success may be slow, but can be no longer doubtful. The new opinion, if it has not yet conquered its ground, has at least gained an arena for its infallible arm. That arm is the press,—the daily and universal revelation which surrounds us on all sides, and is to the spirit of innovation and amelioration what powder and cannon were to the first employers of them—victory assured in a powerful faculty. Political philosophers then are no longer obliged to fight, but to moderate and direct this invincible arm of the new civilization.

The past has rolled away, the arena is free, the space is vacant; equality of rights is an admitted

principle; liberty of discussion is consecrated in the forms of government, power has remounted to its source; the interest and reason of all are collected in institutions which have more to fear from weakness than from tyranny; words spoken or written have a right to make their appeal always, and in all places, to the understanding of all. This grand tribunal of reason governs, and will govern more and more, all the other powers emanating from it: it agitates, and will continue to agitate, all questions, social, religious, political, or national, with the force which opinion lends it, and in proportion to the growth of conviction, until human reason, enlightened by the ray it has pleased God to send it, shall have resumed the possession of the entire moral world, and, satisfied with its logical labours, shall say, with the Creator, "What I have made is good;" then shall rest for a while, if there be rest in heaven or on earth.

But the social system is complicated. The solution of domestic difficulties necessarily imposes a similar solution of questions of foreign policy. A chain of connexion pervades the world, and one fact invariably reacts upon another: let us consider then what ought logically to be the plan and action of European politics, as regards the East. I say, European; for although in outward forms the constitutional, or, to speak more properly, the rational system at present prevails only in France, England, Spain and Portugal, yet it everywhere prevails in opinion; reflecting men are all on its side, the people of all countries

actuated by its spirit: the moral revolution once accomplished, or even commenced, that of forms soon follows; the opportunity only is wanting, and it becomes merely a question of time. Europe upholds a variety of forms, but already acknowledges but one spirit,—the spirit of renovation, and of the government of men by the law of reason. France and England are the two countries charged in these latter days to promulgate, and by their own experience to justify, opinions. Glorious and fatal mission! France, the most adventurous, has taken the lead, and is at this moment far in advance; let her then be the first subject of our meditations.

Glorious but perilous is the career opened to France: she is the guide of nations, but is herself a stranger to the path, and, while feeling a way for the social community, may be herself engulphed in an unseen abyss: all the hostility to experience which still resists innovation throughout Europe, is set in motion against her. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, all who are averse to reason abhor France; all the secret aspirations of men whose minds are retrograde and immovably linked to the past are for her ruin; she is to them the symbol of their decline, the living evidence of their impotency, and of the falsehood of their prophecies; her prosperity disproves their doctrines, which her overthrow would verify; all attempts for the amelioration of human institutions would fall with her: but vehement acclamations would be heard; the world would remain in subjection to tyranny and prejudice. The supporters of pre-

judice and tyranny therefore passionately clamour for her subversion. They announce it as the sequel of her every movement; they hope it on every occasion: but France is strong, stronger by far in the living spirit which animates her, than in the number of her soldiers. She alone has faith in, and a clear and generous perception of, the great universal cause for which she contends: military machines are opposed to her, she brings martyrs to the arena. Conviction is more powerful than an army: France, ruined in her finances, rent by divisions, oppressed by tyranny, ensanguined by executioners within—attacked from without by her own children leagued in arms with united Europe, has shown the world that she cannot perish by external dangers. Those from within are more serious; they result from her new situation: a transition is always a crisis; and the consequences, foreseen or unforeseen, of a new organic principle, inevitably produce unexpected phenomena in the social state of a great people. The immediate consequences of the revolution in France, and the accidental results of the crisis she has just passed through, are numerous: I shall consider only the principal.

Equality of right produced equality of pretension and ambition among all classes; universal aspirings after power, unlimited competition for all offices, the obstruction of all professions; rivalry, jealousy, envy between so many candidates pressing at the same time towards the same goal; a perpetual elbowing of talents, cupidity, and self-love,

at the gate of all departments of the public service; a consequent instability in all public functions, and a throng of repulsed and envenomed forces flowing back upon society, and always ready to revenge themselves upon her.

The liberty of discussion and inquiry secured to the enfranchised press, has engendered a spirit of dispute and controversy without candour, a professional and systematic opposition; a cynical character, which by dint of wordy logic scares away truth and moderation; misleads and excites ignorance; is ever ready to underrate the chief requisite of nations — power, in whatever hands; terrifies honest but timid men, and puts arms in the hands of all the evil passions of the time and the country.

The general diffusion of instruction—that first necessity of the people, from whom it has been so long withheld — produces upon them as its immediate result, a bewilderment of ideas not yet fully understood, a sort of vertigo of the mind too suddenly enlightened: they are like men who, after long languishing in total darkness, are at once incautiously exposed to the full flood of day, or too plentifully supplied with food when nearly perishing with hunger; the one is dazzled, and for the time at least blinded; the other is in danger of losing his life from an excess of the aliment which should have restored it; but it does not follow that the bread or the light is fatal—the transition alone is injurious. So it is with general instruction: its first effect is to generate a super-

abundance of capacities demanding employment in society; a want of equilibrium between faculties and occupations, which may and must elicit for a time serious dissonances in the political harmony, till the balance shall be re-adjusted by these multiplied capacities creating each for itself its proper mode of action.

Again, the manufacturing stimulus withdraws the population from domestic feelings, and from the peaceful labours of agriculture, so conducive to moral habits; it over-excites labour by the sudden rise of profits, which as suddenly and irregularly fall back; it accustoms to the luxury and vices of cities, men who can never afterwards return to the simplicity and mediocrity of a rural life; and thus accumulates those masses of population, to-day insufficient for the demand, to-morrow deprived of employment, and by their destitution a prey to sedition and disorder.

The populace, a numerous class, imperceptible in theocratical, despotic, and aristocratical governments, where it is overshadowed indeed by the possessors of the soil, but finds protection under their shade, and a guarantee at least of existence in their patronage,—now thrown on its own resources by the suppression of its patrons, and by the system of individuality, is in a worse condition than ever,—has achieved barren rights without the means of subsistence, and will shake the foundations of society till sociality shall have succeeded to individuality.

The condition of this populace has given rise to

the question of property which is now everywhere mooted; a question which would be resolved by the law of the strongest, were it not easily resolved by reason, policy, and social charity. Charity is sociality;—selfishness is individuality. Charity, as well as policy, commands man not to abandon his fellow-creatures to themselves, but to come to their aid—to form a sort of mutual security on equitable conditions between society in possession and society not in possession. She says to the proprietor, "Thou shalt preserve thy property;" for, despite the alluring dream of a community of wealth, tried in vain by Christianity and by philanthropy, property appears to have been at all periods, from the earliest to the present, the *sine quâ non* of all society: without it there is neither domestication, labour; nor civilization. But she adds, "Thou wilt remember that the right of property was not instituted for thee alone, but for mankind at large; thou enjoyest it only on the conditions of justice, utility, distribution to all: thou wilt therefore supply thy brother, from the superfluity of thy possessions, with the means and elements of labour necessary to his acquiring possessions in his turn; thou wilt recognise a right superior to the right of property—the right of humanity!" This is justice, and this is policy; for they are one and the same thing.

From all the facts arising out of the new order of things, one incontestable requisite results for France and for Europe—expansion: it is of imperative necessity that expansion without should

bear some proportion to the immense expansion within produced by the revolution which all things are undergoing. Without that outward expansion, how shall we obviate the perils I have just pointed out? How prescribe equality in rights and deny it in facts? How admit inquiry, yet resist reason and its organ the press? How diffuse information, and drive back upon themselves the capacities which it multiplies? How give activity to manufactures, and provide at the same time against the accumulations of population, and those sudden cessations of labour and salary which they bring in their train? How, in short, restrain those perpetually increasing masses of the populace, armed, undisciplined, and struggling between poverty on the one hand, and pillage on the other? How save property from the doctrinal and actual aggressions to which it will be more and more exposed? And should that corner-stone of all society be laid prostrate, how enable society itself to hold together? Where then would be the refuge against a second barbarism? So imminent are these dangers, that unless the anticipative wisdom of the European governments devise a preservative against them, the ruin of the known social world is inevitable within a given time.

Now, by a wonderful provision of Providence, who never creates wants without at the same time creating the means of satisfying them, it happens, that at the moment when the great crisis of civilization takes place in Europe, and when the

new necessities resulting from it are revealing themselves both to governments and people, a great crisis of an inverse order takes place in the East, and a vast void is there offered for the redundancy of European population and faculties. The excess of life which is overflowing here may and must find an outlet in that part of the world; the excess of force which overstrains us may and must find employment in those countries, where the human powers are in a state of exhaustion and torpidity, where the stream of population is stagnant or drying up, where the vitality of the human race is expiring.

The Turkish empire is crumbling to pieces, and threatens from day to day to leave to anarchy and disorganized barbarism, territories devoid of inhabitants, and a people destitute of rulers. This impending ruin of the Ottoman empire requires not hastening even by a touch of the finger against the tottering Colossus; it is accomplishing itself providentially by its own action, and by a fatality inherent in its nature, of which no one can be arraigned as the author, and which it is not in the power of the Turks or of Europe to retard. The sinking population expires from the cessation of its own vitality; or rather, it is already extinct. The Mussulman race is reduced to nothing in the sixty thousand square leagues of which its immense and fertile domain is composed. Except in one or two capitals, there are no Turks. Let us cast our eye over those rich and beautiful regions, and seek the Ottoman empire; we shall

find it nowhere: the stupid, or rather the inert and murderous administration of the conquering race of Osman, has everywhere created a desert, or has permitted the conquered people to aggrandize and multiply, while it was itself daily diminishing and expiring.

The coast of Africa no longer remembers the origin of its institutions and the domination of the Turks. The Barbary regencies are independent in fact; and have no longer that fraternity of customs, and that sympathy of religion, with the Turks, which constitute a shadow of nationality. The blow struck at Navarino was not heard at Tunis; the fall of Algiers was not felt at Constantinople: the branch is separated from the trunk. The coast of Africa is not inhabited by Turks or Arabs, but by colonies of freebooters, superfluous to the soil, and which take no root in it; which have neither right, nor title, nor family among the nations; which, like a vessel without a flag, are the legitimate prey of the cannon; upon which who ever will may fire. Turkey is not there.

Egypt, peopled by Arabs, and alternately submitting to all the masters of Syria, has now actually detached itself from the empire. Mehemet Ali attempts the resuscitation of the empire of the Caliphs; but the fanaticism of a new doctrine, which sharpened their sabre, no longer glitters round his. Arabia, divided into tribes, without cohesion, without uniformity of customs or laws, accustomed for centuries to the yoke of all the

pachas, is far from seeing a deliverer in Mehemet Ali; she does not even regard him as a civilizer, restoring her from barbarism and impotence to tactics and independence; she sees in him only a rebellious and fortunate slave, desirous of aggrandizing the lot which fortune has bestowed upon him—of enriching himself alone by the productions of Egypt and Syria, and of dying without a master. After him, she knows she must fall under some yoke, and cares not of whom.

The walls of Bagdad, on the confines of the desert of Syria, enclose only a mixed population of Jews, Christians, Persians, and Arabs: a garrison of a few thousand Turks, commanded by a pacha, who revolts or is expelled every two or three years, is insufficient to uphold the Turkish nationality among a population of two hundred thousand souls. Bagdad is in its nature a free city—a caravansarai belonging to all Asia, as a depôt for its internal commerce—a Palmyra in the desert. Between Bagdad and Damascus extend the vast deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia, through which runs the Euphrates: neither kingdoms, nor dominions, nor cities are here; here are only the ambulatory tents of unknown and independent tribes, who have no nationality but their caprices, who acknowledge no country and no master,—children of the desert, who hold as enemies whoever attempt to reduce them to subjection—yesterday the Turks, to-day the Egyptians. Turkey is not here.

Damascus, a great and magnificent town—a

holy city, where the Mussulman fanaticism still exists, has a population of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand souls: of these, thirty thousand are Christians, seven or eight thousand are Jews, and above a hundred thousand Arabs. A handful of Turks still reign over the country by the spirit of conquest and of co-religion; but Damascus, a city of storms and independence, is perpetually revolting, massacres its pacha, and expels the Turks. Alèppo, a city of infinitely less importance, is in the same case; but its commerce is declining and itself expiring in the ruins of its frequent earthquakes. The towns of Syria Proper, from Gazato Alexandretta, including the two cities of Homs and Hama, are also peopled by Arabs, Syrian Greeks, Armenians, and Jews: the total number of Turks in this beautiful and extensive territory does not exceed thirty or forty thousand at most. The Maronites, a sound, vigorous, intellectual, warlike, and commercial nation, occupy Lebanon, and disdain or defy the Turks. The independent and courageous tribes of the Druses and Metonalis form, with the Maronites, under the federal government of the Emir Beschir, the predominant population of Syria and even Damascus, ready to become the sovereign power in these countries, the moment the dismemberment of the empire shall abandon them to their natural resources. Here is the germ of a great people, new and capable of civilization: Europe has but to afford it encouragement, and to say, Arise!

We come next to Mount Taurus, and the wide extent of Caramania, or Asia Minor, the provinces of which once formed seven kingdoms, while its shores were thickly studded with independent towns or flourishing colonies of Greeks and Romans. I have traversed all these shores, I have inspected all their gulfs from Tarsus to Tchesme, and I have seen nothing but fertile solitudes, or miserable hamlets inhabited by Greeks: the interior affords pasturage to the cattle of the indomitable tribe of Turcomans, who wander among the mountains in the summer, and encamp in the plains for the winter. Adana, Konia, Kutaya, and Angora, its principal towns, are each peopled by some thousand Turks: Smyrna alone is the great centre of its population; it contains about a hundred thousand souls, more than half of whom are Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Coasting the shores of Asia Minor, we come to the beautiful Greek islands of Scio, Rhodes, and Cyprus. The latter is itself a kingdom; it measures eighty leagues in length, by twenty in breadth; has contained and is capable of supporting a population of several millions; it possesses the sky of Asia with the soil of the tropics: its present inhabitants are about thirty thousand Greeks; and sixty Turks, enclosed in a ruined fortress here, represent the Ottoman power. The same may be said of Rhodes, Stanchio, Samos, Scio, and Mytilene. Hitherto, where are the Turks? This is, however, the finest portion of their empire.

The coasts of the sea of Marmora and of the channel of the Dardanelles present likewise some small towns, dispersed at considerable distances, and thinly inhabited by a poor population half Turkish and half Greek. The Turks in these countries, including those of Broussa, can scarcely be reckoned at more than a hundred thousand souls.

Constantinople, like all the capitals of a decaying people, alone presents an appearance of population and life: in proportion as the vitality of empires recedes from the extremities, it concentrates itself in the heart. There was also a time when the entire Greek empire existed in Constantinople; the city was taken, and the empire was no more. Authors are not agreed respecting the population of Constantinople, which is differently stated from three hundred thousand to a million souls: the census is wanting, every one therefore judges from private data. Mine is founded only on a glance cast upon the great development of the city, including Scutari, upon the shores of the Golden Horn, the sea of Marmora, and the coasts of Asia and Europe. I include all this under the name of Constantinople, for there is no interruption of houses. The denominations of quarters, of towns and villages, are arbitrary; it is but a single city, a single centre of population, sending out its lines of houses, kiosks, palaces, or villages, over an extent of fourteen French leagues in length, sometimes of a considerable depth, sometimes of one or two houses only. I believe that the aggregate of

this population may amount to from six to seven hundred thousand souls: not more than one-third of these are Turks; the remainder are Armenians, Jews, Christians, Franks, Greeks, and Bulgarians. The Turkish population of Constantinople may be taken, then, according to my estimate, at from two to three hundred thousand souls. I did not visit the shores of the Black Sea; but according to the excellent and conscientious narrative of M. Fontanier's travels, published in 1834, the indigenous population predominates in those districts, and the Turks diminish in number there, as well as in the provinces of the empire which I have traversed.

After the capital, the only great town of European Turkey is Adrianople, which may reckon from thirty to forty thousand Turks: Philippopoli, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrade, and the little intermediate towns, an equal number. I apprehend the number of Turks in those portions of the empire which I have not visited will amount on the whole to about three hundred thousand. Servia and Bulgaria will scarcely produce a Turk to a village; and I suppose the case may be the same in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe. Allowing, then, for the errors which I may have committed, and attributing to the interior of Asia Minor a much larger population than appears to the eye, or than the relations of travellers warrant, I do not think that the total existing Turkish population can be estimated at more than two or three millions of souls; I am indeed far from believing that it should be stated so high. Here then is the

conquering race, reared on the borders of the Caspian Sea, melting away under the sun of the Mediterranean; here then is Turkey possessed, or rather already lost, by this small number of men: for while the doctrine of fatalism, the inertness which is consequent upon it, the immutability of institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, reduce almost to nothing the conquerors and masters of Asia, their slaves, the Christian races of the empire, the Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, and the race of conquered Arabs, increase and multiply through the natural effect of their customs, their religion, and their activity. The number of slaves immensely surpasses the number of oppressors; the Greeks of the Morea, a feeble and miserable population, have, single-handed, in a moment of energy, cleared the Peloponnesus of Turks; Moldavia and Walachia have thrown off the yoke; the islands would be all freed but for the European treaty which guarantees them to the Sultan; the whole of Arabia is dissected amongst tribes unknown to each other, molested alternately by the Turks and the Egyptians, and dominated in her most energetic portions by the great schism of the Wahabees: two-thirds of the Armenians are snatched from the Turkish power by the Russians and Persians; the Georgians are Russians; the Maronites and the Druses will be masters of Syria and Damascus, as soon as it is seriously their will to be so; the Bulgarians are a numerous and healthy population, still tributary, but themselves more numerous and better organized

than the Turks, capable of casting off their subjection with a word: this word the Servians have pronounced, and their magnificent forests already begin to be opened by roads, towns, and villages; Prince Milosch, their chief, admits Turks at Belgrade only as allies, no longer as masters. The spirit of conquest, the soul of the Osmanlis, is extinct; the spirit of armed proselytism has long since vanished from among them; their force of impulsion is gone; their force of conservation, which should reside in an uniform, enlightened, and progressive administration, exists only in the head of Mahmoud: popular fanaticism is dead with the janissaries, and if the janissaries could revive, barbarism would revive with them: a miracle of genius would be necessary to resuscitate the empire; Mahmoud has heart, but not genius; he assists in producing his own ruin, and encounters only obstacles where a stronger and more expansive mind would find instruments; he is reduced to depending for support upon the Russians, his natural and immediate enemies. This policy of weakness and despair ruins him in the opinions of his people; he is become the shadow only of a sultan assisting in the dismemberment of his empire; pressed between Europe, which protects him, and Mehemet Ali, who threatens him if he declines the humiliating assistance of the Russians, Ibrahim arrives and overthrows him by his presence: if he combats Ibrahim, France and England confiscate his fleets, and encamp on the shores of the Dardanelles; if he enters into alliance with Ibrahim, he becomes the

slave of his slave, and finds a prison or death in his own seraglio. The energy of heroism and an effort of sublime despair alone could save him, and restore for a while the Ottoman glory. To close on either side the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, to make an appeal to southern Europe and to all that remains of Islamism, and to march himself against Ibrahim and the Russians,—these are the only means of recovery yet open to him: but suppose them adopted and successful, the empire, glorious for a moment, would not the less decompose itself immediately afterwards; the only permanent result would be, that its fall would be enlightened with a halo of heroism, and that the race of Othman would set as it rose, in a triumph.

Now that we have seen the state of Europe and that of the Ottoman empire, what line of conduct should political foresight adopt? How should Europe act, consistently with the policy of humanity, not of a blind and stupid selfishness? The routine of diplomacy, which repeats its axioms, when once received, long after they have ceased to have a rational meaning, and which trembles to have a real and serious question to discuss, because it has neither intellect nor energy to resolve it, has declared that the Ottoman empire must be supported on all sides, as a necessary counterpoise to Russian power in the East.

If an Ottoman empire really existed—if there were still Turks capable of creating and organizing, not an army only, but a government, which might observe the rear of the Russian empire, and

give her serious disquiet, while southern Europe engaged her in front,—then, perhaps, this might be conservative policy. It would be hardihood or madness to say to Europe—Efface from the map an existing empire, full of life—lift an immense weight from the ill-adjusted equilibrium of the body politic; the world will not perceive the change. But the Ottoman empire no longer exists except in name; its life is extinct—its weight no longer sways the balance; it is nothing but a vast void, which your anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant, instead of filling it with a healthy and living population, which nature has already planted there, and which you might replenish and propagate yourselves. Do not precipitate the fall of the Ottoman empire—do not usurp the office of fate—do not assume the responsibility of Providence; but do not sustain by an illusory and culpable policy that phantom to which you can at best give only an appearance and attitude of life,—for it is dead. Do not become the allies of barbarism and Islamism, against the more advanced stages of civilization, reason, and religion, which they oppress; nor the accomplices of the slavery and depopulation of the finest parts of the world. Let destiny accomplish its purposes—observe, wait, and be ready.

When at length the empire shall sink of itself, and, undermined by Ibrahim, or some other pacha, shall be dismembered alike in its northern and southern provinces, you will have a very simple question to decide,—Will you make war upon Rus-

sia, to prevent her inheriting Constantinople and the coasts of the Black Sea? Will you make war upon Austria, to prevent her inheriting one half of Turkey in Europe? Will you make war upon England, to prevent her inheriting Egypt and the route to India by the Red Sea?—upon France, to prevent her colonising Syria and the Island of Cyprus?—upon Greece, to prevent her completing her territories by the addition of the coasts of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful isles which bear her name, and are inhabited by her own people?—on all the world, in short, lest any one should profit by these magnificent ruins? Or must we come to a mutual understanding, and divide them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, that the human race may multiply and flourish in this beautiful climate, and that civilization may resume its station there? These are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to decide. Truly, the answer is not doubtful.

If you resolve on war, you will have war, with all the evils—all the ruin that attend it: you will injure Europe, and Asia, and yourselves; and the war having ended from utter weariness, nothing which you intended to prevent will be prevented. The force of circumstances—the irresistible march of events—the influence of national sympathies and religion—the power of territorial positions, will have their inevitable effect: Russia will occupy the coasts of the Black Sea and Constantinople—the Black Sea is a Russian lake,

of which Constantinople is the key; Austria will spread herself over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to keep pace with Russia; France, England, and Greece, after disputing the road for some time, will respectively take possession of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Islands. The effect will be the same; but, meanwhile, torrents of blood will have flowed by sea and land; the chances of battle will have substituted forced and arbitrary, for natural and rational division of territory; years of useful colonization will have been lost; and during these perhaps lengthened years, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been the prey of anarchy and incalculable calamities. You will find more extensive deserts than even the Turks had left. Europe will have receded instead of following her accelerated movement of civilization and prosperity, and Asia will have rested still longer in her bed of death. If reason presides over the destinies of Europe, can she hesitate? and if she hesitates, what will history say of her governments and rulers? It will attest that the political world has been directed in the nineteenth century by suicidal selfishness and folly; and that its cabinets and subjects have rejected the most magnificent present which Providence has ever offered to the necessities of an epoch, and to the progress of mankind.

Let us now see what ought to be done. Let a congress be assembled of the principal powers bordering on the Ottoman empire, or having important interests in the Mediterranean, to establish the principle that Europe withdraws from all action

or direct influence upon the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons it to its own vitality and the chances of its destiny; and to agree beforehand, that in case of the fall of this empire, whether by a revolution at Constantinople, or by successive dismemberments, the European powers shall take, under the title of protectorates, such portions of its dominions as shall have been assigned to each by the stipulations of the congress; that these protectorates, the territories of which shall be defined and limited according to contiguity of situation — security of frontier — analogy of religion, customs, and interests, shall maintain only the paramount authority of the respective powers, without interfering with the local sovereignties pre-existing in the protected provinces. This *suzeraineté*, or paramount protectorship, thus recognised as a European institution, should be defined to consist principally in the right of occupying certain portions of the territory and coasts — of founding there free cities, European colonies, or trading ports. The several nationalities — the classifications of tribes — the pre-existing rights of every kind, should be recognised and supported by the protecting power, which should exercise over its assigned territory only an armed and civilizing guardianship guaranteeing its existence and the elements of its nationality, under the banners of a stronger nationality,—preserving it from invasion, dismemberment and anarchy, and furnishing it with the means of pacifically developing its commercial and industrial resources.

These points established, the mode of action and influence of the protectorates over the portions of the East which should devolve upon them would vary according to their respective localities and customs, and would flow from peculiar circumstances: matters would naturally take the following course:—

In the first instance, one or several European free towns would be founded upon such parts of the coast or territory as from nature and circumstances should appear the most eligible. These towns, open, as well as the whole territory, to all the protected population, would be governed by the laws of the mother country, or by an especial colonial legislation: on settling in them, the protected people should obtain the rights of citizenship, and soon after all those enjoyed by the native subjects of the protecting power; they should cease to be subject to the oppressive and barbarous legislations of their tribe or their prince; they should be fully invested with the right of property and its transmission, which is almost everywhere wanting in these lands, and which is the first and chief lever of its civilization; they should enjoy such immunities of commerce, industry, and arms, as the policy of the protectorate should confer upon them. The commercial relations between these principal centres of liberty, property, and civilization, would inevitably be drawn closer and closer; the towns, villages, and tribes would soon demand in mass to be admitted to the benefits of compatriotism, and of the social rights which

would result from it; and the protected country would pass altogether in a few years within the pale of the protecting power. A uniformity of laws, and of political and social institutions, would be promptly and liberally established; all these advantages are already warmly appreciated among the people, to whom they would thus be extended. Weary of the tyranny and the barbarous administration by which they are decimated—hungering especially for the rights of property, commerce, and individual liberty, there can be no doubt but they would immediately fill to an overflow the first open towns. The contagion of example, and the prosperous security enjoyed by these towns and their territories, would seduce the entire population of still extending circles. But two articles would require to be respected and protected—their customs and religion. This is easy, because toleration is the law of Europe and good sense, and the inveterate habit of the East. All sorts of worship must be equally protected, in perfect freedom and mutual independence. Some purely civil conditions must be gradually imposed on those who establish themselves in European towns, modifying their customs with respect to legislation, without interfering with their faith. The municipal and protecting law must know nothing of a plurality of wives or of slavery, but it must interdict nothing which belongs merely to the province of domestic government or of conscience.

Each protectorate must possess two sorts of legislation: the one general, and in some measure

feudal, which will regulate the general connexion of the protected people and tribes amongst each other and with the protecting nation, as the imposition of taxes and the militia of the colony, and the boundaries of the territories of the respective dependent tribes; the other, a European legislation for the European free towns, analogous to that of the protecting nation—a legislative model incessantly offered to the emulation of the native powers. The common pact, over the due execution of which the protectorate would watch, must only oblige these various races of men who inhabit the East, differing from each other in tribes, in religion, and in customs, to live together in peace: it would habituate them to a community of interests; would teach them, for certain objects, to convene deliberative assemblies of their respective nations and tribes; and then to choose the most enlightened among themselves as deputies, to deliberate in their turn with the deputies of other nations and tribes on interests common to the whole protectorate; in order to accustom them by degrees to a beneficial connexion, and to blend them insensibly rather by the force of manners than of laws. The East is so well prepared by its municipal habits, and by the great diversity of its races, for such a state of things, that the protecting nation would experience no difficulty, except in a few great capitals, as Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Constantinople. These difficulties must not be overcome by force, but simply by a temporary interdiction of intercourse with the rest

of the protected territories. The cessation of commerce is, in the East, a suspension of life. Their repentance would soon purchase reconciliation.

The possibility, I will even say the extreme facility, of such an organization, is manifest to all who have travelled in these countries. Galling subjection, ruin, depopulation, absence of the rights of property and legal transmission—the arbitrary will of a pacha, weighing like an incubus upon fortune, and upon life itself, have so denationalized those beautiful regions, that any standard planted there on the above conditions would quickly rally the majority of their inhabitants under its shadow. They are for the most part ripe for the change: all the population of Turkey in Europe, and all the Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, and Jews, are industrious, agricultural, and commercial; give them only protection of property, personal security, and liberty, and they will speedily multiply, and cover the isles and the two continents. In twenty years, the measures which I propose will have created prosperous nations, and we shall see millions of men advancing under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization.

But, I may be asked, how will you dispose of the Turks?—The empire once fallen, divided, and dismembered,—the Turks, shaken off by all the insurgent populations, will either become blended with them, or flee to Constantinople and some few parts of Asia Minor, where they may still

muster a majority. They are too insignificant in numbers, too much closed in by implacable enemies, too visibly struck by the fatality which constitutes a material portion of their creed, to reconquer their wide-spreading domination when once lost. They will form one among the many nations guaranteed and protected by the European power which shall accept the sovereignty of the Bosphorus, of Constantinople, or of Asia Minor, and will be but too happy in the defence of that shield against the vindictive aggressions of the people who have endured their yoke. They will retain their laws, their habits, their creed, till habitual contact with a more advanced civilization shall insensibly lead them to property, industry, commerce, and all the social benefits which flow from these. Their territory, their relative independence, and their nationality, will remain under the guardianship of Europe, till their complete fusion with the other free nations of Asia. Did the plan which I have conceived and propose depend for its execution on violence, on the expatriation and forcible dispossession of this wreck of a great and generous nation, I should regard it as a crime. The Turks, by the inherent and irreclaimable viciousness of their administration and of their habits, are incapable of governing their present territory in Europe and Asia, or in either of them. They have depopulated the countries which owned their sway, and have destroyed themselves by the slow suicide of their government: but as a race of men, they are still, in my

estimation, the first and most worthy amongst the numerous races that people their vast empire; their character is the noblest and most dignified, their courage is unimpeachable, and their virtues, religious, civil, and domestic, are calculated to inspire every impartial mind with esteem and admiration. Magnanimity is inscribed on their foreheads and displayed in their actions: if they had better laws and a more enlightened government, they would be one of the greatest people the world has seen. All their instincts are generous. They are a people of patriarchs, of contemplatists, of adorers, of philosophers, — and when their cause is that of religion, they are a people of heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should instigate the extermination of such a race, whom I believe to confer honour on humanity! But as a nation, they are, or soon will be, no more. As a race of men, they must be saved, with those whom they oppress and whose propagation they impede, by the direction of their destiny and that of Asia being at a decisive moment assumed by more competent hands. By what right? it may be asked. By the right of humanity and civilization. It is not the right of power which I invoke: power confers no right, but it confers a capability. Europe combined in one aim — the preservation and civilization of the human race, has indisputably the capability of deciding the fate of Asia. It is for her to examine herself, and to ask herself whether that capability does not constitute a right, whether it does not impose a duty. For my part,

I hold the affirmative. No cannon need be fired; no violence, no confiscation, no proscription, no violation of religion or morals, authorized. A resolution only is to be taken, a protection promulgated, a standard unfurled; and if this is not done, twenty years of unprofitable warfare is reserved for Europe;—for Asia, anarchy, ruin, stagnation, depopulation to the end of time! Has God bestowed upon man so magnificent a domain, in the finest portion of the globe, that it may be left sterile, uncultivated, or ravaged by eternal barbarism?

As for Europe herself, her convulsed and revolutionary state—the exuberance of her unemployed population, industry, and intellectual forces, ought to lead her to bless that Providence which so opportunely opens to her so boundless a career of thought, activity, noble ambition, civilizing proselytism, manufacturing and agricultural industry; offices and emoluments in every shape; fleets and armies to direct; ports to construct; cities to erect; colonies to found; *fertile solitudes to cultivate*; new manufactures to establish; new discoveries to turn to account; new regions to explore; alliances to attempt; young and sound populations to educate; systems of legislation to study and to prove; religions to investigate and rationalise; fusions of people and of customs to consummate; Europe, Asia, and Africa to draw nearer to each other, and to unite by new communications, which shall leave but the interval of a

month between India and Marseilles, and place Cairo in connexion with Calcutta.

The finest climates of the world; the rivers and plains of Mesopotamia offering their currents and their roads as channels for the infinitely multiplied activity of universal commerce; the mountains of Syria furnishing an inexhaustible depôt of fuel to innumerable steam-vessels; the Mediterranean, become the lake of southern Europe, as the Euxine already is of Russia, and as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf are of England; nations, now destitute of territory, country, rights, laws, or security, dividing amongst them, under the shelter of European legislations, those districts in which they now encamp, and overspreading Asia Minor, Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, and the Islands, with an industrious population, thirsting after the knowledge and the productions of Europe. What a picture is here! What a prospect for the three continents! What a limitless sphere of new activity for the faculties and the wants which consume us! What elements of pacification, of domestic order, and of steady progression, for our tempestuous times!—And this picture is a simple truth; a truth infallible, easy, certain. Europe wants only just opinions and generous sentiments to realize it: a word will suffice her to save herself while preparing a glorious futurity for mankind.

I shall not here discuss the limits of the European and Asiatic protectorates, and the compensations to which those limits might lead in Europe

itself: the task belongs exclusively to the agents of the principal powers assembled in a secret congress. Established nationalities represent in some degree the individual identity of the people. They should be touched as little as possible in negotiation; war alone affects them. Such compensations therefore would be easily granted, and need not produce the interminable discussions and perpetual squabbles which are always objected against them. As I have just observed, in certain cases capability is right. The lesser powers ought not to embarrass the greater, in whom actually resides the preponderating voice, from which there is no appeal, in the great European council. When Russia, Austria, England, and France understand each other, and have promulgated a firm and unanimous decision, who can prevent their executing whatever their dignity, their interest, and the welfare of the world shall dictate to them?—Certainly no one. The inferior diplomacies may murmur, may intrigue, may write; but the work will be accomplished, and the vigour of Europe renewed.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO MONSIEUR DE LAMARTINE.

Of your travels in the East, my dear Lamartine, I have as yet read only the extracts inserted in the various journals; yet I cannot resist my desire to tell you how much I am indebted to you for a renewal of bygone enjoyments. You have given new life to my receding impressions; I have been restored by you, if there be not too much pride in the idea, to those grand and powerful emotions which agitated me twelve years ago on viewing the same scenes. At that time I devoted myself entirely to the contemplation of their majestic beauties; the Desert, Lebanon, appeared to me under that sublime colouring which your pencil has revived: I have seen the same ruins; I have climbed the same mountains; the same dust has cleaved to the sandals of my pilgrimage, and I cannot be mistaken in believing that this fraternity of travels and of reflections must add a new bond to our friendship.

You have mentioned Lady Hester Stanhope, and since I first met with it, I have repeatedly read and re-read your affecting episode: I have meditated upon it, as upon a page of my own

recollections, imprinted in characters of fire; you have transported me once again to the feet of that lady, whose portrait I have not dared to delineate, and upon whom you have yourself hesitated to pass judgment. My impressions at that time, I acknowledge, were almost all in her favour, whether because in my youth I felt a more lively sympathy in this mode of life, differing so entirely from all others, or because I could see nothing in the desert that was not grand and novel. I also embodied these impressions in a faithful narrative; but this simple and unvarnished recital withered as a leaf before the wind, and perished in that gulf of records which has swallowed up so many of the political sketches that you and I have attempted.

When Louis the Eighteenth was informed of my visit to Lady Hester, he wished to be made acquainted with the particulars of it, and desired to converse with me upon the subject. It is to Lady Stanhope that I am indebted for the interest with which some of my *adventures* in the East were received and made known in the world;—thus, the relation of my promenades to Homer's School with the young daughters of Scio in the latter days of their life and of their liberty; the details of the discovery, the acquisition, and the carrying away of the *Venus of Milo*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture, for which my country, with some pride I say it, is indebted to my cares,—and some other episodes upon my travels,—obtained a share of public favour at the time, under the shelter

of the name of mine hostess of Lebanon; and if I did not attempt to make the public participators in my admiration of her, it was because my travels were connected with a political mission. You, I am sure, will commend me, if, faithful to the duties of our common calling, I considered that it imposed upon me a rigorous silence. Detached since that time from this calling, the study of my life, by commotions which have destroyed so many and important interests, I have still thought myself bound by its laws even when I did not hesitate to retire from it, and my silence has accordingly survived my functions.

Relating more ably than myself all that apart from politics I could have said, you have at the present moment awakened my recollections; and you alone shall judge whether some traits which I have preserved are worthy of being added to your glowing pictures.

Lady Hester Stanhope, then more connected with Europe and its political existence, had not, at the time I had the honour of seeing her, forgotten the world — but she certainly despised it. She had not yet learned of the Syrian philosophers the art of attributing the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence of the stars and of the heavens; she still referred them to a higher source. Disgusted with the religions of Europe, although but imperfectly acquainted with them, —rejecting the numerous sects of the desert, whose mysteries she had solved, she had created a deism of her own, and preserved nothing of the Chris-

tian religion but the practice of benevolence and the doctrine of charity.

The niece of Pitt had, from her youth, deeply interested herself in the discussions of the British Parliament. Subsequently, during her travels, she had studied and elucidated the views of the European cabinets; whence arose the severity with which, in our conversation, she passed judgment upon the men who for the last thirty years had ruled the world. Of these men, many have fallen from their high estate; some still reign; but the greater number have yielded to time. Lady Stanhope's decisions stamped them all alike, stigmatized all with one epithet;—and almost all have verified her startling predictions. The colouring of her portraits, her disclosures; her antipathies—inherited, she says, from her uncle,—I should not be justified in revealing: but of her distaste for Europe I may be allowed to speak.

"Shall you ever revisit England?" I asked her. —"No, never," she energetically replied. "Your Europe! It is so insipid. Leave me my desert. What should I return to Europe for? To behold nations worthy of their fetters, and monarchs unworthy of their thrones? Very shortly your worn-out continent will be shaken to its base. You have seen Athens; you are going to see Tyre. Mark the remains of these noble republics, protectresses of the arts; of these monarchies, queens of commerce and the ocean! So will it be with Europe. She is going rapidly to decay. Her kings are no longer worthy of their

descent: they fall, either by death or by means of their misrule, and degenerate in their successors. Her aristocracy, nearly exterminated, is superseded by a pitiful and ephemeral commonalty, without life or vigour. The people, and those of the labouring class, alone, still preserve a character and some virtue. You may tremble should they ever learn their strength. No; your Europe sickens me! I turn a deaf ear to all the reports which reach me from thence, and which quickly die away in this isolated region. Let us talk no more of Europe—I have done with her."

And then, in lengthened narrations, Lady Stanhope would unfold the wonders of the desert. She related to me the history of her wanderings and her sovereignty; the assistance and protection she had promised to all travellers, and especially to the French, from regard to the memory of Napoleon; the death of Colonel Boutin, whose throat was cut by the Ansarians, in the lowest chain of Lebanon; the signal vengeance which she exacted for that death; the poison offered under a tent in the plain of Messirib to another more celebrated traveller, who concealed himself in the East under the Mussulman name of Ali Bey, and in Europe under the Spanish one of Batidia. She told me of her visits to the prophets of the mountain, her journeys to Palmyra. . . . .

"I one day left Damascus," said she, "to revisit Balbeck and its ruins. My friend the Pacha had placed me under the escort of Sheik Nasel, the chief of fifty Arabs. My suite followed

at the distance of a day's journey. We travelled sometimes by night, sometimes by day. At the third sunrise after my departure, a messenger, mounted on a dromedary, hastened towards our caravan. He spoke to Sheik Nasel a few words which disturbed him and caused him to turn pale. 'What is the matter?' said I to him. 'Nothing,' he replied,—and we continued our route. Very shortly a second dromedary approached, and the pensiveness of Nasel increased. I insisted upon knowing the cause:—'Well, Cid—my Lady, since I must tell you, my father, one of whose women I have carried off, is in pursuit of me with a troop three times as numerous as mine, and is on the point of overtaking us. I know he seeks my life, for such offences demand the revenge of blood. But you have been confided to my care, and I will perish rather than abandon you.'—'Depart, fly,' I exclaimed; 'I had much rather remain alone in the desert than see you murdered by your father. I will wait for him, and would willingly attempt your reconciliation. At any rate, Balbeck cannot be far off, and the sun will be my guide.' I dismissed him with these words; and he shot off, and presently disappeared with his fifty Arabs. I had been alone about an hour, with no other society than my mare, no other guard than my poniard, when a cloud of dust arose on the horizon. The horsemen approached at full gallop, and in a few minutes Nasel was by my side. 'Honour to you, Cid—my Lady!' he exclaimed; 'it is a warrior's heart you carry; all

that I have said to you was but to prove your courage. Come, my father waits for you.'—I followed him. I was received under his tent with all the pomp of the desert. Gazelles and young camels furnished our entertainment; and their poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I made an alliance with this tribe, which from that day loves and respects me."

Thanks, my dear Lamartine, thanks for these recollections of my former travels. I give myself up to the charm I find in them, and I no more know how to cease speaking of them than the story-tellers of the Khans of Ptolemais, when reciting the great deeds of Antar.

I am thinking, as I write, of that sun which disappeared behind the mountains of Cyprus, and cast its last tints on the peaks of Anti-Lebanon; I am thinking of that deep blue sea, the waves of which, expiring without foam, scarcely touched the beach of Sidon. You, better than any one, can understand how strongly the imagination and the memory are arrested, how forcibly the heart beats, when in such an amphitheatre, an Englishwoman, whom the Arabs, forgetting her sex, have named *Lord*, veiled under the costume of a Bedouin, lets fall such words amidst the silence of the desert.

Adieu! I quit you to read your interesting pages again, and again to renew my remembrances. If ever you send your work to Lady Stanhope, pronounce to her once more the name of a man who cherishes her memory, and is proud

of being at once one of those few travellers who have sought her on the mountains of her adoption, and one of those numerous friends who have admired you in your native valley, so contiguous to my retreat.

LE VICOMTE DE MARCELLUS.

12 *April* 1835.

Names of Tribes.	Names of Commanders of Tribes.	Number of Tents in each Tribe.	Probable Number of Persons in each Tribe.
El-Ammour ..	Soultan El-Brrak	500	5,000
El-Hassné	Mehamma El-Fadel Eben Melhgem	1500	15,000
Would Aly....	Douhi Eben Sammir	5000	50,000
El-Serhaan	Adgham Eben Ali.....	1200	12,000
El-Sarddié	Fedghem Eben Sarraage	1800	18,000
Benni Sakhrer	Sellamé Eben Fakhrer	2700	27,000
El-Doualla	Drayhy Eben Chahllan.....	5000	50,000
El-Harba	Fares El-Harba	4000	40,000
El-Snallemè ..	Auad Eben Giandal	1500	15,000
El-Ollama	Taffaissan Eben Sarraage.....	1400	14,000
Abdellé	Selam Eben Mehgiel.....	1200	12,000
El-Refacha	Zarrak.....	800	8,000
El-Wualdè	Giandal El-Mehidi	1600	16,000
El-Mofanfakhr	Hammoud El-Tammer.....	5000	50,000
El-Cherarah ..	Abedd Eben Sobaihi.....	2300	23,000
El-Achgaha....	Dehass Eben Ali	2000	20,000
El-Salca	Giassem Eben Geraimess	3000	30,000
El-Giomllan ..	Zarrak Eben Fakhrer	1200	12,000
El-Giahma	Giarah Eben Mehgiel	1500	15,000
El-Ballahiss ..	Ghaleb Eben Ramdoun.....	1400	14,000
El-Maslekhr ..	Faress Eben Nadjed	2000	20,000
El-Khrassa	Zehayran Eben Houad.....	2000	20,000
El-Mahlac	Nabec Eben Habed	3000	30,000
El-Merackhrat	Roudan Eben Soultan	1500	15,000
El-Zeker.....	Motlac Eben Fayhan.....	800	8,000
El-Bechakez ..	Faress Eben Aggib.....	500	5,000
El-Chiamssi ..	Cassem El-Wukban	1000	10,000
El-Fuaher	Sellamé El-Nahessan.....	600	6,000
El-Salba	Mehanna El-Saneh	800	8,000
El-Fedhan	Douackhry Eben Ghabiaïn	5000	50,000
El-Salkeh	Ali Eben Geraimess	3000	30,000
El-Messahid ..	Nehaiman Eben Fehed.....	3500	35,000
El-Sabha	Mohdi Eben Heïd.....	4000	40,000
Benni Dehabb	Chatti Eben Harab.....	5000	50,000
El-Fekaka	Astaoui Eben Tayar.....	1500	15,000
El-Hamamid ..	Chatti Eben Faress	1500	15,000
El-Daffir	Auad Eben Motlac.....	2300	23,000
El-Hegiager ..	Sellamé Eben Barac	800	8,000
El-Khrezahel ..	Khrenkiar El-Alimy.....	3000	30,000
Benni Tay	Hamdi Eben Tamer	4000	40,000
El-Huarig	Habac Eben Mahdan.....	3500	35,000
El-Mehazez ..	Redaini Eben Khronkiar	6000	60,000
El-Berkazè....	Sahdoun Eben Wuali.....	1300	13,000
El-Nahimm ..	Faheh Eben Saleh.....	300	3,000
Bouharba	Alyan Eben Nadjed	500	5,000
		102,000	1,020,000

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